

Untitled

Shannon Sullivan

A shiny object that only rulers wear, usually as a symbol of their power over something. These people ask for power and respect by wearing this object. Those with a crown protect their people in various forms, from asking for supplies to being there when people need their support. They are the representation of that nation's people in many situations as a voice of the people of that nation. Sure, the light radiates from the crown, but I see light from everyone's crown.

Let me explain. We're all taught, in various forms, to respect the fellow man and to treat others the way we want to be treated. We're able to advocate for ourselves, voicing what we need and want. Every person with good morals tries to do the same thing that the person wearing the physical crown does, so does that make use royalty?

Well, sure, but just without the fame, and without a shiny object on our heads. Yet, we all wear a crown, it just isn't visible unless one really, truly looks for it.

Wisdom and Prosperity

Sean Austin

An old king dies and leaves two crowns on a comfortable throne, one bejewelled ornate gold, the other plain silver. An old man enters and I tell him.

"Take a crown and you will decide the fate of the Kingdom while you reign for a hundred years. One crown is Wisdom, the other Prosperity. Choose wisely."

He looks at the crowns longingly.

"I have been poor all my life and while I have never gone hungry, I have never had luxury. I wish all people prosperity that they shall have what I have not."

He takes the golden Prosperity and the throne.

An old king dies and leaves two crowns on a velvet lined throne, one gold and one plain. A well dressed man enters and I tell him.

"Take a crown and you will decide the fate of the Kingdom while you reign for a hundred years. One is called Wisdom, the other Prosperity. Choose wisely."

He looks at the gold crown hungrily, avarice sparkling in his eyes.

"I am a merchant and have seen the Kingdom prosper and grow in wealth. I shall make the Kingdom the greatest of all and everyone shall envy our wealth."

He grasps the golden crown greedily and sits upon the throne.

An old king dies and leaves two crowns upon a broken throne. A young man enters and I tell him wearily.

"Take a crown and you will decide the fate of the Kingdom while you reign for a hundred years. One is called Wisdom, the other Prosperity. Choose wisely."

He takes his time examining the crowns before he turns to me.

"I have seen my country torn by war. Our prosperity brought envy and jealousy to others. They came to take what they saw as theirs. I am old enough to know I do not want prosperity for it is greed.

Yet I am not yet old enough to have my own wisdom. What would you advise?"

I am not Fate so it was not my place to decide. But I am tired. I gave him Wisdom.

Crowning Myself

Kristina Sullivan

Today's the day.

This is it, the day where I become something greater.

Today's the day where I plant myself and receive what I've so desperately wanted for years.

This is it, the day I've fought for since day one.

It sits on my grandmother's color: purple just like the couch she sat on before she went.

Silver is the main crafting ingredient;

The precious metal that wraps around my mother's finger.

The zircon gemstones are the ocean I almost gave up in.

It points down, just like my mood back when the world stood still.

Diamond shaped studs; I realize that the journey I took was worthwhile.

Pressure is what creates a journey.

He walks up to me.

White gloves on his hand reminded me of the snow before time changed.

It almost slipped, just like me.

But I'm still here.

A Frigid Promise

Todd Tremole

The coronet shone silvery in the pale afternoon sun. No metal had been melted, poured, forged, beaten, shaped, or carved to make it. All of a single piece, carved from the glacier on which we stood, it sat on its pillow before me.

My lips repeated the monarch's oath as it was read, though my eyes would not wander from the crown itself. Within its crystalline depths, I saw.

My people. Their hopes and dreams. Lives lived, loved, and left behind. Agreements, disagreements, arguments, and departures. There would be a difficult road ahead, and it was my duty to lead the way down it. Thousands of people behind me, stepping in the path I tread first.

Our nation would have trials and triumphs. Together, we would face scorn and laughter no one should have to endure. It would be my task to be the umbrella to the storm of words, shielding those below me from the storms. The criticisms would be mine to bear. Admiration and praise, though, were not mine to hoard. To some, such burdens might seem one-sided, not worth the weight of the icy headgear.

Knowing what was encased in the ice of the crown, I closed my eyes and placed it atop my head. There it would sit, brilliant and heavy, its promises kept. The oath I made at that moment was my personal dedication to the office I claimed. It would not be something I took lightly.

The sweat on my forehead froze. For as long as I lived, the ice crown would never melt.

I Governed a People

Wyatt Hill

I governed a people and the world hardly cared
At the sleep lost o'er their heartache and dreams
For our land was barren, tiny, and strange
As we became the beacon they should have been

I spoke for a people and the world barely blinked
Or noticed as we fought to change for the better
Even if only our small, sequestered corner
They bristled at every proclamation and letter

I stood for a people and the world shook their heads
Counting the time we invested as wasted
Not seeing the need borne from a world so divided
So chaotic, and so oft filled with hatred

I wept for a people and the world only stared
Failing to understand the reason for my tears
Finding limits to service that I could provide them
And problems I could not fix, through the years

I governed a people and the world mostly laughed
They saw a sideshow curiosity and scoffed
In light of the culture we struggled to foster
And yet for my people, the world is far better off

A Terza Rima for His Royal Highness

Trevor Stratton

This noble nation stands alongside her crown
So graciously adorned by his majesty
We trust in him to press distress deep adown

The crown within his sovereign capacity
Compliments his people atop a grand stage
Guiding us fairly with such sagacity

In the throes of conflict the crown will assuage
Righteous before triumph and trouncing all threat
Seeing us to the dawn of our golden age

The crown and his people in a proud duet
At each other's favor glory shall beget!