

Fairytales (The Boy To His Parents)

These are the white corporals.
This, the White.

Read to me.
Hans Christian Anderson, *The Snow Queen*.

Stay by me.
Waiting.

The woman in white stands, stethoscope about her neck,
crystal-clear on the side of life.

But I'm on the other side of the courtyard
in the knife—

cold.
The moon has a beggar's eyes.

What is it begging me?
Stay. See.

You're strange tonight to me as kings.
Every day my straw yellow hair is straighter, darker to the skull.

Stay. Lost lady & pale king.
Read. Anything.