

# Anthology of poppyblue1960

Presented by

*My poetic side* 



## summary

My dolly

## My dolly

When I was a little girl I wanted a dolly that did look different from me, with hair as dark as coal and skin of Ivory eyes that Shine like Marbles and lips fuller than mine , to me it was just a dolly all the world could see but I was told I must have dolly that looks more like me. But why do I need a dolly that looks just like me ? You see this dolly looks like my friend Bethany I no she looks different as you may see , her reason for that is her mum and dad come from Barbados you see, I have dolly from Italy and one from Germany yet my dolly who looks like Bethany is from England you see? Just like little Bethany she was born here you see. They say children don't no racism I truly agree and all because of that dolly racism didn't takeover me .