

Scheherazade

Tell the tale. Tell it
often. Change just a bit
to stay the execution.
No love lost. No love
gained. No field of
headless women. He
was not the mad king.
He wasn't much of
anything. Just another
story. He sat on
the coffin that you
built for yourself—
immovable despite
your wails and roars.
You stayed and you stayed
and you stayed. A thousand
and one new details
for the same story.
A victimless crime
had you only waited
to sign the papers.
You are free
to be trapped in
your next story. The
aftermath of misery
without company—
no shield from real life.

—Traci Clark