

# On The Trophy Shelf

*Madison*

A silver spoon.  
That's what they were born with.  
Up on the trophy shelf.  
A silver spoon, oh so gently tipped into their mouths.  
That holds their silver plated tongues.  
For their perfect wonderful silver lives.

A trophy shelf.  
Straightened to perfection.  
I used to sit up there with them.  
I wonder why it's like to be so perfect.  
To fit into the lines.  
To be straight.  
Unbroken.  
Not a curve in sight.

