

## **Shattered Slippers**

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She twirls, skirts billowing around her waist.  
His hand pulls her to his side as securely  
as the door had been locked.

Dancing, gliding—so clean ashes won't scar.

Kingdoms hover above  
cobwebs,  
soot,  
pin pricks of duty.

Over cobblestones, air whispers on a golden thread.  
Music floats,  
dipping with curtsies,  
rising with petticoats.

No thoughts of  
sharp features,  
soft lumps,  
or orders,

only his smell like tulips beside the well.

Midnight strikes.

Flee.

Glass shatters.

No one can waltz with only one slipper.