

Palo Santo

By David Estringel



Rub me with egg . . .
Whip the switch . . .
Wash me in *quita maldicion* . . .
Cleanse me with rompe saraguey
and take this stain
away.
Light the *palo santo*
from the wood box of
herbs and poppets
under the bed,
letting arms swing
flaming sticks like censers,
making holy
these places (head spaces)
of mists and creeping shadows.
Sweep, clean, these tainted walls,

con ramos de oraciones poderosas

and smoky ribbon,

sending his specter—

su duende—

back to the dark of

corners and cobwebs

of its master's bedroom.

Release me and

give me peace!

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