

# Feb 8

*by* Kait Mauro

I cast a spell - writing down my wish, folding it carefully (this is sacred) and lighting it on fire, almost letting the flames reach my fingertips before dropping it into a bowl of waiting water and watching it burn. I wear all black and my crystal necklace. I wish for the strength to do what I know I need to do. I wish for him to have the strength also. Call it a spell or a prayer or a ritual; it worked.

