

Baby Doc Duvalier

A beauty called me “Darling,”
Another whispered “Dear.”
And I was always happy,
Until I came back here,

To this Caribbean kingdom
That was tainted by my name.
Where I wore the robes of power
That were heavier than fame.

Everyone’s eyes avoided mine,
And no one called me “Dear.”
They spoke of me in whispers,
In a silence born of fear.

My father ruled through terror,
And that was how I reigned.
Our Haitian legacy of violence,
Inherited—and stained.