

"I'll never make it out alive."

She thought and thought and thought some more.

"She stared and stared at that tacked door.
"The window is my only hope, to buy a bar of lovely soap!"

"Rapunzel she needed no man,
I can get out, oh yes I can!"
She lassoed her hair to a tree,
And swung herself to liberty!

Wow! Fantastic! A
brilliantly crafted
feminist revolting rhyme.
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