**A little girl’s war**

By Mónica Martinez from the Clear Lake High School, TX

Little girl twenty-one look at all that you have done.

You carve your hands to hold a son instead of a big gun

Who ever knew you wouldn’t love a man

On missions that you chart

On which you never can take part

Little girl twenty-three staying inside your house a jail so free

Fixing Aiden’s math homework,

Wanting him to write letters for you

Wanting to read them far away

Because only you know that you are so gay

Little girl thirty-four

You stay with camo in your heart.

Baking scones is quite the art

Although you want to fight for a country you love

A love that your government doesn’t approve of

With the son

Without the gun