The Witch’s Kiss

A prince returns to his kingdom and must free it from a witch’s curse.

A poor, angry, peasant girl,

raised by a resentful old bitch,

must honor her oath to the world,

as a deceptful new witch.

Ne’er noticed better by none,

She buried her bitter mum,

Avenge her mother’s slight.

And

went into the woods deep and east, to walk the road and find the beast, to learn the magic verse, to place a tragic curse, on the king, that long ago, dealt a blow, when he wooed her mother but swooned another,

as the then prince, quickly skipped her for her sister

at a ball in the fall, she wasn’t even considered

all because of a

Goddamn slipper.

Out of the woods, now ten years later,

She spelled herself in the King’s chamber.

The witch’s kiss

Sent him amiss.

Buss adverse

Sent the curse

To find

Eyes blind,

Glossed,

lost.

Rain and cows dried that day.

The blind king lost his way.

The streams receded, her curse completed.

As the land dies dry and defeated.

Ten years gone, the Prince returned,

from walking the world, a lifetime learned.

Now slowly shunned,

confused, the King refused

his only son.

“I cannot give a country to a voice. Prove you’re thee.”

“Since you cannot see, I will, in deed, prove it’s me.”

“What deed will prove your worth?”

“For this dusty land’s curse,

I spill tears every day.”

“Find another way.

Blind am I, I can’t see you cry.”

Defend his father’s blight.

Thus

The prince went into the town, that same night, to heal the hex, return the sight, to save the king, and ever so humbly save his country.

He needed a guide, to help him try

to query the folk, the maids and blokes,

which will snitch to be rich, and deal to reveal the

goddamn town witch.

A pleasant peasant woman said she’d help.

The next several weeks

they walked dusty streets,

seeing starving people

and arid, seedless fields.

In those weeks emotions softened, they laughed often, gazed with caution,

then in a move far bolder, she slept on his shoulder,

and he knew she was gotten.

She wished his kiss

Upon her lips

To live new

And give to

Turning

Yearning

Wife

Life

Walking the world, he had seen ugly,

evil and sly,

So he saw the witch hidden inside

The prince played

the charade
to swoon her for a kiss
as they attuned,
by the moon,
a future full of bliss.

It was easy; just a smile so disarming,
He was, of course, handsome and charming.

She professed her love
As joy was above

So the prince
then did moisten
on his lips,
Hemlock poison.

In which his kiss
Calls the abyss
more lethal
than steel
dripping
sipping
breath's
death

They both died that night.

The cows and streams flowed.
As despair became old.
Forlorn farms reseeded
as her curse depleted.

The father could now see his son’s eyes,
on the ground, lying slain.
But no one watching saw the king’s cry
in the fresh, pouring rain.