

Cinderella Doesn't Live Here Anymore

Her princely marriage blighted mom. It wasn't what she thought, just different walls. She found herself drawn to windows, parapets, the round moon-face pulling her, asking why she hadn't left yet. So when we awoke to find her gone, we weren't surprised—although to father's questions we played dumb. We let him search, pursue notions of re-wooing. We kids found traces on the lawn, bare footprints in the dew, swatches of mistletoe twining, bags of simples, bird skeletons hung from lintels. Mother was about, still among us—just changed. No scullion, no Highness, no one but her deepest self, luminescent and wise. We learned new ways to see her, not just our eyes.

