

Mother Gothel's Comeback

by Stephen Bone

After the blonde
in the tower business
had settled down

and having been spared
the red-hot iron clog dance
or not compelled

to tear myself in two,
like that old spinner
of straw into gold,

I set up a deli
in the heart of Soho,
struck lucky with my rampion

broths and bakes. Gourmands
and health fanatics formed
queues long as the Yangtze

for a taste of the bitter leaf.
Next year I'll break into beauty:
concoct creams green as envy

to soft focus the most haggard face,
shampoos to promote a growth
thick and strong as rope.

