

# The Eleventh Brother, After the Swan

*by* Kirsty Logan

I made this:

attired in stingers                  gloved in blood  
muting is beauty                  fainting is love

I turned a maiden                  to a witch  
and back                  again

then I  
half-beast                  half-brother  
cast out from palace and heavens —  
I scud  
keening  
at her blistered heels.

