

Crown of sticks

Orange dress with black feet  
painted a little one, so sweet  
the little girl begging to eat  
begging but very discreet

for her mother condemned  
any actions to befriend  
a girl of another race  
“no friend with a different face”

the little girl begged still  
even against her mother’s will  
but the recipient pushed her down  
as she cried her mother found

her daughter bruised and hurt  
and mothers will always save  
babies and attempt to avert  
anything that causes pain

mother while on her knees  
cried with her own baby  
“this isn’t right they’ll see  
for you are royalty”

Upon her head, she placed a crown  
And even there upon the ground  
the little girl who had frowned  
was named princess of the town

the crown was but made of sticks  
still suffered the girl with confidence  
she hugged her mother very proud  
to say she would not be disavowed

from her royal blood she stood  
to shout this was her kingdom hood  
and upon the streets of blood  
would arise the ancient flood

from the book of god himself  
when people who did not share their wealth  
would spend eternity in heat  
while high above the girl would eat