

Maddy Searle

Buffy

"In every generation there is a chosen one. She alone will stand against the vampires, the demons, and the forces of darkness. She is the slayer." Opening, Seasons 1 and 2 of Buffy the Vampire Slayer

In the beat of a pun,
She presents the wooden phallus,
Sharpened with female power.
Poof!
Another metaphor turns to dust.
With a casual pop-culture reference,
She turns to leave the polystyrene cemetery,
Blonde hair flicking like a snake's tongue.

But her stylish-yet-affordable boots
Do sometimes quake.
Her high school sits right above
A pair of hormone-infested jaws
From which stomach-swirling growls
Rattle,
Instilling all the Seven Deadlies
Plus a few extra.

She could just hang up her cross,
Pour the holy water down the sink,
Take up the pom-pom instead.
But that wouldn't kill the dead.
They are stuck in agelessness;
She has to clamber out.
Change
Is what she has chosen.