

Lips of blood red, hair of dark ebony,
Skin as white as crisp fresh snow.
So fair, she was.
Her father - alone, her mother - dead.
A new woman, with a dark heart,
Is chasing her fathers affections.
Vain, calculating, malicious,
She wants to be the fairest in the land,
But she is not, and never will be,
So long as the fair,
Red, ebony fair,
Lives on.
All men want her, in all her fairness,
No one wants an old, washed up,
Nobody.
What can be done?
Surgery? Botox? A vicious dog attack?

No. Something more... permanent.

A hit.

Fast, swift, messy if necessary,

It doesn't matter.

She finds a man, pays his price,

And send him out to kill Snow White.

He comes back. "She is dead," he says.

And for a moment in time, the bitch is content.

We all know this is not how the tale goes.

Red ebony flees.

Lost, in the darkness, in the alleys,

Leering unfamiliar buildings

Surrounding and engulfing the world.

She collapses by a dumpster,

It's all too much for the fair and spoilt.

It's not long before a man stumbles by,
Tells her he knows where there's shelter,
For a pretty girl like her.
"Folla' Me." He grunts.
She follows, ever hopeful,
The building he leads her to is old,
Decrepit, flaking paint and broken bottles.
He leads her inside.
They offer her a place to stay,
They tell her there's food and
Water and
Pleasant company.
If she's willing to work for it.
"Work for it?"
She is very quiet, scared, timid,
Unaware of the fate before her.
"Yes, work for it."

She accepts the offer for shelter.
The men whom she shares the
Living arrangement with.
There are seven of them.
They use her,
She is their object.
She works for them.
She works for men.
They touch her, they use her,
They violate her.

Is this what it takes to escape death?
Red and ebony,
Fair for the taking.
They have their way with her.
She is used, and broken.
She has given up.

She decides poison is the easiest way,

Sleep,

Eternal,

Darkness,

Forever.