Fable

Green gabled thicket behind a wood
placed delicate atop a spiral tower
a princess

gently contemplates
her impending Oedipal crisis

buffing creamy nails

framed in arched window chaste

waiting

for charming and delightful, brave
gleaming sword, sinful kiss

desperately chirping the state of the nation

I hate my bell tower

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to an audience that fed on worms
you cannot hear my words

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a shave and a haircut
two bits.

Out from the glen come not a soul

no knighted stallion

no fairy's wand tip

not even a troll.

Dumbfounded

she batted her eyes and ate her soup.

—Renee Kristine Nicholson