

## Beate Sigriddaughter

### You Never Know

Once upon a time  
I had a long black and white  
fairy tale flower dress,  
chiffon,  
with a black satin sash.  
I loved it.  
The first time I ran away  
from home,  
I took it with me  
with no foreseeable occasion  
to wear it,  
just for the feeling  
of owning something  
so lovely  
to wear from time to time  
at night  
in front of the mirror  
while earning my way  
through the world  
at minimum wage  
and minimum age.  
Besides,  
I told myself,  
you never know.

## Dancing with Reality

He dreams of galaxies. I dream of fairy tales. It is good so. Things do not change, they just become more eloquent. I keep dancing with reality. It is often drunk and stumbles, and it is arrogant. Arrogance is of course far more attractive than modesty, though I am allergic to it. I'm not sure which of us is wearing the sequins as we dance. Like many women, I am a mosaic of moments, dreaming of a perfect world in which I get attention but not too much. I didn't want to be held responsible for evil and still had to find ways of paying for my bread, so I became a servant. Sometimes I regret it when I find myself climbing and climbing while I am supposed to pretend that this isn't even a mountain. I have become a successful hunter who gets what I want only to find out it isn't what I want at all. I thought it was going to be different, and now I am responsible for my prey. Conflict keeps winning, as it so often does. Boys run around in comic book violence. I remain scared of spiders and men's displeasure. Spiders are easier to deal with; I can remove them. I keep dancing as though none of this matters, as though great dreams have chosen me with a nod.

## In Snow White's Words

No, I don't want an apple, and I don't want to buy anything from the old peddler, and, really, the dwarves have a whole stash of apples in the cellar anyway. But I was taught to be polite.

Days Glide

Days glide  
like water through my hands,  
like prayer beads.  
Veils of tomorrow lift  
my soul.

Hush

all the small birds  
silently proclaim  
“we are not here”  
as a hawk glides over  
in majestic  
red-tailed beauty