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The White Queen Soliloquy

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Abstract

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Additional Keywords

Poetry; The White Queen Soliloquy; Lala Heine-Koehn

THE WHITE QUEEN SOLILOQUY

by lala heine-koehn

A trumpet wakes her from her sleep. The long wailing notes disturb the heavy folds of her bed curtains; the lace on her pillows flutters like wings of a bird in flight. The staccato beat of hooves against stone, the sputter and snort of reined horses drifts in from the outside.

On each horse, one black one white, a knight is sitting his raised lance piercing the dawn; black on white, white on black, the square flagstones pave the court. She knows the pattern by heart. The stable boys in grey garb resemble sparrows; herd together under the turrets. Pointed shadows reach like fingers touching her windows. All are waiting to greet the master.

She has a white lamb tied to her bed post, a long pink ribbon knotted around its neck. It walks to and fro, as far as the ribbon allows. Open the door, she orders

the lamb. Obediently it walks toward it, stretching the ribbon taut, nuzzles the door handle, swinging it open. Three men carry in each hand a pheasant on a silver platter, the twisting beaks and wings tied with red ribbons. They arrange the birds on her bed, then disappear on silent feet.

Avoiding their eyes she begins to pluck the birds, placing the feathers one by one upon her coverlet.

Open the window, she orders the lamb. In her bare feet she walks toward it, tossing the feathers into the breeze. They flutter and float, spiralling in the early mist.

She picks up the birds. With gentle fingers she tightens their knotted ribbons, sits them upon the stone breastwall, pointing their beaks toward the meadows and woods. Fly my lovelies, fly she whispers, pushing a silver arrow into her hair, coiling her plaits around it. She too is ready to greet her master.