

Narcissa

By Gwendolyn Brooks

Illustrated by Faith Ringgold

Some of the girls are playing jacks.
Some are playing ball.
But small Narcissa is not playing
Anything at all.

Small Narcissa sits upon
A brick in her backyard
And looks at tiger-lillies,
And shakes her pigtails hard.

First she is an ancient queen
In pomp and purple veil.
Soon she is a singing wind.
And, next, a nightingale.

How fine to be Narcissa,
All-changing like all that!
While sitting still, as still, as still
As anyone ever sat!

