

The Girl With Flowers In Her Hair

There is a story of a little girl
who used to play with boys,
and feared dirt not.

All were cussin'
but she didn't mind
because she was different...

I think it was the flowers in her hair.

As days turned into years,
she grew with leaps and bounds,
and lived life that way too.

She may have developed into a warrior,
but she still remained a woman,
soft like a feather yet made of steel...

I think it was the flowers in her hair.

One day she would venture from home
to become a golden bear of the north;
She would become victory personified

by the swift effortlessness of her feet;

And the bees who would try
to dissuade her from the true prize
would prove to be no match for her fearlessness...

I think it was the flowers in her hair.

The year of the Far East games,
when this goddess of victory was ready to rein,
was dampened by the Achilles heel of her existence.

The frailty of her human form may have altered her story,
but it couldn't destroy a spirit
wielded in the halls of Gods of a people

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who created the arenas for those among us
born to be greater than the Gods themselves;
she being one of them was slowed but not defeated...

I think it was the flowers in her hair.

Her eyes have never wavered
from their fixed view of her dreams,
the ones that sit high above the stars.

The British are now building a garden
for this natural wonder to divinely shine;
a garden where her feats will race to inspire...

and change the world.

Even though she may appear to be just a girl,
Hers will be a life of such impact
that history will be transformed into herstory.

She will be one who will always be remembered
because she is impossible to forget.
The world will always be in constant bloom...

And I think it'll be because of the flowers in her hair.