

CHRISTY LEFTERI

The Fall from Innocence

Rapunzel hung out of the tower
waiting to be rescued.
Her hair so black
that it appeared
a deep blue
in the morning light
a mass of shiny locks
and waves
spilled out of the window
like a waterfall
of tar
dusted with specks
of silver and grey
her skin so transparent
that it appeared to be
washed
with clear blue
in that morning light.
In her fingers she held a white
silk handkerchief that she waved
above her head
like a slice
of snow in the sun
removed
from a magical land.
She stood still and silent
waiting to be rescued
from the glass tower, black
glass that appeared blue
in that morning light
and reflected the movement
of the clouds.
She stood
still and silent

as the tower fell
and she sank deep
into the blackness
of her hair
melting
within the thickness of the tar.

And everyone always thought
that she would be rescued.

(Written immediately after 11 September 2001)