

Sliver

Are we a good fit?

I thought so—once
what with the moonlight, the carriage and footmen
We were the perfect pair
admired by all
waltzing off
leaving a bloody trail of heels and toes
and ill fitting stepsisters limping in our wake



How lucky I was—victorious at last
But now that the dance is done
and I'm alone in my dressing room
complete with pillows and carpets
and an adjoining walk-in closet
I must confess
I feel a little pinched.



Am I losing my reputed daintiness
from one day to the next?
Or is the glass slicing just a little deeper
always closer to the bone?



No one must ever know
the things I do to fit
No one can ever see
the pretty penknife I use
to shave off just a sliver every day
a bit of toe perhaps, maybe a little heel
nothing important
nothing I'll miss



I am dressed now
and ready for tonight's ball—looking flawless as always
I just have this nagging little fear

Next time I go barefoot

what will be left?





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