Wilma’s Song

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Wilma’s Song

by Stephen Gillette

I was never meant to stay,
Like the flower that lives one day,
I was the bird that flew away,
Whose song you still hear anyway.

I burned bright and I burned strong,
Like a torch, but just so long.
I was a girl and a gazelle,
Gave my best and did as well.

We were strong and we were young,
And ruled the world when we were done.
I was a Tiger from Tennessee,
And I am the wind in the trees.

When I was small I stumbled and fell,
But I was the strongest Tigerbelle.
I am the golden one-two-three,
I was always meant to be.