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The Visitor

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The river that formed her-,

Intricate in its finest curves;

Draped itself in blazing red.

But less pronounced it was than

The red that escaped her legs, each month.

More adamant than the noon sun's smirk

Be the yellow they plastered on her body.

"For the color", they whispered.

Lest She be undesired.

With glistening pearls and gems of grandiose,

They shooed away the 'ugly' duckling in her.

The woman in her let out a giggle,

Soft. Yet firm.

For she being the ocean's bed,

Hid more pearls deeper within!

Like the silver slivers glistening the shore,

The girl embraced her womanhood,

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Whispering to her red she said,

" I'm happy you are here.

Now we can wage this war together".

The 'ugly cocoon' was not forever.

The fuming aura luscious within,

Amidst drooling eyes that braced her path,

She ran, hopped and stretched her legs-

As wide apart as they would go.

And all the while when red came visiting,

It only unleashed the fervor in the horse.

From a run to sprint, a hop to leap,

The red her chariot, she the rider.

The shackles they wound in her

now became a foregone tale.

Thus was the story of her war,

Long won.