




## THE BLUE ROOM

There is a Maid of the Royal Tears.  
There is a Woman of the Royal Sorrows.  
There is a Lady of the Royal Joys.  
The Maid was destined for this work  
since her birth: she was born with a blue caul  
to protect her from drowning  
in the rivers of tears that it will be her duty  
to collect; and with tender fingers.  
This blue room is her domain.  
Her dress is blue, adorned with tear drops  
made of blue glass, to signify her position.  
She gathers the Royal weepings  
in small lachrymaria  
of finest porcelain.  
She writes neat labels  
In careful calligraphy.  
Her majesty pines for the land of her childhood.  
Her majesty rejoices at the sight of her first child.  
The Queen grieves for the heirs that never were.  
And many, many, many, uncountable more.  
The Woman of the Royal Sorrows  
takes the greatest care in ensuring  
that the vessels of grief  
are left unstoppered.  
It is well known that, as the tears evaporate,  
their source will be forgotten,  
and that is her dearest wish.  
But the small bottles just seem to get fuller.  
The Lady of the Royal Joys  
has lighter duties.



She checks that the vessels containing  
tears of happiness  
(those meagre offerings)  
are tightly covered  
protecting the sweet memories within.  
But, like old perfume bottles,  
the tiny goblets dry up.  
It so happens that one day  
a royal gardener passes by the window leading  
into the blue room.  
The room is damp with royal tears.  
The Queen, spent, sleeps on her royal bed.  
The gardener gazes at the sorrowful queen  
and feels compassion.  
With a careless flick of the hand  
He strews the weeds he's carrying across the room.  
A brambly thicket takes root  
And thrives in the moist atmosphere.  
All the clocks in the palace stop.

In her thorny bower the queen dreams  
of what might have been.  
Do not wake her.

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