

Do Not Deny Your Daughters Their Teeth.

A poem for the Royal High Girl.

By Tatyana Gow

Pigtailed, dimpled, she sits
Utterly unaware,
Of the furor around her,
And the violets in her hair.

Her finger traces the words:
Vincit Veritas—Truth Conquers All.
And a hunger stirs within her,
At that unyielding call.

Her mind, free from the trappings,
Of her everyday fears,
She slips inside the pages,
And suddenly disappears.

The preface is the first to go,
Dissected and then devoured.
Her thoughts bloom with colour,
Awash with newfound power.

