

Strange Way To Fly

Trapped.
So it seems.
No clear hope
or happiness ahead.

Cramped prison
cell mind closing in
pressing bars
into my folded wings.

Flight is a dream
leading nowhere—
an enchanted place
governed by "w".

No— and w-here.
No-w and —here.
How different!
How not.

My folded wings
are the "w"
mashed on my back
my only shot.

A strange way
to fly by parsing
w—ords into freedom
now and here.