

## THE VAIN PRINCESS

Mirror, mirror, hide my wart  
From that handsome prince in court.  
Magic mirror, make it go,  
So I catch him as my beau.  
Smithereens is what you'll be,  
If this blemish he should see!  
Mix a potion! Make it pass!  
Do my bidding, looking glass!"

"Not so fast, you little snip!  
Spare me from such royal lip!  
Hid from your bedazzled view,  
That knave has more warts than you!  
But to suit your vanity,  
Your own spell will meet your plea:  
Noting well your single blot,  
He'll make haste to tie the knot!"

— *David L. Hatton, 10/12/2020*