

Freckled White

With beauty hailed by stylish fans
Her eyes and locks define colleen.
Yet style demands one sacrifice—
A freckled face in quarantine.

As agents guard the story lines
Foundation covers every trace.
Precautions Celtic skin requires
Lest rave exposure take its place.

Her industry has built itself
A grand illusion viewed by all.
But palaced screens of tolerance
Betray a purpose mean and small.

That most should boast their ancestry
While some are judged for every sin.
The contributions losers make—
Portrayed as great through scripted spin.

When once, these lands, a mother's words
That freckles marked an angel's kiss.
A child grew to love herself
The beauty God had blessed with this.

But now, she hides from searching eyes
A treasure, true love longs to find.
The call to give himself to her
To reproduce the whitest kind.

Instead she yields her ancient myth
And serves the beds of mixing gods.
She must accept her race as lost
And bow to lies that culture lauds.

The loathing felt for freckled White
Seeks transfer in the man she takes.
The child who cannot look like her—
The angel's kiss she now forsakes.