

Violette's View
by M. D. Taverner

There she goes,
Shrinking Violette,
thinking quiet little nothings
in her head.

Wilting as she walks,
she doesn't like to talk,
her eyes have coated over
like the dead.

The boys have ceased to see her,
though they used to stare her through.

They would laugh at her aloneness
and the un-girl things she'd do.

But Violette learned to travel,
to turn things outside-in.

There, where things were blooming,
to places never been.

While Violette's feet were planted,
her brain was buzzing blue.

Electric pulsing currents,
of all the paths to choose.

Every thought was fertile,
her dreams were heaping gardens
with life of every kind.

So all those boys in laughter
who chose to stare her through,
missed the sights in side her,
they will never know the view.