

I Don't Want to Kill Any Dragons

(by Larson Langston)

I don't want to kill any dragons.
I don't want to fight demons.

Let them breathe fire elsewhere.
Let them roar down empty roads.
I've set my sword down.

I'd rather have tea under the tilting willow tree,
watching the wind stir its long green fingers,
listening for whatever truth the leaves remember.

I don't want to do more damage—
not to the shadows I carry,
not to the soil I've scarred just by walking.

No more battles inside my chest.
No more betrayals in the name of becoming.

There's already too much wreckage in the world—
why should I add my own smoke to it?

I want to sit.
To stay still enough that even the shyest wonders
crawl out of the cracks and speak.

Not to be heroic.
Not to be healed.
Just to be here.

And let the world tell me something true.

Let the thunder pass without my name in its mouth.
Let the storm forget me.

I have no need to raise my voice above the rain—
I've found shelter in the quiet.

The earth hums beneath bare feet,
a language older than war.
It tells me I am enough, even in pieces.

So I stay,
cup in hand,
watching the steam rise like prayers
I no longer have to speak.

If peace is a rebellion,
then let this be mine.

