



Drawing Janek Janowicz

The Drunken Soliloquy of
Prince Charming
As the Clock Strikes One

Carole Rose Livingston

Out of her glass slipper
I drank dreams.
Bubbles they were
light and frothy.

Such small feet she had,
such slender bones.
I drank from her slipper
and gazed
as she whirled away barefoot,
dancing to the drums of hunger
and the pipes want.

