



# 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 pitied every blade of grass  
For planted 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 awoke one autumn day  
To find that she was gone.*

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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.*