

Hag Masses

by Roberto C. Garcia

Five poets were beheaded that day, their heads rolled off the scaffold

to the dirt and faced skywards; the heads were smiling, the executioner, putting down his obscenely large scythe was aghast at the sprites, nymphs and muses that oozed out of the dead poet's necks; shook off blood and proceeded to whistle pretty songs of poems that would never be written down or read by anyone.

“A right nasty thing to do.” the sprite hummed, “True, true!”
tapped

the nymph, and the muse blinked queerly at the executioner,
grinned

and stated, very forthright:

“I bet, that if we could get his head off, we'd find a scribe to copy these poems.”

And they did and the crowds brought parchment, as you know, executions were very public things back then. Now they're just public and nobody brings parchment anymore, nor surprise or interest either, but they still come to watch.

