Purple Heather

As the sun rose over the treetops,
A thick mist covered the ground.
A ghostly figure stalked through the meadow,
But she walked without a sound.
Purple heather surrounded her,
The kind she picked in her youth.
But she came here to learn a secret,
   To learn a horrible truth.
   The irony of the sunrise
   And the innocent purple heather.
She now knows her death was no accident,
   It had been a result of murder.
   So if you see a ghostly figure,
   If you see her misty breath.
You'll know one unlucky murderer
   Will feel her avenging her death.

Madeleine Staas 6A