

Wings of the Raven

One created to represent
that which I long to be.
Another who bears the
scars of my harsh reality.

A third to lift my heart
and spread joy in ways
that I could only dream of
doing on my own.

A raven with wings of
black and teal.

Intelligent and cunning.
Wise and outspoken.
Always with a word to say.
Always the center of attention
instead of sitting in the shadows
watching the world go by.

I am the one who waits for
something to happen. He is the
one who creates action. Drama.
Life.

I sit patiently on the sidelines
wary of the crowds and content
to watch as the best moments in
life pass me by.

He is the one the one at the center
of attention. Thriving off the energy
of the crowd. He is not content to
sit and watch or pause or wait. He
does not wait for the moments to
come he creates them with a dazzle
and a flair.

He is bold and outspoken. Never
hesitating to say what must be said.
He is not shackled by silence and fear
like I am.

He will not stand by in silence while
someone else mocks or quiets the voice
of another.

He is the voice I wish I had.
He is the confidence I dream of
when I am too afraid to take part
in the action.

He is light and darkness and fun
and wisdom and smooth words
and confidence and bold outspoken
reality.

He speaks truth with every breath
and does not worry about the opinions
others hold of him when he dares to
say that which others will not.

He is my confidence.
He is the soul that gives me wings.
He is the voice of boldness that I
desire when there is something that
needs to be said. He does not tolerate
fools or stand by idly while the loud
unceasingly interrupt the quiet.

He is the light to my darkness.
The sun to my shadows.
He is the illumination that fills
my soul and my heart.

I may long for the heart of a lion or
shed the lonely tears of the oryx, but
more than anything else... I long for
the wings of the raven.

--Written April 15th, 2014