

The Pawn and the Princess

by Stephen M. Golden
Copyright © November 17, 1988

**The pawn and the princess — a story I'll tell,
a love such that fairies alone know so well,
a story of power and magic I sing,
A cure for those weary of reality.**

**A mage left his stronghold to capture a heart,
with spells of enchantment — the work of his art.
A cloak of endearment and garments of mystique—
“I'll search to the end of earth to find what I seek.”**

**“I'll capture a heart and make it my pawn.”
“A pawn?” inquired the wind.
“Oh yes, I'll capture a pawn.”**

**As fate would have it, a princess had been
perched on a ledge — the mage she had seen.
Pretending for his part to be unaware,
a secret smile — she'd wait for him there.**

**The mage came upon her to cast forth his doom.
A spell of allurement would be upon her soon.
She would be his conquest, thought he as he cast,
“And I'll have her beauty to gaze upon, at last!”**

**“I'll capture a heart and make it my pawn.”
“A pawn?” inquired the wind.
“Oh yes, I'll capture a pawn.”**

**The princess was not to be his so easily.
The magic of her beauty was powerful indeed!
No sooner had the mage's spell come within her reach
when the mage became enchanted and fell to his knees.**

**“I kneel in your presence, I am but a pawn.”
“A pawn?” inquired the wind.
“Oh yes, I am but your pawn.”**