

# Gail

## Craig Childs

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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