**Listen to Me I am Odile** *by Judith Drazin*

I am Odile, the one in black,

Who lonely in her tower room,

Listens to the ceaseless hiss,

Of Northern winds and yet more

Sinister the silken kiss,

Of an enchanter’s cloak, slowly,

Caressing each stone stair.

Pity Odile, the one in black.

My father’s creatures come

And go. Strangely the slack

Mouthed, swarthy one is kind.

Only my father’s concubine,

Jealous of his false love

For me, will slyly tweak

My hair and spill my wine.

When I was quite a child, with spite,

She pricked my arm, until the blood

Stained her white shift. Since then

I have not greatly cared for white.

I am Odile, do not

Despise me, shun me, for

I dance to ease the pain of

Those on gibbets left to rot.

I am the dark side of the moon,

I am your Lyonesse, I dance

Down hidden pathways to unseal

Your secret room. I am your

Seventh magpie. So

Remember me, I am Odile.