

Queen of Hearts

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Mirror, mirror, on the wall,
what can we learn
from the rise and fall
of a tear-laden princess
of the royal arts,
who traded her crown
for a Queen of Hearts?

A tender child of tender years
whose need for love had turned to tears
in the wake of her parent's failing joy,
lamenting a girl and wishing a boy.

Such was the omen.
Frightful start - beginning life
with a wounded heart;
tender passions torn and worn;
unfaithful mother; bitter scorn;
endless nights of endless fears;
little brother's sea of tears -
crying, weeping, no mummy home;
big sister's cross - to walk alone.

The flower blossomed,
sweet youth in Spring;
betrothed a prince
who would be king.
The marriage bargain -
fairytale dream
for a tarnished crown
and a faithless ring.

Mirror, mirror, on the wall,
what can we learn
from the rise and fall
of a Princess hounded by a press,
void of manners and relentless;
stalking, never caring, forever blind
to the human need for some peace of mind;
for a little space; for a little breath?--
Shameful, sinful, flashbulb death.

Mirror, mirror, in the sky,
faithful lovers question why;
young and lovely; future bright;
stolen dreams; fateful night.
Why such a Princess loved by all
should reap the Whirlwind and the Fall?

Mirror, mirror, in the night,
reflect a star whose beacon light
shone 'round the world
to hush a cry;
now shines forever
in a royal sky.

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