

CINDERELLA TURNS

COLLEEN CARIAS

I tried to fit inside the tree you left me
atop I cried for you and father every dawn
the doves refused to pray they built a nest in ashes
I rolled in black until stones grew friendly
groveled the abandoned field gathered
nettles vines I stitched myself a castle garb
where birds would nest squirrels and fish lie
you said be good I heard be small be white be righteous
be autiful girl
nothing took
a walk at night blue tigers jostled to be near
me ran by day until my skin a purple hue
stretched until I could steal cloud from moon
now
I wait for the carriage to come get me
what is taking so long good mother
fetch me
your golden slippers