

# LOKI'S TORCH

A Lokean Collection



Vol. I

## Why Good Girls Marry the Devil

When she thinks,  
if any of me is bad, I'm better unborn,  
I must be good, so good, until nothing is left,  
Ze is there, saying,  
I see you,  
all those rotting insides.  
Ze pulls them out, unravels them before her:

An unfurling tableau, uncoiling slippery wet,  
slopping over secrets,  
pulsing life and death.  
This is yours, Ze says, it will never leave you.  
Why fear it or hate?

They said she would be  
an instrument  
of peace:  
for Zir, she need only be human.

And so she'll burn, uncoerced, flesh peeling  
then curling  
like spooning lovers.  
Ze need only love her,  
shit and spine and every foul wish.

And when her cooing words choke  
and her pouring heart  
runs dry  
and they bury her with sand  
and they move to next oasis,  
Ze is there, saying,  
I see you,  
and this is what I want.  
Come burn with me.

And, for the first time, she chooses.

—Bat Collazo