



AND SHE WAS GONE

by Ginger Foutley

*She chose to walk alone
Though others wondered why
Refused to look before her
Kept eyes cast upwards,
Towards the sky.*

*She didn't have companions,
No need for earthly things,
Only wanted freedom,
From what she felt were
Puppet strings.*

*She longed to be a bird,
That she might fly away,
She pined every blade of grass
For plants they would stay.
She longed to be a flame,
That brightly danced alone,
Felt jealous of the steam
That made the air its only home.*

*Some say she wished too hard,
Some say she wished too long,
But we awake one autumn day
To find that she was gone.*

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Some say she wished too long,
But we awake one autumn day
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*The tree, they say, stood witness,
The sky refused to tell,
But someone who had seen it said
The story played out well.
She spread her arms out wide,
Breathed in the breeze of dawn,
She just let go of all she held...
And then she was gone.*