

## **Tiffany Apan** **"Porcelain Doll"**

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So beautiful, delicate and fragile  
Too sheltered, protected from the world  
Upon and shelf isolated and alone  
Observing life outside and below  
In her frills and ruffles with her hair in curls  
Admired and feared by all the boys and girls  
She one day fell from her pedestal  
Falling with a crash  
Ruffles, curls, pink ribbons and all

She appeared to be immortal  
She seemed so untouchable  
They admired her for her beauty  
And knew her for such naivety  
The cracked and battered little doll  
Mounted high on a wall  
Before came her terrible fall

Her shattered pieces scatter the floor  
They sweep her away in a bag out the door  
Only to be replaced by another  
In no time they'll all forget about her  
The beautiful doll with the lace and curls  
The beautiful one with the big brown eyes  
Thrown in busted and broken into the dark cold box  
Lowering itself deep in the ground

Hearing her cry from deep below  
Deep in the ground crying for life  
Inhaling the stale air  
Screaming out for someone to hear...

Crying out to be resurrected...  
Crying out to be loved...  
Crying out to be revered...  
And seen as more than  
Only a pretty face

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