

**Sacrifice** (Homage to The Happy Prince by Oscar Wilde) By Amy Clennell

Looking down upon the city,  
azure eyes awash with pity,  
the gilded prince of golden leaf  
views the hardship in disbelief.

The swallow rests on his search for warmer weathers.  
It is not rain that falls upon his soft feathers,  
but tears of a restless spirit, without release,  
who must give his folk hope to find his inner peace.

Oh, little swallow pray do as I bid,  
for all sickness from that boy I would rid.  
Pry the crimson ruby from my sword's hilt,  
give him the riches and assuage my guilt.

Take both of my sapphire eyes, pluck them free.  
The writer is shivering and hungry.  
The girl's matches are spilled, I see her plight.  
Neither shall die with the gift of my sight.

Strip away my sumptuous skin of gold,  
I am not deterred by the freezing cold.  
My people need these riches more than I,  
your work complete, soar now into the sky.

Alas my dear prince it is not to be.  
No more time on this earth is left to me.  
My heart in unison with yours may break  
yet you revered prince I will not forsake.

The great King of all says, "Complete this task,  
two most precious items is what I ask.  
This leaden heart, forever strong and free,  
with this small bird shall sing praises to me."