

Soon Upon a Time

White as snow, red as blood, black as ebony wood.

I still can taste the bitter peel,
feel the cunning comb, its teeth
entangled in the midnight of my hair.

It's almost quiet all the time.
Scuttle of leaves, drum of rain,
the soft cloud-fall of winter's snow.

Small creatures come, their murmurings
a drone of comfort underneath
the silence that oppresses this small space.

This is not sleep. No dreams
but memories of peddler crones
a sad-eyed man, a sharpened axe.

And visions of a gilded prison.
Iron shoes. A fiery dance.

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