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Fly

Lee Kaj
University of the Pacific

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FLY

LEE KAJ

You hold us down, and tell us to fly on our own. No one helped YOU to fly.
No, because you did not need help.
Because there were silver nets that caught you when you fell the first time.
Because the wind was fanned at your tail.
You did not need the help you had, you say.
You say you had no help, and say we must do the same.

Our talons filed down and turned against us, we scabble at the sand.
The hoods on our heads are buckled on too tight.
You cling to our jesses and tie us to the cage.
But we must love it here.
But if we really wanted to fly, we would.
Like you did.
On our own.

Well, we will.
We will scratch until you drop our ties.
We will snap our wings up against these bonds.
We will grown back where you have clipped us.
We will throw our hoods to the ground and bask in light.
We will snatch the feathers from your head that you stole from us.
We will fly into the headwind like bullets.

And when you watch us in the sky
far above you and rail
Because you cannot reach us
Because the sky is meant for you
We will not care.
We can't hear you down there.