

Bhutto Queen

She adorns herself with expensive linens from the shelves of Second hand boutiques; a priceless woman in debt for denim. But she looks good though!

As she totes her Chanel purse, contents amounting to nothing more than a lipstick, debit card, and an expired prescription of 60 Contraceptives - Bhutto Queen.

Her black silk tracks shines like refined diamonds from a princess's tiara constantly, and consciously undermining the growth of her common glory, while her excessive taste for jewelry exposes a personal page from her life story.

Lip-rings, bangles, even though her chains hang low, the evidence of her relevance remains questionable?? "The absence of her wedding band", but you contact a woman that question unless you're ready to hear that same old answer, "I got a man".

So she high-heels the public housing of her concrete plantation in search of her master, a pre-paid mobile in hand summons his undulored parolee, that baby daddy.

As he begins to verbally rock her to sleep, mentally mismanaging her dreams - again, he verbally rocks her to sleep, mentally mismanaging her dreams - That's deep!

Mr. Accidental birth, the confidence grounded by the knowledge of self, forever nursing the wounds of her faithless soul; psychological, and spiritual angst, clipping her own wings, afraid of intellectual heights, unaware that a soin't



that rider's the bus only knows how to be driven. So
She lives on the passenger side of life, afraid to
take the wheel of maturity, so afraid of becoming
real. So she accepts her slave name "Drama Queen!"

As she sways through the traffic of man eyes,
her body language speaks louder than words.
She's seen, but not noticed as the steamed woman
that should be; "the daughter of Eve..."; her
fruits are sour, and she has become less than her
design like a fish out of water, and the nectar
of her flower no longer pollens, ashamed that the
essence of her perfection has been uprooted from
the garden. The image she portrays doesn't reflect
the testimony of her horoscope, and low self-e-
steem has reshaped the landscape of her personality,
while gravity of stress related thoughts assist
to abort the knowledge that she was born with;
"Common Sense...". Arise Ghettos Queen, from the
abuse of Capitalism, ignorance and Self-pity.

And clothe yourself with the beauty of classicism
in the birthright of your heritage... Arise Ghettos
Queen, and answer the beacon that illuminates it's
radiance through the broken fragments of your birth-
stone, and erect your statue with that which you
need to construct your character because you are
my back bone.

Arise! My Queen! Arise!!