

Oval Opus, Beautiful One

She's a loner,
No one owns her.
No one needs her,
According to her.
Non-responder,
Makes them ponder.
Work in progress,
Never stops!

She casts her shadows on the wall.
In her room she's ten feet tall,
Tonight that's hardly big enough.
She's a rhinestone in the ruff,
An angel on the over pass.
Opens up the window shade,
Hasn't seen the sun for days.
But no one notices her there,
If they only knew that....

She's a beautiful one that no one knows.
That no one knows.

She's a stoner,
Chat room roamer.
Quiet talker,
Sleepless walker.
Pre-dawn color,
Creeps into her
Morning tempest,
Never sleeps.

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That no one knows.

She waits for the one day,
Maybe someday,
When everyone will figure it out.
And when they realize,
She'll finally confess,
She's the beautiful one,
And let it all out,
let it all out.

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