

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’s tainted by my name.
Where I wear robes of power
Much heavier than fame.

Now all beauties’ eyes avoid mine,
And no one calls me “Dear.”
They speak of me in whispers,
Their silence born of fear.

My father ruled through terror,
And that is how I’ve reigned.
A Haitian legacy of violence,
Inherited—and stained.