Song (Someday My Prince Will Come)

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song (someday my prince will come)

Sometime after the last phrase was uttered, we entered the gates of the lackluster city. The girls were dressed in white & silent. The city, itself, had just been washed.

We entered the gates of the lackluster city & stopped to tune our instruments. The city, itself, had just been washed, but the notes were golden & somehow missing.

“Tune your instrument!” my men cheered behind me. The notes they played were golden & fell as I left my trumpet.

Men cheered, as behind me, sad women came from the shadows & fell as they left my trumpet. Windows opened. The king sent guards

& they too came from the shadows to fetch me & bring me to his palace. A window opened. The king’s guards ordered me to stop.

“Fetch us a song,” the king said. “Bring music to my palace.” So I played “Are You Not My Lost Sun” & the king ordered me to stop, but I kept playing.

“Are you not my lost son?” he said after I had played the last phrase. But I kept playing till the girls undressed & they danced—