

# 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.