

Harley Quinzel

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A poem I made about Harley Quinn.

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Dr. Harleen Quinzel, a psychiatrist, you see
Went to Arkham, fresh and free.

The Joker, you know
As psychopaths go
Was crazier than you would know.

So as the new one came
Harley Quinzel as her name
To the stall, she found a surprise.

For, right there before her,
She saw what concerned her,
She saw the Clown Prince cry.

Harley, you see,
Believing was she
Couldn't see past the lies.

For in his mind
Hidden from her eyes
Was a plot for a hired maiden.

The plot was finished
The psychiatrist banished
And in her place sat anguish.

As years past
Their relationship last
Even on one fateful day.

A day with the bat
And a sly little plant
Helped her find her strength.

A bomb here
Was all Harley could hear
Before a plane crashed before her.

But weep, she did none
As she picked up a gun
And cried, in pain, "Freeze, Clown."

The Bat tried to stop her
But she knew the cure
To let her heart go free.

The *RAT-TAT-TAT* sign flew
As the trigger blew
But even that did not stop them.

So now you hear
The relationship grow here.

An abused girl
And a relationship mend
That should have ended
Before it began.

With the Dr. Harleen Quinzel
An innocent to be sure
And the Joker
Crazier than others before.