

Like a Prince

by Beate Sigriddaughter

I have acted like a prince much
of my life, never mind my gender.
I removed your obstacles as others
kill dragons. And when I came down
from the mountain, still covered in sweat
and mist and dragon blood and the sweet
sense of triumph, you, like a princess, had
a haircut appointment with Pierre
at eleven forty-five and it just wouldn't do
to offend him by making a change. I watched
you choose sun block and count French fries,
and I think I will go back up the mountain
and find another dragon. Maybe
this one I will feed and tame.

