Josie's Sonnet

What kind of girl would little Josie be?
Green eyes that simmer when she laughs.
Red-brown springs of curls going crazy.
A crooked smile, a toothy brilliant white.

Round cheeks turn red while she's racing karts outside.
Tiny pink lips sip hot chocolate to warm her.
In her pockets, dirty fingernails hide.
Sleeps with a kitten by her head that purrs.

Sweet soft voice chimes in with witty replies.
Plays in the garage with dad's tools, not dolls.
Good little girl grins if she tells any lies.
After baths, she tours the house in a towel.

Face never reflects in her father's eyes,
Early in her mother's womb is where she dies.

by Danielle N. Duvall