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 chestThe bugs serve time
In her skeletal jail
I wonder how the bugs
Remember GailWhat a lovely young girl
Everybody would say
You can still hear her laugh
In the shadows on a cold winter's dayA dog dug up a bone
And wagged it's tail
I wonder how the dog
Remembers GailThe bugs serve time
In her skeletal jail
I wonder how then I'll
Remember Gail

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