

Untitled

by Aglaea Jade

Hope fills the shoes of the
flightless one.
When all that's left is the rising sun.
Beautiful, wonderful birds,
They come.
Come, to see the hope,
of the flightless one.
Love and hope, rains down....
It pours.
It empties out, there is no more.
The one, the flightless one has gone away.
The beautiful, wonderful birds
Fade gray.
The sun has set.
Dark is here.
The flightless one, is still not near.
When dawn arises,
And there is no sight...
There in the distance.
One Takes Flight.

