

RACHEL DELEVORYAS

Written by R. Stonehill

Rachel Delevoryas
With her thick eye glasses and her plain Jane face
Sat beside me in her fifth grade class
Looking so terribly out of place
Rachel played the violin
And classical music was out of style
She couldn't control all her wild brown hair
Her nervous laughter and her awkward smile and

It was clear that she'd never be
one of us
With her dowdy clothes
And her violin
And a name like Rachel Delevoryas

But I'd pass by her house in the evening
Going to play with my best friend Ray
And the music floating from her window
Spoke the things that Rachel could never say

Rachel Delevoryas
Was eating her lunch as the boys walked by
"Rachel is ugly" she heard them shout
She sat on the schoolyard bench and cried and

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And every year the hedge got higher
As it grew around Rachel's house
Like the secret wall inside her
That she built to keep all the heartache out

Rachel Delevoryas
Moved back east with her family

Now she's dressed in a beautiful gown
Standing on stage with the symphony
Rachel plays the violin
But every night when the lights go down
I wonder if she still remembers those days
And cruel little boys in this one horse town and

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