

Anti-Princess

Ripped jeans,
Dyed hair,
As loud as the clothes she wears.
Bandana keeps
Her dreadlocks back,
Amber eyes lined thick with black.

Call her "sweetheart"?
No you won't.
That sharp tongue makes sure you don't.
From the hair on her legs,
To the women she's kissed,
Poster child of a feminist.

They say she's vulgar.
What do they mean?
She's the prettiest thing I've ever seen.