

The Silent Advocate

Blue

There are tales of a voiceless leader.

I hear it often still

Of a blue-eyed girl

Claimed as such

But a follower, she did feel.

Hailed with a title, all the while

With self-doubt in hand.

She marched to battle

Losing her voice

Amongst charismatic clamor.

Speechless, she cowers

Trapped in the shadow Of this grand façade.

Only to ponder, to wonder

“Can I lead without a sound?”

