

WINGS

Elizabeth Smith POETRY

I am a rising senior majoring in Music with a minor in Communication. I consider myself an advocate for disability rights, women's empowerment, and the protection of children. When I was sixteen, I published a fiction novel that intertwines my own story of injustices as lost souls in a fiction world are drifting along the sea, hoping to find their way back to the real world. I have previously been published in Brushing Art and Literary Journal as well as The Independent. I am currently an intern for the KEM Hospital Research Center in Pune, India, where I continue to advocate for the causes I am passionate about. Furthermore, the narrator in this poem, Wings, is a bird. The journey is symbolic. As the reader, I would like you to picture what these words mean to you and if you find hope reading it.

I am a bird.
Wings with depth and breath,
Sunrays radiate among my feathers,
Warm winds joined as one among my wings,

Alas, I collapsed.
Wings with missing mounts,
Clipped and plucked
purposely presented for the monarchy,

Who examined me, every bone.
Found fault in every flight I embraced,
In a ceramic bowl shooed off,
Off onto the plotted land.

Alas, I collapsed.
Wings with doubt and grief,
Moonlight shone among my feathers,
Against the dirt, mucked ground,
I shiver, brisk wind billows across my demolished wings,

Morning sun did not mourn for a day,
Its rays reminded me,
Wings or not,

I am a bird.
Life with depth and breath,
I take in what is near and far,
Embracing every aspect of what is true,

For I would not have known what voice I had
If the suspicious men kept my wings as they were,
All come along to hear me,
As I sing melodies magnificent,

And so,
Wings or not,

I embrace the morning sun,
For their rays remind me,
Life is within me as it is within you,
Our wings do not determine our worth,
For our life is unmeasurable

