

Daisy



She came to us
from the shelter,
broad-hipped and short-haired,
a Lady, all right,
but born to the wrong class.
We named her Daisy,
imagining her in white gloves,
broad-brimmed, flowered hats.

Quickly she assumed her place,
enthroned at the top of the stairs—
or in the middle of the road—
where cars were forced to swerve
around her,
a dowager queen, proud & imperious
while we, her minions,
bowed and curtsied
at her every

Only at night did the palace revolt,
the proletariat
locking her

in the basement
where she'd yap 'til morning.

~Sheila D. Collins