

Young Leia Organa



A princess,
of royal blood conceived and born,
a leader of the Rebel Alliance
Am. I.

A woman,
Proud, yet frightened,

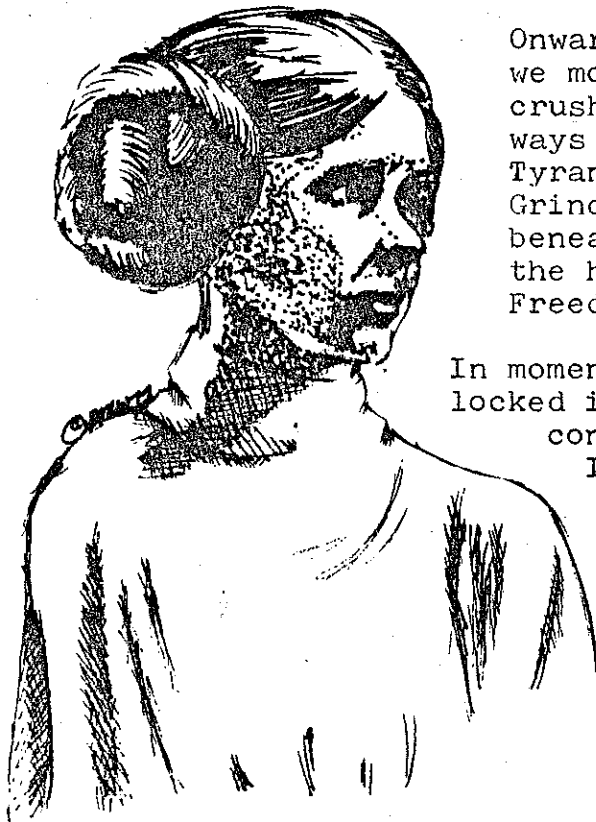
I feel the weight of years
On shoulders, not two decades
old.

I lead,
No laughter, love or tears
Permitted.
A fleeting kiss, a burst of
joy,

My rescuers allowed
me' life,
One moment passing.

Onward, onward
we move, to
crush the
ways of
Tyranny,
Grind them
beneath
the heel of
Freedom.

In moments not
locked in
concentration,
I wish
That there
was time
to be
Young.



-- written and illustrated
by Deborah M. Walsh