

At Least the Sky is Blue

Does a bird dream of its first flight? Does it look forward to the wind ruffling its feathers. Does it anticipate the feeling of scaling the skies, of soaring above vast landscapes. Of looking down and seeing everything that once felt so grand now appear minute; of feeling the freedom to travel virtually anywhere, of wind and weather being its only opponents. Of deftly surveying the activity left behind and below. Does a bird dream of its first flight? Does it dream of outstretched wings and opportunity. Of blue skies and grey skies and sunsets and moonlight. Of wind chill and heat waves, of community and of solidarity.

Does a bird dream of its first flight? Or does it consider such as simply another evolutionary skill to be mastered. Does it see flying as another means to further satisfy a basic need. Does it not dream of an activity so integral, so expected of its kind. Does it feel as drawn to the sky as a worm the soil, this innate inclination devoid of choice, destroying the blossoming of anticipation or excitement. Does it feel nothing towards flight because it considers flying the next facet of its existence; does it feel nothing towards flight because without flight it would fundamentally lose a sense of its own identity. Does it view flight as a rite of passage to its being, as a precursor to its own beginnings, its own life. Does it view flight as mundane and regulatory to existence, as habitual as hydrating or defecating. Does a bird dream of its first flight? Or does it look to the sky, burdened with the obligation of living.