

Celebration

Like fizzy grape rot bought with shiny chocolate wrought
In imitation of her wicked stepmother; they ride a kite
On air ducking diving, sheering away to earth like cutting cloth.

Blue mottled eggs explode the sky, a flock of fireworks
—green-feathered birds— my love discarded.
Our union accompanied forth with food, bringing bones

To gnaw at a raw wedding breakfast. Tie these difficult
knots, cut at her ankles when she was a child
—destiny is marriage. Rescued from her twisty shackled hair.

Tortured by her wicked stepmother's bloody sweeping,
riding rainbows in her head. 'They all lived
happily ever after' chanted in the school choir on a dark

cold night in celebration; she served their blood—
dripping, disembodied heads on a plate of finest
Norwegian porcelain to me in my feather, leathered bed.

By Claire and Oliver Smith