

Ali Slaight, Learning To Fly

Into the distance, a ribbon of black
stretched to the point of no turning back
a flight of fancy on a wind swept field
standing alone my sense reeled
a fatal attraction holding me fast, how
can I escape this irresistible grasp?
can't keep my eyes from the circling sky
tongue-tied & twisted just an earth-bound misfit, I
ice is forming on the tips of my wings
unheeded warnings, I thought I thought of everything
no navigator to guide my way home
unladen, empty and turned to stone

a soul in tension that's learning to fly
condition grounded but determined to try
can't keep my eyes from the -circling- skies
tongue-tied & twisted just an earth-bound misfit, I

above the planet on a wing and a prayer
my grubby halo, a vapour trail in the empty air
across the clouds I see my shadow fly
out of the corner of my watering eye
a dream unthreatened by the morning light
could blow this soul right through the roof of the night

there's no sensation to compare with this
suspended animation, a state of bliss
can't keep my mind from the circling sky
tongue-tied & twisted just an earth-bound misfit, I