

Ginger Foutley, And She Was Gone

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.

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Some say she wished too long.
But we awoke one autumn day
To find that she was gone.

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The trees, 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 break of dawn.
She just let go of all she held...

And then she was gone.