

Artist: flying

Title: A Proud Bird

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Space inviting upwards
And feelings born by the will
In energy have interlaced
In breathing, even and free!

But the burst won't come, don't wait for
The body amorphous? And sounds?
Streams carrying upwards
Once hands the wings are now.

You were longing for soaring like eternity
Higher and higher fly for your life
Scorn all the principles
Dictated above

But is there an aim you head for?
You wanted it pure, but is it?
Are you certain in it giving all your stretch
To the upwards inviting space?

If sure, then fly and break all the bars
The call of your heart, it won't disappoint
And the sky will accept a proud bird
But the main thing for her is not to fall

But the proud bird doesn't hear the words
That all that invites is not a good sign
And the main aim for her is to merge
With the space to which she aspires.