Palace Inventory (Partial):
Sleeping Beauty

Kate Middleton

Seven dresses. Of satin, for example, and crêpe de Chine, tulle, shot-silk, that sort of thing. Beading and ivory buttons. One with a rip in it. (The tailor, in interview, remembers the incident — a sleeve torn on the workfloor; as there were no needles left to mend it this passes without comment.)
Made before birth for the seven balls which would have been held in her honour by the seven suitors, princes from provinces nearby. Gored by the briars, providence was not on their side.

Ultramarine. We ordered too much. The richest of canvases, no skimping on her portrait. Her musk body swathed in that pigment. The attitude of the Virgin.

Perfumes and rosewater. These stand where we left them, the latter thick with the scum of a century’s sleep dust. Clocks unwound, clock faces empty of hands — these, souvenirs granted to our waker upon his request. Our witness. The clocks: great, unticking, black, unblinking eyes. There is still no time here.
Sheets, clean-pressed and soft and unyellowed, a century in storage. Hand towels, soap and candles all familiar and in good supply. We are short on the remedy for homesickness.