

## Warts

Happy ever after doesn't last  
Like it used to.  
Once upon a time  
Was a long time ago.  
Fairy-tales on Daddy's knee,  
Then other tales, other knees,  
A prince whose mount was his car...  
Backseat.

Gazing into darkness  
Over dirty dishes  
Hearing taxis croak and leap,  
Whatever happened to the magic  
Of the night? The King,  
A prince no longer,  
Belches loudly from his armchair.

Downtown, where they all go after  
All is said and done, ex-wives  
Drape over barstools, drum ex-ringed  
Fingers over spilt drinks, turn nonexpectant  
Eyes into frogless nights.