Once upon a time on the outskirt of the Chi
where the pity was low and sympathy dry
rotted from the heat of the Summer there was woman
early 30 something with 3 young kids on her bumper
3 girls long hair fair skin fathered by different men
who never bothered to be bothered with them
blonde brunette and ginger
blue eyes green eyes one girl had a mixture
the girls were fixtures living moving pictures
penny was priceless cause mamma used government assistance
on make-up cigarettes booz and contraception
T.U. dinners were a blessing for the Chicklettes turned chickens
They became the tails of the mobile park
the semen men hearts rushed blood to other body parts
princesses in ball gowns they would’ve been from queens
if diplomas could be found in this trap town
the older they got they act like their mother
who was always in search of a responsible lover
One day their mother wandered til her curiosity stumbled
into a place where music rumbled like drums in a jungle
everyone moved sensual and sweat taste like honey and liquor
it was pointless to refuse the pull of the allure
and not become a fastfilled bedchamber member
a night of erotic fun 9 months later a Child was born
eyes popped doctors mouths dropped
Everyone in the labor room was in shock, it's a girl. The rest of the shattered glass was knotted out of the window of the mother's world.

Things changed and would never be the same.

Shame on top of shame, embarrassment not contained, hatred not abstained so the lil grew up.

The runt of the litter, no compassion from her sisters. There was no one in sight that bore similar likeness. What could be done to her hair, she tried to fight it. What could be done to her skin, she wanted to like it. She couldn't hide nor pretend she grew without a friend.

With paper and pen, she captured emotion whether in or out the house, there was no doubt. She was the odd one out.

You so ugly, hair so matty tangled and nappy. Skin, ashly feet, crusty lips, crackly.

I could hate to be ya mamma, you don't know ya daddy.

Insults, punches, rocks, where thrown and never stopped. She was bullied from the youngest of kids to the adult top.

What do you do when oppression follows you?

Surrounded by people that don't love or like you. The young girl took the first step left, and kept going.

Began touring, what's next, not knowing repulsion never sparing you so this and you ain't that.

All the negativity, put a hump in her back. But she decided grace would be her method of attack.

Where people weren't nice she'd be polite.
her experience she wrote down town to town she elegantly bowed
though she wasn't expected nor allowed
the world grew cold summer rain felt like winter snow
where do you go when you can't find a home
she spotted a crowd of kids in the distance
looking as if they suffered the same predicament
all alone and no one to miss them
as she was about to approach the abandoned building
slides swept on the premises
policemen nabbed the children the kids cried kicked and screamed
the girl watched from the bushes to scared to breathe
praying not to be seen what could their fate be
the girl laid there stayed there 'til she fell asleep
got lost in a peaceful dream that become incomplete
she was woke by a tongue stroke of a hand
she was found by an older man kind enough to give a hand
took her in his wife seemed nice and genuine
the girl was scrawny and weak
the owners gave her a bite to eat and pelett to sleep
after about a week the mistress pulled the girl to her feet
and asked if she could cook clean or do laundry
she started to become a liability
it was okay with the master cause in his mind he planned other things
this the mistress could see so she treated her harshly
too cruel so the girl had to leave
she left with her chin in her chest
everywhere she went no access
til one evening just as the sunset round the clouds
lost wandering around
a flock of beautiful girls she found laughing loud
full dark proud and gracious
the girl felt an overwhelming sensation
as if the misfit found proper placement
she stared at their clothesamerced from head to toe
\til one of the girls in the group noticed
with caution she approached
how could she not be sympathetic
aw, you poor thing what's your name
People call me Duckie
and where are you from Duckie
a place where people say I'm ugly
Well Duckie I think you're beautiful just lovely
Duckie laughed and smiled
this caught the girl by surprise
She looked Duckie over again with keen eyes
Daddy! She called Daddy come here!
Her father ran out the house inquiring what was the yelling about
Look at this girl and tell me what you see
Some thick eyebrows, high cheekbones, some gapped teeth
Some smile some pigeon-toed feet
Duckie gave the man her journal to read
a tear fell down his face then he gave Duckie an embrace
he knew in his heart that this was his daughter
and her newly found sister promised to always look after her
They took her in, gave her bath and bed,
kept her rested and well fed.
She was treated like royalty,
her skin shined, hair shined, moisturized,
all-around beautified.
She found friends in school that never left her side.
There was no doubt in this community eye and mind.
Ductile was a prize,
one of many beautiful people yet one of a kind.

The moral of the story is if you're different,
you're probably special.
Expect no one to accept you until you accept you.
Don't be ashamed of the growing pains,
that pain is like a caterpillar's cocoon.
It's needed to grow wings.
Be willing to travel the road most are afraid to go.
Be humble, grateful and graceful.
Stay strong and resilient.
Your inner image will shine,
and you'll find your ending will be better
than the beginning.