

## **What the Witch Told Me**

*I know how to find treasure, she said. Your treasure, only for you.*

*How?* I asked.

*Follow the birds. They'll be black. A murder of them flew east, where youth lives, orange and foolish. Wait until they roost, then put on your X-Ray glasses. Look up into their bellies. Be sure your pocket knife is sharp. While they're cawing, slice the biggest one's belly open. It has to be the biggest.*

I did what she said and trash scattered on the forest floor. I poked at it with my blade, some of it papery, some of it snagged in clumps. The dead crow rolled its eye and spoke, *Look closer.* Early Girls on the kitchen sill. My brother hinging a stamp into his collection. All the pets buried behind the pool. My father's hand I held after he died, the warm spot in his palm, size of a nickel. *This is not a dream,* the crow whispered.

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