Hell Hath No Fury Like A Woman Scorned

Rachel R. Mantos

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.odu.edu/poetryslam2021

Part of the Poetry Commons
“Hell Hath No Fury Like A Woman Scorned”

They say hell hath no fury like a woman scorned
Retribution rain on her enemies
Can't escape her wrath, stuck for centuries
Tigress strikes in the night, her prey go unwarned
Donned in black for a funeral not mourned
The sinners shall pay for their treacheries
Suffering in her penitentiaries
Glinda to Elphaba she is transformed
But true fear lies not in fire but ice
Beware the pitchfork and eyes made of steel
Most dangerous empress knows to feign nice
Sweet smile shields the rage within that she feels
Nonchalance and forgiveness really hides vice
You wrong her you'll be Bathory's last meal