

Gilded Halls, Jilted Doll

In gilded halls, there was a jilted doll.
She was the princess. He, the prince.
Same father, different mothers.
She, pure. He, lust.

Through the gilded halls, the jilted doll
Walked with a tray full of pure thoughts,
Respect, love, and healing.
For that was all she had ever known.

Amid those gilded halls, the jilted doll
Pure in body, thoughts, and deeds
Would be deceived and disgraced,
Discarded and raped.

Right in gilded halls, the jilted doll
Who had begged and bargained
Tore her own gilded robes
And wept.

Within gilded halls, a jilted doll
Was ruined for a lifetime.
Told to forgive and forget
Would no one hear her lament?