

Prologue for Cinderella By Eleanor Wright

A fair maiden thrown aside into the dust,
Dreaming of shining armor that does not rust,
Kindness rewarded with opportunities to be free,
Is being blocked and hidden by envious three,
However a stretch of forgiving light shines on cinders,
Allowing a spark between two that three have tried to hinder,
The flame of love has shone upon a forbidden man,
Who searches for the trail of ashes from which that fire began,
A quest, a journey to find his soon-to-be-wife,
Is being thwarted by other women's strife,
Behold his mystery maiden is found,
And now let their story be unwound.