Blue Ivy Carter
A Little, Big Story

Tes Mekonnen

I want to eat my flowers today.
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[They]…even talk about your baby crazy
—Sean Carter (Jay-Z)

AUTHOR'S NOTE:

I wrote this story because I read an article where folks were attacking the appearance of a little girl—that little girl happens to be Blue Ivy Carter. What is wrong with folk? Even kids aren't sacred on the Internet. Leave the kids alone—they don't deserve your venom.

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“Blue. Blue. Blue.”

Atop a birdhouse, an umbrella cockatoo squawked this colorful name: one, two, three times. He can only talk, walk, but can’t fly. He once flew, but that was when he was a different bird and it was just different then.

“Who? Who? Who is this Blue you keep boo-booing about, you awkward bird?”

“Blue, you bugaboo, is the Sun’s daughter.”

“Mr. Cockatoo, I have never-ever-never seen a bird that can entertain in lovely conversation. I thought you cockatoos just repeat what I say and where is your umbrella, fella?”

“You asked a question and I gratify with a reply. No umbrella, it is just a name, birdbrain!”

“Oh my, where is my God? A birdbrain? Me? You’re aggressive—*way too aggressive*! You literally have a bird’s brain for thou art an artless bird. Where is your art at?”

“Please, I’m just a lovebird who can talk, but I can’t fly anymore.”

“What is a bird that can’t fly?”

“A flightless bird or a person who clipped their wings. But enough, I will inspire you with a story of this child—”

“—Blue is the daughter of the sun. Who is the sun?”

“Beyoncé is the sun and Mother. Sean is Father and he is the cool moon. Now, glue your lips together and make big your ears—I will begin with my little, big tale.”

Unrolling a scroll, he coughs and delivers the words:

Upon a time once, in the Kingdom of God, an angel with enormous wings sat on her little, big throne. This angel possessed the biggest wings that were the most purely dyed and when she flapped them they sang a Psalm for a song. Her wings sing poetry and her smooth voice eases God’s headaches. Humanity gives God a headache.

Castles built in the sky are for royal children (God’s children); they exist in God’s Kingdom and they can’t be seen with weak eyes. Only angelic

eyes can see the castle in the skies. We see blue. Beyoncé sees blue and Blue with a castle too.

Trolls are little devils that hate real beauty—they tried to steal her halo because God allowed them that try—and she fell from the heavens—and was born thus. Life doesn't start on earth, nor does it end on earth.

Beyoncé was born and she forgot her angelic past, but she was and is an angel. Her sun-white halo says hello to the whole world by the pleasant brightness of it and how it crowns her head—glowing her wholly. Her halo is her crown because *you can't steal an angel's halo*. What is a golden crown compared to a halo? A halo is much prettier for it is God's doing—it is not just handed to a branch on a royal family tree.

Beyoncé gave all her bread before she even took a bite—that is how much she loved her family. She carried a sword, not for it being a plaything, but she knew how to wield the sword and defeat any enemy that tried to prevent her from her path. She learned to use the sword because she had to. Beyoncé conquered the world, not with said sword, but her voice.

After palming all of earth, she began to long for something—a family of her own—a child of her own, to hold and kiss—and a castle of her own.

Beyoncé fought and fought to be loved and she found her charming Prince Charmandir, Sean Carter. He conquered the world with his words, too, and she loved the way he rapped at the door.