

## little lady

*my crayola artist -*

*innocence stained in permanent marks*

*upon varnished sitka spruce -*

*faded shades of green*

*and red*

*and vanquished blue*

*supporting her c-shaped back*

*abdominally bent*

*arched and*

*straining to grip the neck*

*to reach*

*the final fret above the brim -*

*a white polka-dot*

*small hands*

*didn't suit a western -*

*she opted for a folk*

*that all of the jealous fools fell in love  
with*

*my little lady -*

*her steel strings burn*

*fingers frustrated with dedication and*

*someday*

*i know*

*her crayola twelve pack*

*and her tiny little hands*

*and all of her talent*

*will carry her away from me.*