



THE DELICATE RACE

**Cried that little creature,
Looked alike the creature in feature,
Her inmates did not need her;
But the spark in her eyes made me believe her.
Raised my arms to reach her,
Claimed the child of my housekeeper
Mocked me as a daydreamer,
As I believed the child of a cleaner.
I became a mother...
Yes, I became a mother
And worried about her future.
To alter the weaker,
I determined to teach her;
And optimised her thoughts deeper and deeper,
She grew as an efficient speaker,
Slayed men's hearts like a butcher,
Indeed! Slayed them like a butcher
Who once called her "The Weaker"
The proud daughter of the cleaner;
Who can also teach Harriet Beecher.
Alas! She became a teacher
To transform the one's who reach her.
Yes! She is an efficient teacher, To transform "The Weaker".**

A.MARY SUSHLELA

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