**Bird me**

I saw a bird running

its life was in my hands

it escaped somehow

my wheels turning where a second before it had scurried

yet it never left the ground

even as the beast bore down upon it

why would a bird run?

has it forgotten it can fly?

has it been so long in the dirt

that it has lost the kiss of air?

and here we are

longing all our lives to feel the air beneath us

I will heal myself with flowers

chemicals wafting on a gentle breeze

this is as close as I can get to the sky:

to bring the sky down to me

but when imagination sours, I am

dirty of foot and captive

these things strike my nerves

a soft-headed hammer to enforce my calm

other birds agree: stupid mud-things!

always looking up and not going there

why are you running?