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