

My First Love Story

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I danced
"Am I lovely?"
I sang.
"Can you hear me?"
I smiled.
"Am I worthy?"
I twirled.
"And what of my beauty?"

I reclined in the sunlight.
"Am I lovely?"
I squealed in purest delight.
"Can you hear me?"
I pretended to be wise.
"Am I worthy?"
I laughed with bright eyes.
"And what of my beauty?"

I read a book of golden pages.
"Am I lovely?"

I recited a poem of golden ages.
"Can you hear me?"
I adventured East on barren feet.
"Am I worthy?"
I spoke in truth denying deceit.
"And what of my beauty?"

I lived with grace, and fought with
might.
"Am I lovely?"
I sang of love, and taught what was
right.
"Can you hear me?"
I held strong opinions, and stronger
dreams.
"Am I worthy?"
I leapt over mountains, and danced
with the streams.
"And what of my beauty?"

I felt alone and insecure.
"Am I lovely?"
I felt abandoned, I felt impure.
"Can you hear me?"
I tried so hard, but again I failed.
"Am I worthy?"
I hid my face, I left myself veiled.
"And what of my beauty?"

You held my hand and loved me so.
"You are lovely."
You listened carefully, and watched me
grow.
"I can hear you."
You sat amazed with every twirl.
"You are worthy."
You kissed my head, your little girl.
"Oh, unmatched beauty."

