

The Flight

Flit, flutter, flap

Go the iridescent wings

Of a bird as it darts across the forest.

The bird madly dodges trees and branches,

Determined,

Flying with all its might.

As the sky darkens, glistening stars emerge.

Owls call into the silence of the night.

A hunt has begun.

Fireflies illuminate the way.

The bird flies on,

Stealthily avoiding unwanted attention.

Arriving at the forest's edge, it faces new obstacles:

Bright lights,

Loud noises,

And a multitude of creatures.

The bird flies on,
Spying a steely snake-like monster matching its speed.

The steady rhythm of time as a
Chug-chug-chug
Rings loudly in the bird's ears,
Till it splits apart from its long trail into a city.

Trees are replaced by tall grey structures
that stand to the sky.
Glass windows, like eyes, scan the expanse.

The bird falls out of rhythm.

But the bird is experienced;
It knows how this goes.
It's all part of the journey,
To get back home.