

Wings of Soul

The sun touches
my soul and
cultivates utter
radiance
underneath this
stormy sky.
It peeks.
It waves as
if I'm
meant to fly
amongst the gods.
My wings
catch fire
but I still
soar.
Icarus ain't
got shit
on me.
I'm no drop
of sunshine
but a counterpart
to its exuberance.

~{A}