

So she walked to the forest and
stood with the trees,
She heard the wind whisper and
dance with the leaves,
She spoke to the willow, the elm
and the pine,
And she told them what she'd
been told time after time,
She told them she felt she was
never enough,
She was either too little or far far
too much,
Too loud or too quiet, too fierce or
too weak,
Too wise or too foolish, too bold
or too meek,
Then she found a small clearing
surrounded by firs,