

The air rushes, I fall on my back,
my full wingspan almost revealed as my upturned hands lay with me.

My brother, running, running,
says, Run more, not enough effort has been given.
Inky drowsiness, unaware that rest ever came.

All manner of things flock and swirl like wind and clouds, but two stand at the center there,
Always there.

They stand as two, but they are the two faces of the same thing-
An empty track, or an open field.

I run on the ellipse, but I move at a slug's pace.
I breathe harder, my stride stretches, but it is of no matter.
My feet hit the ground, react accordingly,
yet I don't move.

The track doesn't move, the air doesn't move, I don't move.

There's a large field of green long grass,
flanked and spotted by singular trees on the edges.

I am a winged creature,
the grass brushes my four legs as I dash through it.
Throwing myself into the air, my wings snap open.

Powerful flaps, but it is not enough,

I drop to the ground in a moment.

A few more strides, then Again,

leaping, leaping again and again,
my wings come down with power,
but only the ground will embrace me.

My wings pump, flap,

My wings flutter,

flutter, flutter,

My eyes flutter,

flutter, flutter,

I am concious, but never wake.

K. Doherty, 5/14/15