## **How Could She**

## by George Ella Lyon

How did she do it How did she take that path steep and precipitous even as it narrowed and narrowed How did she fight off hands, voices, other paths that called her in a different direction that shouted sister! teacher!

friend!

How turn her back on trees just leafing out woods waking up hot showers red jackets purple skirts necklaces that gave her such delight painting working in the deep glittery

dream mine

and surfacing to open fields and a world made rich by her work

How could she lawyer

healer

artist shaman

put down her pen her paintbrush the dazzling driven arc of her life

and take up that gun?