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**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  
    I hate my bell tower  
to an audience that fed on worms  
    you cannot hear my words  
    you cannot hear my words  
    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*