

NICK MOUDRY

song (someday my prince will come)

Sometime after the last phrase was uttered,
we entered the gates of the lackluster city.
The girls were dressed in white & silent.
The city, itself, had just been washed.

We entered the gates of the lackluster city
& stopped to tune our instruments.
The city, itself, had just been washed, but
the notes were golden & somehow missing.

“Tune your instrument!”
my men cheered behind me.
The notes they played were golden
& fell as I left my trumpet.

Men cheered, as behind me,
sad women came from the shadows
& fell as they left my trumpet.
Windows opened. The king sent guards

& they too came from the shadows
to fetch me & bring me to his palace.
A window opened. The king’s guards
ordered me to stop.

“Fetch us a song,” the king said. “Bring music to my palace.”
So I played “Are You Not My Lost Sun”
& the king ordered me to stop,
but I kept playing.

“Are you not my lost son?” he said
after I had played the last phrase.
But I kept playing
till the girls undressed & they danced—