

Swallow Tail

To fly high
To swoop down in circles
To be me in every moment
I already mourn myself
Only for a few weeks will I get to be free
How can something like me,
So delicate,
So soft,
So mesmerizing,
Be subjected to this short life?

The wings I have, strong and humongous,
The eyes I have, strong and sharp,
To be dead and forgotten in a blink of an eye

Why me?
Am I just a pesky fly now?
Short life,
Never to be lived?

I flap my wings,
Again and again.
Flying is my calling.
My nature. My freedom.
But in a moment it's over.
When I am gone,
Perished in the earth,
With the dirt swallowing whole
My body broken down,
Battered
And gone
With only the soil to remember me
Remember my freedom
Remember the joy I felt
when the wind pushed against me.
Remember the joy I felt
when the sunlight was absorbed into my body.
My yellow spots reflecting the sun,

The black outline feels closer to the rays.

I rest, which is a waste of time,
when time is your enemy.

The tree is my home, any tree,
The one where I grew to this beautiful specimen
With the smell of lemons wafting through the air.

The cracked brown tree,
It had fallen before I woke,
And even in death will it be on this Earth longer than I.
The yard of green trees, green leaves,
Red flowers, pink flowers, white flowers,
Is all I have ever known
And all I will know.

I shall soar,
Soar high in the sky,
Ravens be damned,
Soar so high the sun could be in reach
Soar to long my wings start to ache,
But I'll keep going.
Because once I stop,
I die,
I rot,
I cease to exist.