

QUEEN *Ann*
runs with *sailing fleet of streaming hair,*
at midnight *from a castle choked in swords and fire;*
beyond where *kings tamper in bloody schemes for*
a kiss of power *over anguished queens*
and crack *metal for gold. Ann*
flees a
seized regime
seeking *arms* and
crests of kings with
chests hearty enough
to save a queen;
and insure safe
return of army
admirals and
cavalries in battle
corners with the king.
Swishes of her hips and
ruffles of her dress scrape
out of sight of hostile ships;
her tattered shoes of satin slip
on mountainous steps of heathen
cliffs. When the night strikes with
silver light her palms shine with dust
and tears, glistening in stars she wears.