

The Forbidden Hour: Lois Walker

In a faraway land where dreams run untamed
Lived a fair maiden, Cinderella by name.
Bound by sorrow, for she suffered much
Loved by all whose lives she touched.

A heart of gold, amidst ashes she toiled
Her hands calloused and her clothes soiled.
In the quiet nights, her hopes did bloom
Befriending the mice, escaping her gloom.

A ball was coming, a night so grand
Where Princes danced to an ever-changing band.
Her stepsisters readied themselves to go
With the help of her stepmother who planned it so.

Not a chance was given for her to join in
They'd laugh themselves silly with the thought she might win.
But deep magic was brewing and a fairy drew near
With a flick of her wand, it all became clear.

"A carriage of gold from a pumpkin will do,
"Bibbidi Bobbidi Boo"
From rags to riches in a gown of light
The mice changed to horses, her heart took flight.

But as the sun dipped low with a warning, "Take heed,
When the clock strikes twelve, the forbidden hour. Agreed?
All the magic you see from your place in this tower
Will lose what you need and that is its power."

The ball was enchanted with love in the air
The Prince, besotted with her charm, did he dare?
Oh yes! So they danced all night till she said, "I must go!"
The clock chimed softly as she cried, "Oh No!"

Escaping past the guards and well-wishers
Past the promenade entrance, the pond of kingfishers
As the magic was fading she noticed a tear
In her dress, and one slipper was left on the stairs.

Don't think for a minute this story ends here
For our Prince knew his true love was out there somewhere
It wasn't long after he proved to be right
Immediately upon seeing her love turned on its light

She was no longer a beauty dressed in a gown
He recognised her family had let this girl down!
Anger rose up, he demanded right action
She was delivered in one swift transaction.

"Marry me, Cinderella," he was down on one knee.
Tears streamed down both cheeks, took his hand, she was free.

Remember dear friends in forbidden's darkest hour
Love wins hands down, no need to cower.
Hold your head high, your hopes with it too
True love finds a way and it seems right on cue.

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