

Sydney Collet
PC-2
"The White Glove"

Poetry
Second Prize
Grades 11 & 12

THE WHITE GLOVE

The formalities I must live by I now tear away,
Bear and unburdened, I am now free to say:
This white hand I wear says nothing about me.
My weak, white hand ensures I will never be free.

I do not have two white, pure and pearly hands.
My hair falls down my back in long, wavy strands.
No more heavy cloths on my form and head
No more all-concealing layers now left to shed.

I do not have a face that launched a thousand ships
Though it is spoken on men's deceived lips.
As I stand naked and alone I can reveal
All that I am unwillingly forced to conceal.

But still, I'm a woman; I've been born and raised to please.
I am without opportunities in which to seize.
Unchained I am held; my heart I cannot follow,
Silently here I am feeling dark, sullen, hollow.

Once again I must don my black and dreary gown
Modestly lowering my sad eyes to the ground.
Last but not least, I will put upon my lovely olive hand,
The white glove that will hide the rest of who I am.