

# Sara Whitestone

## *Released*

My innocence was strangled by a troubled need,  
my essence was worshipped by a vision not me,  
another held a mirror so I could see,  
and then surprise opened me.

Naked, I stand on a mountain overlooking the sea  
exhaling those strangled, mirrored visions—  
those breaths of desire unseen.  
And I am myself—  
released from these.

Myself.  
Inhaled from the sky,  
sucked in from the sea.  
And free.