Because I Matter…
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Her hair was made from wavy rays twisted back behind her gray and modest face.
She was the sun, the moon, and everything in between and I, her legacy.
The sweat seemed to always be on her forehead like a rustic pastel painting
And a book patiently paused, in her hand, maintaining the stress.

I, the legacy playing the fool in her court of jewels, stuck out my tongue and laughed.
Smiles grew from the applauding crowd, and without me they wouldn't have amassed.
But there is more than one legacy in this story, others with profounding glory.
They will play the observers of the fool, and laugh and be taken care of by that ridicule.

Everyday the sun haloed moon-faced women would leave for mellowed,
And the fool would watch over her kingdom. Leaving that fool to her wisdom.
She would teach the observers how to be kind and clever, even in waving weather.
Through ups and downs the fool braved the court like an honorable stuart.
She was fighting for integrity, while prosperity grew from the observers.

Like birds from the nest, the observers formed their own crest.
Flying to the west for their dreams, but they left someone without meaning.
That fool, no longer laughed, or clapped, or shared wisdom of last.
She sat an outcast on the court, with no more jokes or smart little hoax.
When light from the halo showed down, hiding her shadow
The light was warm, and made her remember why she performed.

For she was the fool, who juggled and did tricks on the stools of sticks!
She has integrity, charity, and gave a love for the sorest!
She mattered because she gave laughter, and hope to them all.
She mattered because of the fall, and rose to appall.
And she mattered because of the observers, and the moon-faced woman.
For all the jokes and hoaxes, for the dreams and new things, and everything in between.
But most of all she mattered, for them.