

My Fairy Godmother

Lisah J Walden, 2017

Is a debutant.
My fairy godmother is a silverfish.
My fairy godmother loves dark corners.

My fairy godmother is a drifter:
LA; NY; Texas,
Valhalla and Helheim.

My fairy godmother is my speakeasy.
My fairy godmother is a Sheba.
She doesn't shy from the Lounge Lizard.

My fairy godmother once gorged on chocolate truffle hearts
and the scent of newborn hair. My fairy godmother packs her shit
in plastic Wegmans' bags. My fairy godmother is a cassowary.

My fairy godmother judges my lovers.
My fairy godmother rides a mop, wishes it was a Hoover
And curses out the clerk at Wal-Mart for the shifty Swiffer

With a broken wand, marble, wood, gold,
or silver, my fairy godmother bumbles my Alcazar.
She didn't want to, but my fairy godmother

is ungainly. She is ill-starred;
now I'm marred: hocus... pocus... what is the last word?
She loves me, still I pray for Lethe to kiss her.

She prances and howls wolves' chorus lines.
She won't drift away, fade away, even though
my fairy godmother chugs Fireball and Miller Lite at stallion speed. My god

fairy mother is a Stranger Danger. Caught me.
Seminar on my knees. No pumpkin carriage or glass slippers,
just a broken wand and well-intended wishes. Now for mother Fae I salt

my window. Due to godmother, I burn the sage.
Due to my fairy godmother, I lacerate the veil

No wishes. No conditions.

Due to my fairy godmother, there's no reason for
apologies. Due to my fairy godmother
I am the mirror. I am debutant.