

She looks out of place here
Among the ordinary things
She belongs somewhere else
More fantastical and exciting
At the head of an army perhaps
Shining silver armor and swords
Atop a charging stallion
Hooves churning, heart pounding
Or maybe facing a dragon
With fire curling from its mouth
Glistening scales and burning eyes
Razor talons raking the earth
I try to put her there in drawings
Finding a setting where she fits
An extraordinary world to be hers
She's always my hero as I sketch