

# Royal Expectations

By Anonymous

being a prince wasn't always my profession  
slaying dragons so effortlessly  
in fact, i was more of a princess  
docile, fragile, and weak  
being saved by that prince  
the dragon that he slays  
imprisons me in so many ways

I wasn't always a prince, but I was never a true princess  
I was clumsy, unruly, and sharp  
I was the dragon everyone feared  
but no one was as scared as me  
it all came on so capriciously

as i grew into a prince  
i became happier  
prouder  
braver  
i didn't fear things i once did  
even though i was still only a kid

at the age of 14  
i faced this dragon head on  
when dusk is near and the dragons still not gone

i let it know i'll be back by dawn

i still dread this idea of change  
from "princess" to prince  
changing from what people knew me as  
similar to breaking your mums most expensive lamp  
you're scared to tell her since you know she'll be mad  
but the thought of hiding only makes you feel sad

as the days continue  
my duties as prince follow  
standing beside the king  
protecting him from each venomous tongue  
knowing that one day i will fill his shoes  
and knowing that day will leave me battered and bruised

almost two years later  
when i pull my blade to the dragon for the final time  
i stand tall against its misinterpreted crime

our battlefield dance lasts for hours  
exhausting and treacherous  
searing breath from the beast turned my pale skin a fiery red  
with one last swipe of my blade  
the dragons head falls, moaning in pain  
three heads grow back in its place  
the journey isn't over and i brace for the next day