

Tinder Wolves

A woman walks into a bar,
and
it stops
for just a moment.
Most of the forest is too drunk
to memorize her scent

except for the wolf
and his silver tongue,
waiting
to catch the whole world on fire
with just a few clever fairy tales about love.

Some people run with the dogs
and emerge from the pack
without a scratch
on their skin.

You should hear the princess
weave her own love songs
about men with sharp teeth
who lurk in shadows
because it's their last
remaining way to feel
anything.

A woman walks into a forest
one night
and the wolf whispers,
"Hello beautiful, are you lost?"
Somewhere a waltz begins.

By morning,
she can taste him
on a tongue accustomed
to the sweet cut of metal
and lies told by strangers.

My sweet prince,
there are no stories left untold,
and those who listen
cloak themselves in fur and run wild
to taste honey and blood.

A siren wanders into a trap
and sings,
but the men don't listen.
Hands flutter up to ears.
Maybe so few survive the encounter
because being hunted by a clever predator
can look a lot like love.

She sheds her fur by the door
and coats her heart in ash.

The Hunt

He wanders, breathless,
through all that remains of love
like an animal

wounded by the hunt.
A predator takes his turn,
finally, as prey.

What he can't quite grasp
is how quickly the forest
vanishes in sand,

and all the robins,
once easily seduced, now
gather just to see

the way a wolf falls
when he underestimates
a huntress in red.

A Mad Hatter

He dresses his wounds
with rust-colored bandages.

The blade of my pen
drips with acrid betrayal.

Deception is quite lovely
down the rabbit hole,
where spilling secrets
is a fatal tragedy.

In case you forgot
how the story ends,

this broken, beautiful prince
is not a hero.

Drink Me

I met Alice in her Wonderland
swinging from a rope on rafters,
wearing the Mad Hatter's hat.

I watched his hands caress,
and I understood
she was not dead
before thorns
found his
skin.

Surprise,
I whispered,
because I knew
that any girl kept
prisoner for so long
does not wilt in the attic.

He remained silent as we left,
and her white socks danced across the dust.

Once Upon a Time

There are wise magicians
disguised as troubled writers
who create and destroy
entire universes
with their pens.

With all of the regret
hanging over this world
even the angels weep
for once upon a time.