

Soft Boy

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Sweet princeling, you eat your strawberry jam
And drink their honeyed words, telling you who to be
You pray at night to gods thought long dead
One day, they will answer but you don't know when
In the morning, you study martial strategy and Latin
In the afternoon, they teach you grace on your feet
And plate your tongue with silver

Silly princeling, they know not what you dream of
Morpheus makes the images of beautiful blood-soaked men follow you
You've never held a blade with true conviction but you wish to
You wish to feel reverie for the trees and the battlefield as they do
You wish to walk the earth with no fear and the gods behind you

Savage princeling, they don't know your true form
You are a rabid wolf trapped in the body of a child
When you sleep, you feel the claws tearing your inside flesh
This skin is too tight
This skin does not fit your body
This skin is an unrelenting snake with endless coils of muscle

Soft princeling, one day you will be the man you wish to be
You will be queen, they say
No, I will be a man worth fearing
You are as a rose, they say
Maybe but I am thorn-mouthed and relentless
Softhearted, they call you
Yes, but that does not make me weak
I am not what you make me
Only I know me
Only the gods can make me