

—In the Library of the Fairy Tale,

they would be stupid children who asked why
their parents have left them in the forest, why

their mothers hate them, their fathers haunt
their bedsteads. Here, no one in danger waits

for salvation. Here, what hungers is lovely
cruel, is gore & gorgeous & godless. It knows

spots quickest to goad blood to bruise,
the gasp & spasm & green of smothering.

How good it is, how easy, in the forest,
where you know what waits for you

adores the horror & minutiae: small bones
shattered, the slim rim of the iris in dilation.

How good, too, to know the story will forgive
you should you kill first, as when the child

goads the Witch over the trick lip of hunger
into the furnace of her own voice & is right

to do so—how good!, how easy to act
when you know your action will be right.

it was your doubt made your brother lucky:
you would have preferred to destroy him.

