

On Looking at an Illustration for Rapunzel

We wondered:
What was the last thing
Rapunzel's prince
saw when he leapt
from the window
falling into the briars below
eyes plucked out
like gooseberries.

Was it Rapunzel's hair?
Gold of course,
one strand long enough
to give a dozen nests
of brown, dry twigs
a secret treasure,
sometimes gleaming,
when the sun shines
just right.

Or the sky?
Cloudless that day,
strangely
rampion violet-blue.

Or the iridescent green
sprinkled like dust
on our bodies
that flew from the shadows
of the tower roof
to the man
falling
his hands never once grasping
at our wings.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Andre DeCuir is a professor at Muskingum University, and his short fiction has appeared in *Gay Flash Fiction*, *Dialogual*, and *Rose & Thorn Journal*. He lives in Reynoldsburg, Ohio.

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