

Fairy Tales: The Golden-Eyed Beast

Over the hills and past the cottage, into the forest he runs
where the ivy leaves give off a fresh green air
that hangs heavy in the pitch black cave, set with golden eyes
he stares into the soul, in his hands a rusty sword
whose hilt is heavy like the air —he wants peace
The eagle, the crest on the blade haunts his brain, an eternal curse

a burden carried like an anvil, a royally painful curse
that weighs him down as away from the curse he runs
how much gold does it cost just to ask for peace?
is the victory of the crest as necessary as air?
must he always carry with him, to defend the eagle, a sword
to behead all that stand in its way, including the soul in golden eyes?

A beautiful honey hides the pain in those eyes
that are filled with fear, stinging like a curse
from centuries before, bleeding with every slash of a sword
carried by knights charging as the golden eyed beast runs
for she cannot fly free through the air
from an everlasting war she flees, all she wants is peace

her black scales shift and the spikes heave, rest in peace
with a huff and a puff, sunlight dims in her eyes
warm smoke wavers like a white flag in the air
there is no escape from the curse
No one stops to listen or to hear, every person runs
her neck gives in to the final blow of the rusty sword

staring into sparkling eyes, to the ground clangs the sword
the boy once held, now waving a white flag for peace
and freedom, to her he runs
two gold and two brown, they share the same look in their eyes
That glints with pain, a kinly curse
different in size and stature, together they breathe the same air

the same heavy green air
that whisks their burden into the hilt of a sword
which they will lift together to cut their curse
and maybe now, together they can fight for peace
that they so longingly look for with their eyes
So back to the village their adrenaline runs

to lift the curse that hangs heavy in the air
that caresses a tear that runs down her cheek and onto the sword