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this isn't the ball cinderella

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THIS ISN'T THE BALL CINDERELLA

BEN GAMBLE

mirror mirror on the wall
where's the slipper where's it all
i think drums blink and tremble
to the beat
why are they bare feet some sink
runs red
fingers nimble
like gold and
thimbles what have i said
to the stumbling dead it's too
late eyes dilate
by magnetic strips and money
clips there's no slumber something queerer
looking dancing in the mirror the birds
aren't singing the gold of the ring is
cold on the lips a slip of the king it brings
looking dancing in the mirror i kiss
the frogs half-asleep a leap
through the fog of red lights
forgotten sights blood-eyed knights
this couch a throne of gnawed
dog bones and golden rods
burn marks
of wizards pipes and insurance fraud
the sweat the skin it thins the blood the bass
listen listen it rattles the ribs against ink and skin
it says let me in let me in let me in and
give rhythm for your heart and fill your skull

it starts on barefoot broken glass there's
someone dancing white horse prancing and
no chance at all your highness it's blindness
i fall i lost
it all my veins
the dragon is coiled the glass it boils
a scream i dream the empty sound
snarling hounds and bloody gowns oh
someone someone someone stole my crown.