

Pillory-like

Beady Belle

She roams restlessly about
She wears her sweater inside-out
She's bewildered and led astray
She brought the wrong books for school today

Her black umbrella is opened up
She hasn't noticed the rain has stopped
She talks with people who aren't there
She looks through glasses she doesn't wear

Like melted chocolate ice
Like withered edelweiss
She's winged and yet she flies
Like a naked clown lacking her disguise

She is grateful for the clouceur
But the prize is not for her
She's laid open to attack
When the door locks behind her back

As she waves her magic wand
there's a whisper of despond
She is painfully unaware
That the rabbit isn't there