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## Queendom

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MADALYN L. ROCKWELL

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The first lord's woman was made out of paint,  
She never spoke and never ate.

The second lord's woman was made out of sand  
She would crumble at the suggestion of his mighty hand.

The third lord never took a woman but a man.

The three lords gathered to flaunt their objects of love to the land.

The first lord brought forth his lady feign, and they danced until it started to rain.

Then he hung her on the wall, by her throat, and went about his day.

The second lord didn't bring his lady sand

Her wrist was not to hold but to grab—she was prone to slipping his grasp—she will  
escape whenever she can.

The third lord brought nothing more than a stubborn dream, clutching rosary beads  
like they could save him from anything.

