

## Ode to Kathleen the Brave

by Mariia Biliavska

She wove her magic through the ages,  
In ancient texts, on golden pages,  
With words of wisdom, she was bright,  
A scholar born of endless light.

Old English verses, soft and strong,  
She sang their echoes, pure and long.  
In ancient worlds, both vast and deep,  
She wandered where the dragons sleep.

(Oh, our brave Kathleen!

She saw the worlds we haven't seen,  
In battles fierce and lands unknown,  
She carved a path all on her own.)

All living creatures heard her name,  
She brushed pegasus' silver mane.  
Trolls, elves and ogres knew her too,  
She tried the wizards' magic stew.

Her words turned iron into gold,  
In every line was truth retold.  
The stars would whisper wisdom clear,  
She wrote of the lands both far and near.

In realms of lore, she made her mark,  
A guiding flame within the dark.  
In Tolkien's dreams, in ancient verse,  
Her light defied the universe.

(Oh, our brave Kathleen!

She saw the worlds we haven't seen,  
In battles fierce and lands unknown,  
She carved a path all on her own.)

Though gone, her legacy remains,  
In every line, in scholars' veins.  
With every word, with every deed,  
She planted wisdom like a seed.

Her journey's end is not complete,  
Feathers keep writing through others' grip  
From mountain peak to dragon's lair,  
Her spirit travels everywhere.

(Oh, our brave Kathleen!

She saw the worlds we haven't seen,  
In battles fierce and lands unknown,  
She carved a path all on her own.)

One finds her end as bittersweet,  
Though midnight's sky is now complete,  
Now with the stars she takes her place,  
A memory in heaven's grace.

Her voice remains in every poem,  
In ancient strains her words are woven.  
Her magic lingers, never cold,  
Her words still turning prose to gold.

(Oh, our brave Kathleen!

She saw the worlds we haven't seen,  
In battles fierce and lands unknown,  
She carved a path all on her own.)

