

Lady Liberty and Me

A Mind Wandering by Lisa Hering

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Music by Soothing Relaxation <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=y7e-GC6oGhg>

Flying. I can fly. And I am looking for that perfect partner. And I see her. She is beautiful. She has a coppery bluish green patina. She is massive. I am so tiny next to her. I can fly around her, but it takes a long time. She is a goddess and wears a crown. She stands tall, and holds a torch for us. Her eyes are glazed over. She is tired. How long can she be strong for us? She stands in the rain, in the hot summer sun, in the snow of winter. She never fails us.

I am flying up in a spiral around her. If only she could dance but once, revive her tired spirit. I understand her. I can feel her tiredness, her exhaustion. What has her strength been for? I encircle her head. Black tears were frozen on her face. She held a torch high in one hand, and it was heavy. In the other, a book. Its pages were empty, but the cover read July 4, 1776. It read, "Freedom".

I studied her expression. I looked deep into her eyes. And she began very slowly to move. Her arm came down and she let go of the torch. It crashed into the salty sea. She released her grip on the book, and it fell to her feet. The empty pages blew in the wind. Then, she bowed her head and removed her crown. Her expression never changed. She had no expression. Just a vacant gaze. She let the crown drop. Even that had been a heavy load for her. But she had gladly worn it. Wore it with pride and held the torch high, the book at her breast, safe and secure.

The tiny wings on my back moved me wherever I wanted to go. I backed away from her, not knowing her intent. Her gown began to flutter in the breeze like real fabric. And then I watched as her cold metallic cheeks were flushed with a bright rosy coloring. She smiled at me. Her gown was white and she pushed it back away from her feet. She removed her heavy sandals and she unlocked the chains that bound her to the pedestal, her home away from home. And she pushes off with her right foot, the one frozen in mid stride for almost a century and a half. Then, Lady Liberty is truly free.

She stretches her arms out and flies like a bird. I hurry to catch up, and I am in complete amazement. She sails through a cloud. She follows the V shape pattern of a flock of geese. She stretches her tired muscles. Her face is beaming. She is elegant and beautiful as she flies toward the sun and breathes the light into her eyes. And miraculously her vacant stare is gone. In its place is the gaze of a mother to her new born child, a gaze of excitement and a fierce bonding, the look of guidance and protection, the look only a proud guardian could have. She flew through the clouds for a long time, greeting birds and butterflies. Then, as suddenly as she pushed off from her pedestal, she headed towards it. She was ready to go home. She just needed some alone time, some time to remind herself what it was she was standing for. And once she had seen the waterfalls of Niagara, the purple haze on the mountains, and the golden fields of wheat, she remembered. And though it wasn't perfect, she was glad to be there.

Her streaming golden hair began to turn a dusty green, her skin tone melted into a copper and then to a metallic green patina by the time she reached her pedestal. She landed gracefully, stooped to pick up her book and her crown. She placed the crown on her head and wiggled it until it was comfortably seated. She pushed her hair back and looked for her torch. But she couldn't find it. The sea had washed it away. What would liberty be without her torch to enlighten the masses?

Her movements were slower as she continued to turn back into iron and copper. She looked at me, almost as if she were asking what to do. I pointed to the sun and she looked at it. Ah yes, the sun. She could use a new torch, as the old one had died out in her sadness of the anger and fighting between the very people she loved, her huddled masses. Was there a way to relight that hope?

I promise to you that the sun will rise again tomorrow and you will smile again. She considered that, and then reached out her long arm and took the sun right out of the sky. And the earth was dark until the ball of light in her hand became a new torch, and she smiled. And that smile froze on her face with the new torch shining on it into the night. And the next morning, the sun rose again. And it showed a face on the statue that had an intent and direct gaze across the ocean and a pleasantly satisfied look upon her face. And it looked as if those copper cheeks had just a pinch of rose.

Thank you and good night.