Happy Endings

When I remember
the fairytales
read to me as treats
I remember
the scary bits
big bad wolf
two little piggies
squeaking in terror
what big teeth you've got
Mirror Mirror On The Wall
and they are all
mixed up. I chose
to forget
the pat happy endings;
the Prince’s kiss
resting uncomfortably
on my imagination,
my memory forces him
and his gallantry to
get lost in the woods
And I wished
out of wickedness
that Rapunzel had
short cropped hair.

Tonight
my imagination gallops
across moors wishing
she didn’t have to conjure up
a happy ending
for another dyke
in yet another
misery-making
lesbian novel.

Maybe Rapunzel
gets rescued by a
woman firm of muscle
and strong of heart
who takes the scissors out

after dinner and says
“You could use a hair cut’
Or maybe the mirror
would reflect a dark woman
with shiny skin and nappy
hair. Sometimes I’d like
to hear a lesbian story
where the woman I’m following
does not die
in the end.

Somewhere
hanging tentatively
on the edge of our pain
there must be something
that edges close to happiness
and at least
enters into love
and splashes in those
fairy tale words
demanding
some strength
out of this pain.

Sometimes
we will
ride on the crest
of that powerful pain
and ease each other
onto soft sand,
our love
rounding the hard edges
of our downs
into ups. Whilst
we lie on this
solid bed
we make our own stories.

Jackie Kay