

# Happy Endings

When I remember  
 the fairytales  
 read to me as treats  
 I remember  
 the scary bits  
 big bad wolf  
 three little piggies  
 squeeking in terror  
 what big teeth you've got  
 Mirror Mirror On The Wall  
 and they are all  
 mixed up. I chose  
 to forget  
 the pat happy endings:  
 the Prince's kiss  
 resting uncomfortably  
 on my imagination,  
 my memory forces him  
 and his gallantry to  
 get lost in the woods  
 And I wished  
 out of wickedness  
 that Rapunzel had  
 short cropped hair.

Tonight  
 my imagination gallops  
 across moors wishing  
 she didn't have to conjure up  
 a happy ending  
 for another dyke  
 in yet another  
 misery-making  
 lesbian novel.

Maybe Rapunzel  
 gets rescued by a  
 woman firm of muscle  
 and strong of heart  
 who takes the scissors out

after dinner and says  
 'You could use a hair cut'  
 Or maybe the mirror  
 would reflect a dark woman  
 with shiny skin and nappy  
 hair. Sometimes I'd like  
 to hear a lesbian story  
 where the woman I'm following  
 does not die  
 in the end.

Somewhere  
 hanging tentatively  
 on the edge of our pain  
 there must be something  
 that edges close to happiness  
 and at least  
 enters into love  
 and splashes in those  
 fairytale words  
 demanding  
 some strength  
 out of this pain.

Sometimes  
 we will  
 ride on the crest  
 of that powerful pain  
 and ease each other  
 onto soft sand,  
 our love  
 rounding the hard edges  
 of our downs  
 into ups. Whilst  
 we lie on this  
 solid bed  
 we make our own stories.

Jackie Kay