February 2019

Neglected Treasure / little worker

Bryce Allen

Chrisann Bandy

Follow this and additional works at: https://dc.swosu.edu/sayre_student_anthology

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://dc.swosu.edu/sayre_student_anthology/vol1/iss6/18
Neglected Treasure

By Bryce Allen

She seemed rather plain with dull brown hair and complacent eyes
Her long slender fingers caressed her own lean neck
Almost as if she craved affection she never received
Her pale skin offered some explanation to her isolation
The freckles that lay haphazardly upon her dainty arms
like flecks of filth
Tarnished her translucent appearance
She was simply natural
She did not possess the type of alluring grace
commonly noticed by others
Yet peering closely, each sapless feature on her
became quaintly endearing
Her relaxed posture no longer seemed lazy, but
Inviting and compassionate
The fine, wispy cut that spread across her shoulders grow
like the roots of a tree
Long and healthy
In her eyes you could see the earth
Complex and raw
Her tender fingers came from the hands of which many yearn to hold
Delicate and comforting
Her touch was like the spring rain
Gentle and soothing
Her colorless complexion did not seem sallow
but appeared like porcelain
Pure and lustrous
Like art, the blemishes across her arms offered
costar to her flawless skin
Precise and purposeful
Once she was truly seen, she was understood
Everything she was, was beautiful
Everything she was, was kind.

little worker

By Chrisann Bandy

From digging in the garden.
To cutting off my toe.
You held me there and didn't let me go.
For I was your little worker, and you were my world.
From cutting hay and feeding the cows.
To falling off trailers and catching me in the air.
You didn't let me go.
For I was your little worker and you were my world.
From changing oil and fixing my bike.
To destroying the motor we had just built.
You didn't let me go.
For I was your little worker and you were my world.
From sitting on your lap eating all the ice cream
And dancing like a princess in a fairy tale.
To stealing your heart and filling up mine.
You didn't let me go.
For I was your little worker and you were my world.
From climbing the willow tree and playing in creeks.
To sitting on the front row of my Father's home.
You didn't let me go.
For I was your little worker and you were my world.
From all the memories and love that we shared.
To the end of all that had yet to come.
I had to let you go.
For I was your little worker and you were my world.
From a little girl inspired by her pal.
To a young woman built by her pal.
I know now you never let me go.
For I will always be your little worker and you will always be my world.