Fairytales

He looked at me and said aren’t you a little old to believe in fairytales?

And I looked at him and smiled… even though I wanted to yell …“no”

And explain to him that ever since we are little girls we are taught to wait on our knight in shining armor,

Though they never tell us that his armor might be a little tarnished

Or that in his search for you there were many other princesses who fit into your glass shoe

And that before sleeping with you he was sleeping with beauty

Mama never told us that our prince charming just might be a beast

And sometimes it easier for him to save a damsel in distress

Than to stress himself over our unrealistic expectations

To rescue us from towers of insecurities of our own creation

All because the last prince made promises he never intended to keep

I wanted to tell him that you’re never too old to believe in fairytales

As long as you know that nobody’s perfect

And happily ever after usually follows a slew of broken spells,

And some heartache and pain, and that’s just on the surface

That’s not all the soul searching or death defying tasks that only true love would ask

That’s not getting on bended knee with the possibility of you rejecting me, all in hopes loving eternally….

That’s not accepting your kids as my own, and making a home

That’s not forgiveness, or agreeing to disagree

That’s not trusting again even though you’ve been hurt…

He looked at me and said aren’t you a little old to believe in fairytales?

And I looked at him and smiled and said….Love is a fairytale and that’s always worth believing in….