

Poor Chelseanna never had a chance
Her neighbors said while she was still a child.
Such airs, such high-flown heraldry self-styled
Made everybody look at her askance....

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 royal titled 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 person she would someday bear:
The world-transcending kin, the angel heir!

(cont.)