

The Young Dame

Written by Burton Beerman

Celeste, the young dame
Had a sister
Who was misnamed
For it is Celeste who is the fower
As her siblings should have been named stone,
For a rose, is a rose, is a rose
baptized Celeste

Their holy father in all his misgodlyness
Stole her being
And brothers and dad left her for dead

And this little beaming star
Sat in the mud
Muddled and unaware of her noble birthright
Looking into the wisps of the dew
And seeing only weeds.
Mirror, mirror on the wall
Have I the right to live at all?

Like discarded toys
She lay broken
In the arms of evil
As these sightless voices ran their boats
And gave their sermons
Only in the secrecy of their hearts stopping to admire their ability
To turn gold into coal

But almost unnoticed
At first just the gasp of a cough
The first tear of her unbreakable will on her cheek
Then whole movements
This jewel willed herself from the mud
Unbeaten by the evil
And unbroken by the spiritless father
She rises
Her scent evident to everyone
Touched by her magic

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For a rose, is a rose, is a rose is always a rose
Is a wonder
Is enchantment
Is Celeste.