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## Dorothy

Nina Robb

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Dorothy  
Nina Robb

The moment I chucked the water  
At the wicked witch  
I began to love her.

Fairness immediately was beside the point,  
Revenge as an idea flew away  
On the vapors  
As she melted into broth and essence.

I was shamefaced, caught off-guard  
By her incontestably human fear.  
I was so surprised at her vulnerability.

She was much less surprised,  
She reached a hand out for help  
And for a moment  
I made a great, great hero of myself:  
In fantasy I rescued her,  
Pulling her back into the form of herself  
Out of her pool of rendered flesh.

Then she was so still and quiet  
She was a surface I looked into  
My reflection in her cells  
Showed her to me,  
Showed me myself.