

The Girl in Pink

A young girl walks in the door,
A passageway
Into her education
A peculiar display.
Dressed in pink, pale and thin,
Can't read a book
Or open a bin.

She sits in a circle,
Hands on her knees,
Blindly reciting her ABCs,
Kids all around,
All dressed strange.
Their hairs are unique,
And their personalities are quite the change.

Some group up,
In threes or fours.
Some in duos,
Play on the floor.
Two girls stand alone,
Staring at the scene,
One girl shy,
The other girl kean.

The two meet,
Though they don't really speak.
The other girl is the opposite
Of the girl in pink.

Her r's are weird,
And her last name, she can't say.
But it doesn't matter,
Because she loves to play.

And they sit there on the floor,
Playing a game,
Years of talk in the future,
A growing, beaming flame.

Transcending language or color,
It's own little bond,
Different cultures and creeds,
A friendship just spawned.