


THE LAST PRINCESS

This princess
passes all the tests
for princessness.
She was brought in
by stormy weather.
Born
between thunderclaps.
Guns saluted
and bells pealed.
She passes all the tests:
When she walks
she leaves a trail of petals.
She can wear
the tiniest
of glass slippers
and can detect
a mote of dust
under a dozen mattresses.
No toys for her
on her birthday.

1.



Only jewels
or porcelain
will do.
She is dressed
in white satin
and tulle.
Shimmering
with pearls,
crystal
and silver thread.
She wears her diamond tiara
in the bath.
She moves in white beauty.
Courtiers
drape themselves
on the stairs
sighing:
Isn't she beautiful...
She is
capricious,
charming,
imperious



2



She is always late.

She is
elegant,
opulent,
every inch
a princess.

One day,
like so many girls before her,
she leaves the palace
searching for love.

The Palace servants
(who know EVERYTHING)
shout from the windows:

Your Highness!

It's the wrong path!


But she is enchanted.

She cannot hear.


She is chasing

a love

she cannot reach.



3.



Before long
she strays
off the path.

She is lost
in the dark, wild woods.

She has secret
meetings
with wolves.

They are charming.

They are
great dancers.

She abandons
herself

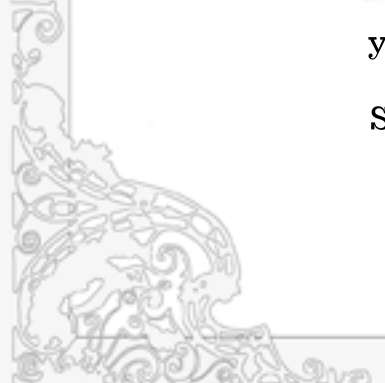
to their fierce
attentions.

A bit too fierce,
perhaps.

It does not do
to forget

you are a princess.

She is not amused.



4.



The wolves scatter.

She is alone
in the forest
dancing
upon thorns.

Her shoes
are red.

Her dreams
are broken.

How can
this be?

She IS
a princess
to the last.

The last
princess?

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