The Ballad of Mona Lisa

By: Brittany Long

She travels through time and space  
Into a land full of wonder and madness  
A land full of creativity and life  
The land of expression– yet she was emotionless.  
  
For her eyes were like a mirror  
And her skin was pale as death  
The land of expression welcomed her,  
But she never spoke a breath.  
  
She travelled to a land of starry skies and pitch towers  
This land of expression had never known light  
Though she was welcomed,   
She was filled with emptiness and fright.   
  
She asks the question, “Where am I?”  
Then the painted sky looks down on her with twinkling eyes  
“You are here, in this starry, starry night.”  
She thinks about this land of expression, and then she cries.  
  
“Why, oh why does this dear lady cry?  
For I can see some loss in her pale portrait.”  
“I cry, I cry, because this very world is a lie  
And I do not know where my home is at.”  
  
“I wish to console thee, but I am merely but a sky  
But I do seem to recognize your forest eyes.  
Somewhere in a land of mountains and painted fields.”  
“Oh please, Starry Night, tell me where my homeland lies.”

“Come, follow me, and I will show you where to go.”  
He guided her to a tower, tall and mighty in its stance  
She walked through a painted hall,   
With a tempo to her step that put you in a trance.  
  
The hall was dimly lit by lanterns softly aglow  
And three intricate doorways awaited her at the end  
“This land of expression is not your home,  
So find your place around the bend.”  
  
Through one door was a man  
Who’s screaming mouth was a gaping pit  
He told her to choose another door  
Because his land was frightening, he would admit.  
  
Behind her second choice was a table of men  
Gathering around one who seemed to be their leader.  
These wise men sent her on her journey with a blessing,  
But she had said nothing, so she concluded he was a mind reader.  
  
The last door was labeled “Mona”  
And she felt a sense of familiarity   
She opened the door, and suddenly,  
She was full of peculiarity.  
  
Within the room was an empty field  
With towering mountains far behind  
And oddly enough, there was a chair  
And in that chair, Da Vinci she would find.