

A Lady Red and White

(c) 1988, 2015 Jason Ohler

a lady,
red and white,
shy and waiting,
closed her life in the palm of her hand.

when her fingers unfolded
she held a crystal
which was as clear as ice
against the silver and orange
of the winter sun.

seeing her beauty in the clouds
she used the crystal
to scratch her name in the sky
and then wrapped herself in faded daylight
and laid down
and slept.

and awoke
knowing not where she had been...
but that mattered little
for finally she knew
that flying
was as easy
as believing she had wings.