

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