

Different

Different.

She was different.

That's all the villagers could say.

She was nice and kind

and peaceful,

but she was different all the same.

Her hair was icy white,

eyes bright as the moon.

She smiled at whomever she wanted,

she kissed the cheeks of the old men.

But of course that didn't matter to them;
they thought her a plague.

So she had wings,

so she had a heart,

is that so wrong nowadays?

Is that so wrong nowadays?

They killed her fast and swiftly

.. with a dull razor blade.

Her blood bled into the pools of silver,

those pools unnaturally made.

The villagers realized the horrors they'd committed

.. an hour too late.

Just because she was different,

she had to die.