

Hers

Bryttney Schaible

The world here glows in effervescent pinks. Cotton candy clouds are strung high in the sky, and the constellations beyond them are painted with gilded color. This is the world of dreams, of limitless possibilities, and of moon-eyed wonderment. It is an endless tea party where company is always welcome, and the cake is served fresh from an Easy-Bake Oven. The air carries currents of sparkly girlhood memories and sweetly sung lullabies, and it leaves the saccharine taste of magic on the tongue. Here is the land of fairies, of princesses, of dragons for slaying.

Here is where blood falls; where love and light flit away into the night; where fights will be lost. Here, the world will dull to muddied purples. Cotton candy clouds will melt in the rain, and all the stars will tarnish and fall from the sky like teeth from a child's mouth. Dreams will deflate with the grace of popped party balloons, and possibilities will meet their limits. Here is where the moon will be torn down from the sky and stomped into the dirt. Tea parties will be cancelled, and all the cakes from here on out will be diet. The air will carry currents of secrets kept, of lies told, and of pillows cried into in the dead of night. The lullabies will be screamed to the heavens with the crescendo of electric guitars. The magic will take on the wicked taste of salt, tequila, and lime. The wings of fairies will be plucked away like stray hairs from an unkempt brow, and the crowns of princesses will be lost forever to the laundromat spin cycle.

The dragons will always need slaying.