

Gail

Silhouette

A tree has grown on the spot
Where her body did rest
Blood seeped into the soil
From the knife in her chest
The bugs serve time
In her skeletal jail
I wonder how the bugs
Remember Gail
What a lovely young girl
Everybody would say
You can still hear her laugh
In the shadows on a cold winter's day
A dog dug up a bone
And wagged it's tail
I wonder how the dog
Remembers Gail
The bugs serve time
In her skeletal jail
I wonder how then I'll
Remember Gail

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