

Rapunzel hung out of the tower  
waiting to be rescued.  
Her hair so black  
that it appeared  
a deep blue  
in the morning light  
a mass of shiny locks  
and waves  
spilled out of the window  
like a waterfall  
of tar  
dusted with specks  
of silver and grey

as the tower fell  
and she sank deep  
into the blackness  
of her hair  
melting  
within the thickness of the tar.

And everyone always thought  
that she would be rescued.

(Written immediately after 11 September 2001)