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Raquel

Ann Rathie
Dominican University of California

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Raquel

by Ann Rathie

I finally cut off my long red hair.

What a problem that was,

trailing behind me,

dragging on the ground

attracting all that attention.

Swains swanning all around.

Rapunzel, I love you,

Rapunzel be mine,

Rapunzel let me wrap myself in your hair!

Get a life!

My father, old creep, blamed me

for all the wailing and whining

and shut me up in the tower.

Did that help?

Not a bit.

The wailing went on...

Rapunzel are you up there?

Rapunzel, Rapunzel let down your long hair.

Seems the idiots were planning to climb up my hair to woo me.

As if!

One night when all was quiet,

I hacked off my hair with a shard of broken crockery,

'till all hundred feet of it lay on the floor,

tied it to the bedpost,

threw off my cumbersome skirts and slithered to the ground.

Out through the palace gates I flew

free, free as the wind.

I ran for days,

arrived at the other side, sleek as a deer.

I'm Raquel now,

short spiky hair like a boy.

My partner, Big Jenny and I

own the Hare and Tower Tavern

for maids only, no swains allowed.

Drop in for a glass of mead sometime.