

PRETTY PRETTY PRINCESS

I've always wanted to be a princess: capering and gamboling through sunlit topiary menageries in damask dresses of finely spun silk, trailing brightly looped ribbons and tittering gaily.

I would have a pony, obviously. All princesses have ponies, but mine would be the most spritely and prancing'est of the ponies. Oh, to feel the wind sweeping through my hair and the rippling muscles of that magnificent beast beneath my bum as a surly serf leads it in slow circle around a straw and dung strewn pen!

Rotating squadrons of servants stand by, eagerly anticipating my every whim and diligently shielding the space beneath my flaxen locks from the sodden world of chamber pots and syphilitic paupers beyond the palace walls.

In the cupboard of my salon, I would keep a dirty, little common boy. I would call him 'Mr. Bojangles' and feed him crusts of cake and he would be my friend, even though my status as highborn royalty would render that relationship far in my favor.

There would be adoring subjects and admiring courtesans: jesters in garish garments and knights in shiny suits of steel and maidens in waiting gowned in gossamer, so kind of heart and beautiful to behold.

Suitors of all sizes from faraway lands would throng our halls, drawn by tales of my unimaginable beauty, to compete for my hand.

These wooers would be tall and lean and well muscled; dark and rugged or light and fair of face; strutting about, all sparkling eyes and smiles, all garbed in sartorial splendor, struggling under the weight of their gaudily embroidered garments and handcrafted trinkets that twinkle 'bling bling' in the sun.

This choir of charmers: all for me and my hand, porcelain and pure and soft for lack of want.

And amongst this herd of hunks: my sweet prince.

And he would be a knight.

And I would be a princess. Obviously.

And he would be awed and struck speechless by my beauty. Also, obviously.

And I would be enamored through and through.

And his eyes would beckon: come hither.

And my titters would be coquettish.

I can't blame him for being smitten, for I would be dazzlingly, ravishingly gorgeous: resplendent in pendants and jewels galore; in updos and downdos and even hair don'ts, I would be *so* goddamned pretty.

Shit. Wait. Fuck. Princesses don't curse.

But if they did, all the other goddamned princesses would emphatically agree that I am the motherfucking fairest of them all. Full lips, so ripe and juicy when I make a pouty face, as oft I do. Gently curly, flowingly dark hair cascading about my angelic visage as I coyly toss my head from side to side.

In my private chambers would be a mirror and each day I would demand, "mirror, mirror on the shelf, name one foxier than myself." The mirror would remain silent as none more splendid can be named or perhaps because mirrors can't talk, don't talk, won't talk without the aid of psychedelic substances, not even in my deepest, darkest delusions.

It wouldn't be all cookies and cream, though. Not by a long shot. Where there are damsels, there is distress... and dragons!

Men at arms would line the ramparts, bristling pikes and polearms ready to defend my honor, my chastity, my purity. But the dragon would swoop and careen through the air, seething with fire, and they would be no match.

Victorious, the wyvern would wrench me from the highest parapet, where I had watched the battle below unfold, heart aflutter with fear and anticipation. Soaring on leathery wings, the mythical monster steals me away to a cavernous lair and some unknown ill end.

Woe is me! What is a poor princess to do but wait for her sweet prince, blundering in on white steed to rescue and romance?

Rescue me, my sweet prince!

And he, thrust into knighthood by noble birth and eager to prove that even soft, unused hands can undertake valiant acts, rides his steed to the den of this dragon, that den billowing with sulfurous smoke and brimming with danger.

Beaming with braggadocio, my sweet prince approaches the dragon's lair upon his steed and then! A bout of perfectly timed, fiery flatulence on the part of this dragon would spook steed and prince alike and oh, lordy, would you look at the time? My dear sweet prince is nearly late for dinner. So, he and his stallion turn and flee.

Fucker.

Gallant savior gone, I would make the most of my situation, as only a well-heeled princess could, but the beast would soon tire of tea parties and dress up games and all the other diversions with which princesses fill their days. Grasped again in talons, the dragon would return to my castle. Again the men at arms brace for battle, but this time the dragon would alight lightly beyond the bailey and set me down unscathed.

Warriors at the ready aim pointed sticks at the beast, who boomingly proclaims: "No, seriously, you can have her back. Sorry for all that trouble with the fire and destruction, earlier. We cool?"

And the dragon would soar off into the sunset, amidst a thunderous flapping of wings and I would return to my charmed life, sodden but none the worse for wear.

All would be as it had been: courtesans and admirers and all that rot.

Oh, God. Who am I kidding? I will never be a princess.

It's not that I haven't tried, you know. Nor the naysayers, neither. All that stood in my way was a single chromosome and sometimes vowel. The basic tenets of sovereign heredity likely also played a part.

It has taken me decades to come to terms with this and I... I don't really know why I'm telling you all this right now.