

*Her roots are from the earth's dirt that is scattered across Puerto Rico  
Carmel grey red skin that comes from the sun and past DNA from the  
Taino*

*To be kept hidden a fedora is always worn to cover her halo  
Due to pain she only lives in the moment and never thinks of tomorrow*

*Constantly praises her mother for to her she is a hero  
Though her earth age is fast approaching she is in the know  
That no matter how much time passes there's more to grow  
Spiritually, emotionally, with wisdom, life's past high and future low*

*Her favorite temperature is hot but she dares to play in the snow  
Outstretches her arms in the rain as if playing the piano  
Cares not that strangers look at her as if she is a psycho  
Because they have no inkling of the passion of this volcano*

*This force that at times stands quietly at her bedroom window  
To stare at the sky, its' stars and sees the light from long ago  
Shine down around and unto her make an eerie blanket of a darkening  
glow*

*That frightens even her only friend into hiding which is her shadow*

*Underestimated by every person, every thug, every fellow  
Only I can see her everywhere that I go  
It's a shame how they cannot see the energy of sound, a natural tornado  
Their closed minds let their weakened eyes and non-focused lives only see  
the diablo*

*Since their reality is askew they can never see that myths and legends are  
true just like this*

*White Buffalo*