

# Brush with Royalty

By Marina Ruben - Washington, D.C.

When I cracked,  
The dentist gave me a temporary crown--  
Wouldn't give me a real one, for reasons not fully explained at the coronation.

Does a temporary crown make me a temporary princess?  
Like Diana  
Or Meghan Markle  
Who shed the crowns they wore,  
Like how I tore off my preschool Cinderella costume with its gasping plastic mask.

Back in the throne room,  
My temporary crown popped off, as if resisting the title.

The dentist re-cemented it,

But, when it fled again, we both gave up,  
Accepted the impossibility I could manage that level of responsibility,  
And I remembered the foil falling from my faux slippers,  
Revealing my Velcroed chariots.

Accepted a future that flowed through straws,  
A life spent never needing to chew  
On that one, impossible side of my mouth.