

Walker Morrow
Words Uncaged
(Poem)

Ophelia Speaks!

A Caribbean Epic?
A woman's glory?
A baby's bedtime story?

Blue
Bahamian waters
See
Queen Ophelia
Search
For
Spanish treasure.

Catching
The gold-laden
Ships
From Havana
Is this
Pirate Queen's
Mana

Taking
The Spanish King's
Cannon,
Builds
Ophelia's
Might

To be
Used wisely,
For
The people's
Right.

They can
Fight!

Thru
The
Windward passage
Her ships
Sail.

To aid
The slave
Revolt,
She
Will not
Fail.

Against
Napoleon's
Tyranny

The Haitians
Wail.

With
Toussaint L' Overture
Spartacus'
Heir,
The slaves
Will know
Ophelia's
There.

Ophelia's
Band,
Friend
To
Man,
Draws
Alive,
In the
Sand.

Ophelia
Says
"People can
And
Will be
Free
If it's
Up to
Toussaint
and
me!"

Ophelia
Speaks—

Pirate
Cannon
Roar!

Ophelia
Speaks—
Fire and Fury!

Ophelia
Speaks—

Lightning and gore!

Ophelia
Speaks—

The French
Are
No more!

Army and dreams

Shattered
In place,
Napoleon
Sells
To
Tom Jefferson
Louisiana,
An
Unexplored
Space.

America
Doubles!
By
Ophelia's
Grace.

Haiti
Free,
The Citadel
Building,
Ophelia
Collects
More cannon,
Her
Might
Is
Thrilling!

Spirit willing
Holds filling
Sails reaching
Bowsprit breaching
Landfall dreaming
Regal
As a
Queen,
Port Royal
Jamaica
On the
Beam.

1804
Restless
To go,
Ophelia
Buys
A grand
Chateau.

Moves to
New Orleans
Town,
Becomes
a great
lady
settles
down.

Jean La Ffite
Comes calling.

Pirate King
Pirate Queen,
Can't
Help
Falling...

The wedding
Downy
Hidden.
Bayou
La Batre
Sleeps.
In the
Swamp,
Bateau
Creep.

The giant
Willow
Weep.
Moss
On the
Cannon
Shows.
The pirate
Legend
grows.
Only
The cottonmouth
And
The gator
Know.

Bayou
La batre
Slumbers,
Deadly
In
Repose.

The British
Invade,
1812
Is
Here!

New Orleans
Trembles,
Filled
With
Fear.

Andy Jackson
Needs

help!

Ophelia's
Band,
Friend
To
Man,
Draws
A line,
In the
Sand.

Ophelia
Says
"People can
And
Will be
Free
If it's
Up
To
Andy
Jean
And
Me!"

In
The
Bayou
Ophelia's
Downy
Waits.

The
British
Attack,
Their
Final
Fatal
Mistake.

Ophelia
Speaks—

Pirate
Cannon
Roar!

Ophelia
Speaks—

Fire and fury!

Ophelia
Speaks—

Lightning and gore!

Ophelia
Speaks—

The British
Are
No more!

Now
They
Celebrate
Ophelia's
Glory
As a
Mardi Gras
Story.

Above
The
Parade
Her
Spirit
Flies.

Proud,
Free,
Watching,
And
Wise.

Dearest Ophelia,

This is
Your
Grand bedtime
Story,
To help
You
Know
Your
Name
In all
Its
Fame.

Your
fabulous
story
in
all
its
glory.

Daddy and Mommy
Will
Tell
You
Your
Tale

At
Night,
So you
Can
Dream
And
See
The
Sights!

Welcome
To
The
World,
It's—
Yours!

Can you say,
“Call me Queenie!”

Love, Grandpa