[an ode to] "Princess"

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Cherry-red wood with a hint of mahogany,
A celestial angel in dark seclusion,
Imbued with forgotten dreams;
She sings so quietly--
Her dulcet tones drawn out by reality TV.
She desperately tries to live freely.
She was tuned by angels
And given protection against the world.
She seeks company in those like her--
Kindred spirits that are misunderstood and overlooked,
Yet shine with the brilliance of those
Stars that are blindly adored,
Yet always visible.
Someday, she'll be my friend,
And we'll talk each day of dreams and fame.
We'll both sing under the moonlight in secret
And lend happiness to those hearts who
Are willing to listen.
Someday, our twin kindred spirit will find her,
And his emotions will intertwine with hers
In a divine symphony.
Someday, our dreams will come true
Along with the lonely D.H.B.'s,
Whose fortune was bought in brownies.