Dignity Denied

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Dignity Denied
By: Rachel Purchalski

Round and round and round it goes,
Until she succumb to one of those freak shows.
Beaten by life and trampled by love,
Long ago gone is the peace of a dove.

She sells her dignity for a loathsome price,
Displayed for all like worthless lab mice.
People walk by and throw her a dime,
As pity is arrested like a poor petty crime.

Her face is aged by worry and fear,
Her hopelessness exposed as fabric sheer.
To live each day causes agony and pain,
Before she can find a place from the rain.

A beautiful creature she entered this earth,
But now she curses the day of her birth.
Sorrow is draped like a heavy cloth,
Despair boiled into a thick milky broth.

Yesterday’s dreams are diseased over sores,
As the prevalent nightmare screams out and roars.
She’s become careless with the life that she holds,
Dangerously possessing a heartache of loads.

Thrown to the streets she’s battered aroun’,
Destiny’s taken her pride and her crown.
To live and to die without making a mark.
To be given light then left in the dark.

Haplessly she roams from street to street,
Rummaging through trash to substitute for meat.
Wasting away she looses her mind,
As most of the people do of her kind.

Round and round and round she goes
Endless life that time now loathes.