

Blue Butterfly Pie

All the king's horses and all the queen's men
Are eating blue butterfly pie again.

*Oh, marshmallow clouds in a mulberry sky,
But all they will have is blue butterfly pie.*

Pies fill the palace: the hallways, the stairs,
The bookshelves and doorways and bathtubs and chairs.

Tables and wagons and chaises and carts
Are bobbling and tumbling and toppling with tarts.

For someone snuck in, in the dark, ere sunrise,
And made hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of pies.

*The apricot moon dipped in caramel cream,
Yet who can resist a blue butterfly dream?*

No pan was left empty, not even the Bundt,
But who is to blame for this most scrumptious stunt?

The royals want answers: Who saw what? Who heard?
But every response is quite frankly absurd:

*A blackberry fool in the silver moonshine;
Saw ten ladyfingers, a trifle too fine;*

*A cobbler sat out on the counter with flan,
Chiffon, and Chantilly swirled in a bright pan;*

*An intricate plait with ganache on its crown
Tucked in by the window too quickly came down;*

*A flurry of cream, butter, sugar galore
Whisked by the old cook, who continued to snore;*

*A lattice thrown down with an excess of zest:
The sly makings of a blue butterfly jest.*

Reports of the pies swiftly spread through the court,
And all come to see—with their spoon and their fork.

The feasting goes on—townsfolk, peasants arrive;
Soon even the royals are asking for pie.

*Stars of meringue in a sugarplum sky
Can never compare with blue butterfly pie.*

The taste is sublime, and the questionings stop,
All thoughts of a culprit are quickly forgot.

For all—the king, horses, queen, women, and men—
Are eating blue butterfly pie again.

And only the jester, the cobbler, cook too
Notice the princess's fingers—stained blue.