

Milady

My blue princess sat on a four poster bed,

Awaiting the gold prince that she was to wed.

The ten tears she cried became her company:

Her maids and her ladies, each brighter than she.

My prized blue enchantress, so dark and so bold,

was circled by virgins of beauty untold.

She slept in a castle that had fourteen walls,

Was three stories high, yet built without halls.

Milady was locked in a cotton filled tower,

Encased in a box that destroyed all her power.

The gold prince returned for his lovely young bride;

His armor was tarnished, his kingdom denied.

Milady, he hoped, hadn't changed since he went...

But her heart had since broken, her dowry was spent.

Milady is gone now, her maids with her fled,

My charming blue princess can never be wed.

