



The little clover girl!

(by Thomas Boulieris)



nce upon a time...

*A happy couple gave birth to a strange little girl!
It looked like a green clover with curly black hair!*

*At the beginning the parents were terrified
They just stood watching her petrified!
They thought they had done some evil deed...
To deserve a child that looked like weed!!!*

They, alone gave her the name "clover"

For no one wanted to be her godfather!

*The passersby kept staring indifferently,
As her parents rolled the stroller timidly
They thought of the parents in really dark thoughts..
And kept on walking proud of their sprouts!*

*But as they say time really flies,
And little Clover started to thrive!
Her skin was soft and her green colour bright,
Her hair was bunchy and frizzy in sight!*

*Her parents gradually started to like her ...
After all, she was their daughter and she was so lovely!*

*She grew up to be kind-hearted, uncomplaining and smiling
She liked learning things, day-dreaming and planning...*

*Some years went by and Clover attended school...
Her day-dreaming ceased and nightmares loomed*

*She dreamt of a pack, yelling at her,
calling her names and threatening her.
She dreamt of a forest in black and white
where others stood high with pointing hands.
She dreamed of a lake in the morning fog
she stood on a pier, her parents did not...*

*The mob started coming, filling the place,
they all had a look of disgust on their face.
Clover started shouting aloud for her parents,
she cried for help in fear of the others.*

*The parents were actually worried and concerned,
and so took some action to ease the strain.*

*They visited school to see if they're rude,
they found out her schoolmates were really crude.
They stood by her daughter and showed her their love,
They even confronted an older lad...*

*Colour returned to little Clover's dreams
and father was a hero with... goggles and fins!*

*They swam in the lake she previously sat,
her green skin shining under the bright light.*

*Then she glimpsed of a figure standing about the lake
wearing a green cloak, with a smile that did not fade...
She was sure he was St. Patrick bringing courage to her,
after all she was his symbol that lived on the Earth!*

*As years went by Clover proved lucky,
she became happy and she was so lovely!*

*She met a young man that fell for her,
They decided to start a family together and then...
they had three daughters who were all the same:*

*four lovely petals around their faces,
and all this wit and grace that embraces
their difference in colour and shape of their cases
for equal rights, acceptance and tolerance*