

Fairy Tale Triptych

I

Once upon a time today I see the lady fall off a church bell tower, a very Vertigoesque vision: blonde bob of spindly cotton candy hair, green eerie eyes elegantly cobwebbed, the tayloried suit in subtle gray, light lilac leather gloves, the blouse as pale as pearl, smooth brooch and Spanish-style ruby drop jewel pendant. Bells of boom and crystalline windchimes ring through her pencil skirt, quick fabric flutters like heavy tweed pigeons, pavement-spooked, sky-seeking. A blind ghost bird, the always same woman. Nevertheless, when like an entranced prince later at noon I went to look for the lady again, she was not in the air, oh no, instead she stood ungloved in her impeccable suit by the embrasure in the stone wall, in a sort of sorceress sing-sway, knitting the cotton hair into ladder with each of her ten fingers.

II

The dwarves mined for nothing without the view of Snow White in the sun.

III

In bed
restless bark of big heavy dog lets her tumble from slow sleep.
Awake
she could open it the urgent door to the rose garden.