

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?