born of the sun
she bore the beauty of the moon-
through laughter and love she found wings
and with that came freedom.
determined she flew
she knew not of the beauty of the sky
although she was surrounded every day by it
the stars were only lights
the blue was an endless prison it seemed
oh how the creatures roamed the land
how the other winged beasts could see it up close
she only afar
try as she might she couldn't fall like the rain to touch the grass
to be the falling of a leaf
so she decided she had enough
with one simple touch she touched the sky
then she fell
not gracefully as a leaf
not gently hitting the ground as rain could
her wings became shattered
and when she got up she tried to fly
greeted by the gift of consequence she jumped feebly with her two legs
and before her waiting stood a wolf
his pelt soft yet rigid
there she saw fangs, there she saw fear
a growl filled her ears and she sought out
running to the brush to hide
she cried
branches cut
skin torn
wings falling off
the beasts of the land saw her shriveled form
how she hid behind what little of feathers she had left
they lapped the salt that mixed with the morning dew
flourishing from the soon rivers that fell from her eyes
then she heard a voice
what was a growl now soothed, what once poked now brushed
of lashing tail and sharp claws the yellow eyes of nature looked down upon her
"we believed you were our God, but I see
you are a beast as much as me"

she looked at the wolf with distaste
“how dare you berate me as i rot, for what do you have to prove of being my equal?”
he dipped his paws into the river created by her tears, and stood in it
“I had wished for the sky, for the moon and years I had chased. I am only a blind fool, reduced to a feast for the maggots and cicadas”
“that means nothing, i fell from my home, from my heart”
“oh but you see, I have as well. I once ruled these lands, no predator other than I alone; such fortune I had. it seems though we always wish for more than what we have”
she scoffed in disbelief and he walked back over- nudging her up- she pushed him away and they went on this fight till the rivers dried up
while the moon was high, she stood while he slept in the grass
and she walked
no matter the feeling of the ground on her feet
no longer the weight of her wings burdened
but she felt considerably empty
so she wandered, through the deserts, forests, tundras, and the wetlands; through the snow, rain, hail, dust and the fire.
when she made it back the wolf only sat in waiting
“have you had enough?”
she even wandered her mind to answer the question
such a beast bore wisdom she knew deep in herself
truth that she ran from to seek heart
“i think so”
and there they lay back down, there where rotting and decay grew a heart
and even as the plants reclaimed her, she and the wolf rejoiced!
the wolf tended her garden through the winter- protecting her from the cold.
and when she bloomed in the spring
she cried many rivers for the teeth he had bared in despair
and when it all happens over again, they don’t fear
it will come, and it will pass
our freedom is found in our present
and not our past