

# *Exorcism*

CAROL LYNN WRIGHT

If I could place a tea cup over each  
Cricket that calls from the tall grass,

If I could blow out the stars, one by one,  
And then peel the moon from the sky,

If I could cast the scented breezes into  
A great well on the other side of the mountain—

Perhaps, then, I could walk into  
The night without you still beside me.

