

Lullaby

Let us give happy endings to grim tales.
Let the girl have her prince. Let them be true.

I need no pumpkin-patch silver carriage,
though I make pot roast good as any witch.

I won't settle for tame domestic bliss.
I wear the night like a noose around my neck.

Do I frighten you, my little prince?
I give you the lines on my palm to unravel.

I'll stroke your hair the way you like it
and kiss your trembling eyelids to sleep.

When the moon winks and the clouds part,
I'll saddle up and ride to the Orion to join

the hunt. Don't blame yourself, my dear.
I wasn't worth it. I was born feral and free.

Nausheen Eusuf

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