

CHELSEANNA, LITTLE GIRL

Her mother taught her to be like a queen:
To think above the ranks of common birth,
To keep her soul aloof and pressed between
Lush layers of prefabricated worth.
Her mother fed her daily with this fare,
Explaining how the merest flick of fate
Had thieved them of their titled name, their share
Of tangibles to crown their high estate.

No matter though, for lofty blood would tell.
Nobility of mind would outweigh wealth.
And as the daughter thrived, digesting well
The heady helpings of her mother's health,
She planned the daughter she would someday bear:
The world-transcending kin, the angel-heir!