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Pink Promises

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Pink Promises
by: Miriam Bedrin

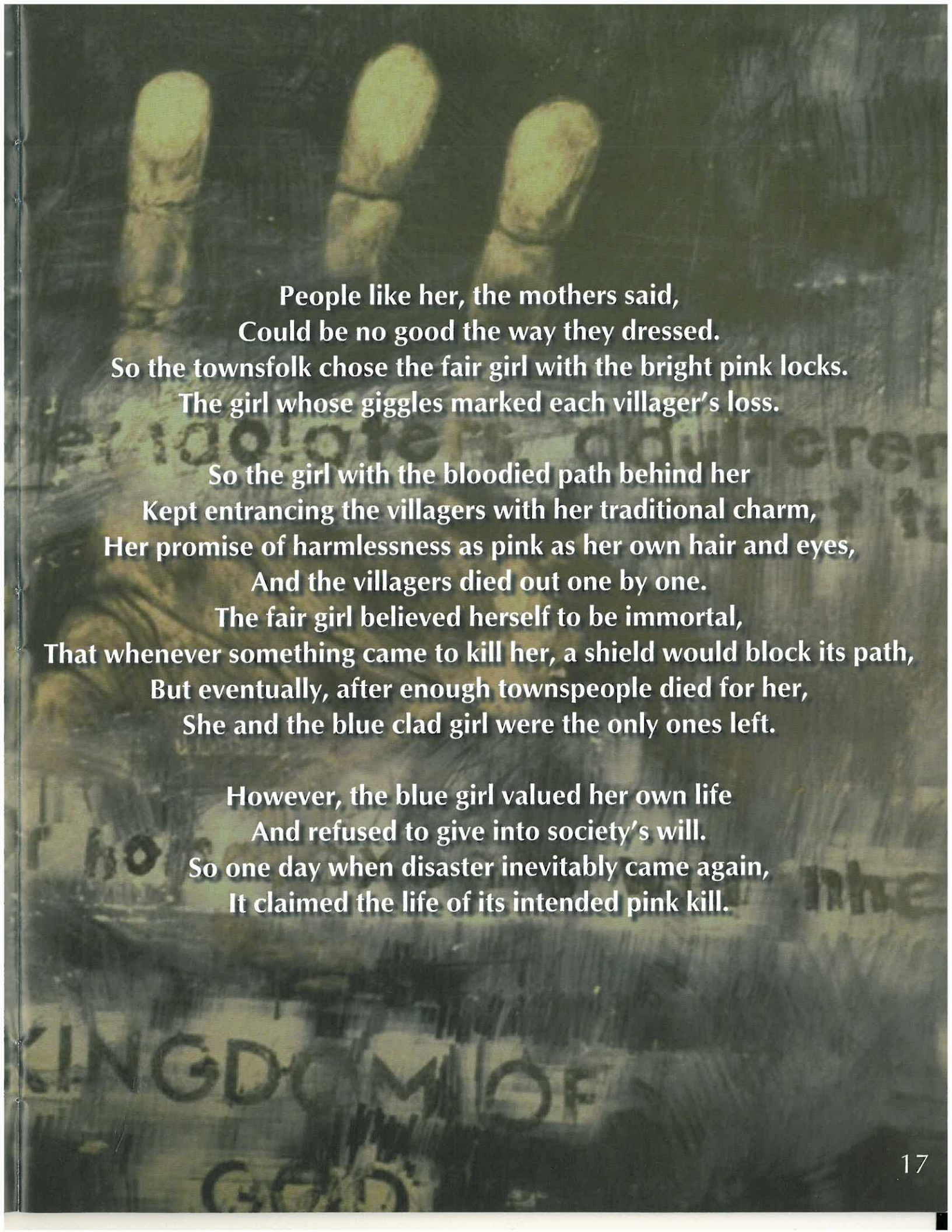
There once was a girl with bright pink hair
And pale coral eyes and skin so fair
That the passing townsfolk could not dare
To refuse her their help and loving care.

After all, a girl with a charm as pure
As blooming roses couldn't cause any harm.
"I want to protect her," the townsfolk all thought,
"To keep her innocence shining whether I live or not."

But the girl proved to be a magnet of misfortune
And over and over she almost lost her life.
But each time a villager sacrificed himself for her,
Happy to die to keep her innocence alive.

In the same village resided a girl of disgrace
Who always clad herself in dark blue lace
That revealed too much skin and went against tradition,
So the townsfolk were afraid of her and her odd ways.

Artwork:
Homo
by Gillian Newman



People like her, the mothers said,
Could be no good the way they dressed.
So the townsfolk chose the fair girl with the bright pink locks.
The girl whose giggles marked each villager's loss.

So the girl with the bloodied path behind her
Kept entrancing the villagers with her traditional charm,
Her promise of harmlessness as pink as her own hair and eyes,
And the villagers died out one by one.

The fair girl believed herself to be immortal,
That whenever something came to kill her, a shield would block its path,
But eventually, after enough townspeople died for her,
She and the blue clad girl were the only ones left.

However, the blue girl valued her own life
And refused to give into society's will.
So one day when disaster inevitably came again,
It claimed the life of its intended pink kill.