

## It's All Just a Big Misunderstanding

by Jason de Koff

How was I to know,  
the pomme,  
was poisoned.

The peddler's discount rack,  
is the one,  
to blame.

Sure, I'm jealous of that,  
perfect complexioned goddess,  
with lips as red as rubies,  
and silky lustrous hair,  
with all her faithful forest friends,  
and seven little men,  
and pretty prince to play with,  
but that means nothing here.

A harmless prank,  
gone horribly wrong,  
is what you need to know.

Just a little fun,  
to put a little fear,  
amongst those fairest cheekbones.

You wouldn't put me in the racks,  
old woman that I am,  
well, sometimes anyway.

I've a mirror worth a mint,  
if you'd kindly look away,  
I can have it delivered by morning.

Oh Huntsman,  
so good to see you,  
why that's quite a blade you have.

Lie down? I'm not tired,  
Upon this wooden block?  
Oh my, what are you doing, what the ...?

