

Junior Division Poetry

Such a Pretty Girl

Breanna Sheppard, Paradise

Mary had her father's eyes
 and her mother's nose
On her face, her parents were still together

Her daddy always told her
 “You have porcelain skin, for such a pretty girl,”
And he would kiss her and hold her,
 the way a loving daddy would

But there were clouded and envious things in the walls
That got into his head
 by crawling through his ears
 singing “Let it be, let it be.”

Mary had her father's eyes
 and her mother's bruises
On her face, her pride held together

Her daddy constantly told her
 “You have pale skin, for such a pretty girl,”
And he would hold her and bind her,
 the way a cautious daddy would

But there were shadowed and vicious things in the doorway
That got into his heart
 by coursing through his veins
 saying “Let it be, let it be.”

Mary had her father's eyes

and her mother's scars
On her face, her sanity held together

Her daddy forever told her
“You have sickly skin, for such a pretty girl,”
And he would bind her and hide her,
the way a paranoid daddy would

But there were dark and evil things in the sheets
That got into his soul
by creeping up his spine
sighing “Let it be, let it be.”

Mary had her father's eyes
and her mother's blood
On her face, her last breath held together

Because there were black and sinister things beneath the skin
That got into his hands
by constricting under the nails
screaming “Let it be, let it be.”
As his hands pressed a straight razor to his clean shaven throat

To bring silence to all.