

Wind Spinner

by T. M. Upchurch

She's elemental; lives for the sun on her neck, earth beneath her feet, and rain in her hair... She craves the freedom of stars, birds, rivers, and fish. Consoles herself with memories of daisy chains and hilltop rainbows.

The clink of metal on metal doesn't disturb her. The murmurs behind the walls remind her of distant films.

— *couldn't believe my eyes...*

— *was all curled up in the corner...*

— *took all of them; by rights she should be-*

She smiles, knows better — pities them, pinned to their constraint. She tilts her chin to the sky, closes her eyes... spins into the wind.

