

Goldilocks

She wants someone to tell her
what kind of animal she is,
the name of the creature
that crawls inside another's shell,

that burrows and borrows,
spinning on foreign wings,
wandering, aimless, through an open gate,
stepping, mother may I, farther in...
picking up a snow globe, shaking it hard,
turning someone else's world

upside down. She has been here before, doubling
as the sour daughter, who leaves a trace,
damp pillowcase, twisted sheets,
breath evaporating on the spoon.
She needs to report whose bed
she has been sleeping in,
waking with a key in her hand,
no glass slipper, no mirror, no red hood;

these come later, the appointment made,
the proper door.

--Helena Minton