

THE LADY

I wonder what she thought
As she stood there, strong and tall.
She couldn't turn away,
She was forced to watch it all.

Did she long to offer comfort
As her country bled?
With her arm forever frozen
High above her head.

She could not shield her eyes
She could not hide her face
She just stared across the water
Keeping Freedom's place.

The smell of smoke and terror
Somehow reduced her size
So small within the harbor
But still we recognized....

How dignified and beautiful
On a day so many died
I wonder what she thought,
And I know she must have cried.

~ Dana Holland ~

