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My Affair with Rumpelstiltskin

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My Affair with Rumpelstiltskin

He wasn't really bad to look at
if you don't mind your men so short.
His head was disproportionate
but forceful, and his neck was taut,
his eyebrows were pointed and curly
and of course his black eyes burned
with mad glee, his arms were fully
muscled, his booted feet neatly turned.

He made his offer, good as gold,
so confident I would accept his special skill
to save my skin, but I, surprisingly bold,
countered with the skin itself, the heart, the will.
The straw was scratchy but the man was smooth,
he brought down pillows to cushion our elation;
I slept then while he labored to produce
the glitter that insured my royal station.

It was a bargain that was fair to each
of us, he mellowed, I grew wild,
and he knew games that he was glad to teach
and in our playfulness we made the child.
When I resumed the throne, all validated,
we knew we could no longer carry on;
he took his pleasure in what we had created—
the king would have a surprisingly short son.