

Caroline

By Amahlia Su

classy little caroline
dancing along the lines so fine
her smile tastes of salty seas
and her wind-swept cheeks of summer breeze

woe beheld her with affection
her masters' wish was her direction
his voice raised with inflection
but caroline never knew her reflection

to and fro, she danced til dawn
left alone, her bed was his lawn
evening after, port-of-gold
was her stage, lo and behold

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