

The Little Dragon Girl

(c. 2019)

Once upon a time a little dragon was born.

Well actually, she was a little girl, born in the year of the dragon. But never mind that.

This little dragon-girl was really a very tender soul. The very nature of her being was to give and love and care for others. As we all know, a dragon's job is to breathe — you know, to breathe fire — to heat up the world, to dispel negative energy with the flames of true power, truth.

The little dragon girl's work was to breathe the very warmth of love and the healing fire of creativity, to breathe life, sound, to sing. To sing, to dance, to let voices of spirits and characters ignite through her and to touch those in need. To comfort them and share with them, to inspire and uplift them. That's what the little dragon girl was put on this earth to do. That was clear. And that's what she loved to do!

But alas, bad things happened to the tiny dragon girl. When she was very little, big bad men and other unkind human beings did vile and unspeakable things. And that was half the problem - that no one would speak about them. They did cruel and unthinkable things to her, as human beings sometimes have a tendency to do to one another, and to others.

Quite the primitive species, poor things.

The little dragon girl got very confused about who and what she was, and what she should and could and dared to do. In fact she got so confused that she thought that everything bad that happened was because she was bad.

She thought that she was so very, very bad and horrible and disgusting that surely she better just hide so no one would have to see or hear or feel her horrible little self.

As time passed, and with each bad thing that happened, the dragon girl came to feel worse and worse about herself until she thought that she was altogether quite worthless, with absolutely no gifts, certainly no precious fire worth sharing.

And with each blow to her spirit and innocence, she cringed and twisted, became quite twisted in fact, and turned in on herself, and turned on herself, striking inward with vicious venomous fire, in a most self-loathing way. She completely forgot who she was, mirroring the ways of the pathetic, unevolved humans' condition. Yes, it seems she had inadvertently learned some very unfortunate lessons from them: to internalize and emulate the oppressor, for instance.

Oh the misguided humans - what a trifling species they are sometimes.

The little dragon girl got more and more convoluted and obsessed. Yes, obsessed with every unimportant, superficial, petty detail of her existence. The little dragon girl became obsessed with, of all things, her little dragon thighs and her dragon butt - too fat, she thought. Her height - too short. Her breasts - too small. Her mind, her thoughts, her opinions - too stupid, not funny, too boring. Her lips - too thin. Her nose - too long. Her color - wrong again. Her head - too flat. Her chin - too pointy. Her voice - terrible, terrible, terrible! - Shut up! And her breath, her breath, her very dragon breath - too nasty! Oh my god. Can you imagine what life was like for the little dragon girl? Her very reason for being was to breathe - to breathe - to breathe the fire of power and truth and light, boldly and magnanimously. After all, she was a dragon. But this poor little damaged dragon was afraid to breathe. It might offend someone, she thought. Then they'd hate her and ridicule her and recoil from her and be even more mean and cruel to her.

She tried to keep it all inside. But how could she breathe fire if she didn't breathe? It was pathetic how she struggled so. It was as if there were two little dragon girls. One would try with all her heart and all her might to open her dragon courage and let out the roar of flames to share with the world. And the other would struggle with equally matched force of uncontrollable fear, gripping her, making her hold tight, keeping everything inside, where she thought it was safe to hide. But she wasn't safe. She was miserable and lonely. And exhausted. Push Pull. Push Pull. Day and night, day and night. Struggle to hold it in and struggle to let it out, all at the same time, and all the time. It's a wonder she didn't simply explode.

The days and decades went on like this and the dragon girl (now woman) struggled on, doing the best she could, though rather socially, emotionally, creatively crippled. But even when in the deepest dragon pit and plight, really in hot water, floundering, feeling like she might drench and drown, still her little dragon flame stayed flickering somewhere deep inside. Because, you see, in her heart was a will to love and share that was really very strong. That was her true being, and that was stronger than all the meanness in the world. So she persevered.

And the sun smiled on her. And wonderful 4-legged furry friends came to help her along, to sit on her lap and lick her and love her. And life sent situations to summon her strength. And in time, wise and compassionate helpers and teachers and friends came to remind her of who she was and to help heal the hurt and dissolve many layers of significant scar tissues and issues, and show her that even her individual flame and flavor was particularly precious perfect, (though petite and perhaps peculiar), and undeniably dramatically dragon. And that hers too was welcome and wanted and wonderful, (as everyone's is, in its own way). And that her only job, that she must do, was to give of herself and be generous beyond bounds, which was very lucky because it turns out, that was her very favorite job of all.

And they helped her to know that if she shared what was inside her, in her heart, that would be good, very good. It couldn't be bad. And it couldn't be better. So she opened her dragon heart and soul and mind and mouth, and little by little, let out a flicker, a faint, then a full beautiful fire of a note and noteworthy flame that rang as clear as a bell, velvety and warm.

A flying flame of a dancing, daring 'd', above a high c. A 'd' for dragon. Then exuding an expressive eminent 'e' to include everyone in the ecstasy. Flashing forward, upward to a fabulous formidable 'f' with faith, fire, fun and freedom. A 'g' for good, glowing, glorious and generous. An 'a' to amplify the abundance. 'b' to bestow blessings, brilliance and beauty. And climbing, continuing, coasting confidently all the way up to a commanding climactic celestial 'c' above high 'c' for most creative calling, courage and clarity. Because she had learned that the only criteria for 'good' was that you share yourself, just as you are, right from the heart, most generously.

And that and that alone constitutes good.

Yes, that's good

And that's fun

And that is love

And that is the truth

And this is the end

And the beginning too

By the way

Hey!