



Ariella Pahlke

The girl in the pretty
pink dress
stood on the corner of the street
almost covered by her huge summer
hat
and lost among the people
who passed her by,
not wanting to buy her flowers
or see her soul.

The girl in the pretty
pink dress
started to bleed, right there
on the street
buckets and barrels of
warm red blood
poured over her dress,
her arms, her legs
and ran down the gutter.

But the blood wasn't
blood
It was flame
Warming the girl
in the pretty pink
dress who stood on the corner of the street.
White flames, orange heat,
black ashes.
Instead of flowers
she was selling something else.

Instead of living
she was burning.
Instead of dying
she was changing.

The little girl in the pretty
flame colored dress
went home with her three flowers

And she came back the next day.

Lois Corbett

