

# Robert Calvert, Hero With A Wing

I see myself a hero  
While one wings falls away  
And the dial approaches zero  
In a spiralling display.  
My past life flashes feverishly,  
And lives I did not lead,  
Like the time I was a hero  
Of a weird, outlandish breed.

One arm of flesh and muscle  
And one of feathered scale  
I was hero with one wing  
That was of no avail.  
I could only fly in circles  
Like a corkscrew in the sky,  
My one wing flapping frantically  
While birds just glided by.

I launched myself from mountains  
And from the highest trees  
And though I could get nowhere  
Just landed on my knees.  
But still I was a hero,  
With one wing more than most.  
Almost half an Angel;  
A whirling holy ghost.

My father was an eagle  
With two wings wide as sails  
My mother was the west wind witch  
With grasping finger nails.  
She lured him from his aerie  
With her twittering device.  
She kept him in a golden cage  
And fed him field mice.