

RAPUNZEL •

David Habib

Was there not a door?
I can't remember—
a witch, a brush,
a hero.
Probably a curse.

Poor Rapunzel, though.
Tracing time by its shadow,
scraping her shoulders
on the walls of her childhood.

Seeing suitors shatter on the stones.
(Where did the path lead
if there was no door?)
A pile of almost.

The future,
when it deigns to show,
will pull her hair.