

# The Golden Stair by Jane Yolen

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I cut my hair last week;  
all that long gold gone  
in a single silent scissoring  
after the king was buried.

My husband (5)  
the new king,  
wept when he saw it.

But he agreed  
that with all I have to do—  
the royal tea parties, (10)  
the ribbon-cuttings,  
the hospital visits,  
the endless trips

to factories,  
football games, (15)  
day care centers—  
a short bob is best.

It has been months  
since he has noticed my hair.  
The golden stair he called it. (20)

It has been years since the tower.  
Now that he is king  
we cannot risk another fall,  
at least until our sons are grown,  
at least until (25)  
they have taken over the kingdom.