

## **The Mirror**

By Sarah Delmonte

There in a corner, adjusted to fit  
And highlight the hubris of who stared at it.  
The purple prince, the faultless fool  
The fuschia king, unfit to rule.

It sat there for days, it sat there for years.  
It watched cerulean cruelty, it watched cobalt tears.  
For the king's court was evil, it reigned in deep red.  
They favored the purple, the orange were dead.

The mirror saw judges, engulfed in bright teals.  
They ruined the russet, they stole all their meals.  
Justice was ruined, with honey peril.  
The soft sandstone peasants could not get their fill.

The mirror saw laughing, the mirror saw rage.  
The mirror saw eggplant, and lavender sage.  
More years had gone by, wine terror ne'er stopped.  
Revolution was nigh—mulberries would rot.

So the beige grouped together, with bronze and with gold.

They breached through the courtyard, now their stories were told.

All plum and sangria had partied inside.

The doors all flung open, and they ran off to hide.

Poised in the corner, the mirror saw all.

It watched in dead silence as they ruined the ball.

There were so many colors surrounding the mass.

The rainbow plethora unfolding so fast.

The rough old king fuschia was perched on his throne.

He looked to his guards, but found he was alone.

The golden had got him, they tied him up tight

They brought in the weapon to showcase their might.

Rose head was laid down, on a plank white as lace.

The russets yelled names and spat in his face

With a grand silver swing, the axe had gone down.

The blackened blood fell as the king lost his crown.

The soot colored ichor dripped down at their feet.

And the gold celebrated the purple's defeat

And the mirror observed, in that corner of dust

Celebrating along with the glory of rust.

The mirror viewed parties, execution, revenge.

The mirror saw truth, and justice avenged.

But the mirror, so partial to all colors there.

Documented the story, then it vanished to air.