

# The Princess and the Pea Poems

By Kendra Sparks

## NOTES

One of the most popular children's stories of all-time is *The Princess and the Pea*. In the following collection of poems, Kendra Sparks takes the classic fairy tale of yesteryear and transforms it into a poetic smorgasbord for the performer of today. Retold through eight first-person narratives, *The Princess and the Pea Poems* may be performed by a male or female and should be entered in Poetry Interpretation; however, because of the myriad of characters and humor found within the collection, this selection could possibly be used as a Humorous Interpretation. The key to success with this selection lies in the performer's ability to create a strong persona for each poem, so "Go for it!" Contrasting voices, facial expressions and attitudes will really bring these poems to life! If using a manuscript, it would be beneficial for the performer to place each poem on a separate page. This is the perfect selection for the performer adept at playing multiple characters!

## THE QUEEN'S DEFENSE

Being the Queen makes many people green (with envy that is.)  
Maintaining the Royal bloodline (that is, blood like mine)  
Requires a certain bit of skill.  
Still, I do what I must to ensure the trust of the King.  
Here's the thing: The King and I  
(Not to be confused with a musical of the same name)  
Are adamant our son, the Prince, marries well.  
To tell the truth, our son wanted to marry a girl named Ruth.  
Ruth was the kitchen maid, to whom my son would cleave,  
So the King and I simply (and secretly) paid for her to leave.  
The Prince whimpered and whined (and I tried to be kind)  
But I grew tired of seeing dried snot on his sleeve.

So, without further ado, I knew what to do.  
A Queen, after all, can only sing her son to sleep for so many years.  
Besides, seeing his tears were too much to bear.  
So, you see, I do care (regardless what others might think.)  
Who knew giving one test to a Princess would cause such a stink?  
And I thought I was being considerate.  
The King (that idiot) suggested, instead of a pea, I use a cantaloupe.  
Oh, I do hope all will forgive me.  
I just wanted to test the Princess for sensitivity.

As the future Queen, she *must* be sensitive—like me.  
And after all, it was just one itsy-bitsy, tiny pea.

### **THE PEA PLEADS HIS CASE**

Okay, so I'm a pea.  
I'm small, and I'm green.  
I am what I seem.  
Who knew I'd be used  
Like a weapon of *mattress* destruction?  
Besides, that Queen didn't read the instructions.  
If she had, she would have read,  
*Cook these peas until hot and delicious.*  
Look, the label did *not* say,  
*Good for bruising a delicate Princess!*  
All I can say is that girl must be made out of cotton candy  
To be bruised-up by something like me!  
I'm not some mafia bad guy.  
I'm just a little pea!  
I'm a victim, too!  
True, I may not be black and blue,  
And when I got squashed I didn't go *Boo-hoo-hoo*.  
None-the-less, I am a victim!  
And I must confess:  
What you never heard before  
(Not even at the grocery store)  
Is when they found me under those twenty mattresses—  
And if you don't believe me, go jump in a lake!—  
I was lying there, smashed—  
Flat as a pancake!

### **THE PRICE OF BEING A PRINCE**

I always try to be nice,  
But being nice has its price.  
I was lonely (not homely)  
And I'd fallen in love with a cook.  
She took my heart and filled it with confetti.  
The fact that she could cook fantastic spaghetti  
Was (what I call) royal perks!  
Her name was Ruth.  
She worked in the galley.  
Ruth was the most beautiful girl in the valley,  
But my parents didn't like her and sent her away (the jerks!).

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So, one day, Mother (the Queen) had Jose (the Court Jester)  
Put flyers around the Kingdom, both near and wide,  
Royally stating, *Prince Seeks Bride*.  
Mother was bustling with pride.  
Thousands of girls rushed to apply,  
And I can't lie. Those screaming girls were hot!  
Now I know how Justin Bieber must feel.  
So much love, yet so unreal.

The Queen (my mother) was a ruthless judge.  
And although many of the girls were sweet as fudge,  
All that screaming took its toll on Mother,  
Who, after taking her *Tylenol*, narrowed the field down to one.  
And like the thousands who audition for *American Idol*  
This Princess thought she had won.

No one knew there was a test involved.  
Using a pea to test sensitivity  
Was a mystery no one would have solved!  
Yet, the test was given.  
The Princess failed.  
The Queen's not been forgiven.  
The Kingdom regaled.

Though I still pine for Ruth,  
She vanished without a trace.  
This has all been one unequivocal  
Debacle of a royal disgrace.  
And the memory of Ruth's cooking,  
Forces me to keep looking.  
Though my mother (the Queen)  
Broke the rules it seems—  
She used tactics to which I would never stoop.  
Nevertheless, I'll search the whole Kingdom  
For the girl of my dreams—  
I guess, someone, who, like me, hates split-pea soup!

## THE MATTRESS ON THE BOTTOM

Nothing good ever comes from being on the bottom.  
I was the first mattress of twenty  
To be laid to rest for the Queen's test.  
You could say I was chosen first;  
Therefore, I was the best.