

My Fairytale

Sleeping Beauty

She waits.
Awake
but unable to move behind prison shutters of grey.
Waiting, waiting ...
for her Prince in Armani Armour,
In his white Ferrari
to wake her,
save her,
fill her with the life she never knew,
yet always believed existed.
Fearsome dragons and thicketed forests of barbed-wire
lay between their worlds,
thick as treacle,
cold as ice,
blind as night,
clear as mud.
She dreams in ribbons of Eastern colour,
writing the Fairytale in her head;
imagines the sun, bright and warm
on her bloodless cheeks.
Hears the growl of the ocean
and tastes the sweet nectar of his plump lips.
Her limbs ache in frozen silent solitude
and her heart breathes wild as the wind
as she creates his loving fingers
on her goose-pimpled skin
trembling to the core.