

Ideate Here With Me, I Am A Lonely Bird

Today was the quietest day there ever was.
The warm red oak of this hollow home felt truly empty today,
cushioned, soft twigs now prickle my underside to the point before piercing.
I am no longer home.
My skin shivers taking a glimpse at the beautiful orange morning,
it's gluttonous.
Some things were meant only to share.
It may as well be time to leave, there's nothing left for me to lose, it's all gone.
I do not see myself as the type to enjoy the company of solely silence.

Wriggling Worm, It's A Fact of Life For Us Both.

Hunger seeps into my mind from my stomach.
Animal instincts prickle away at my brain.
The leaves in this forest smell different, the dirt brimming with clammy life.
A worm wriggles out of the soil,
small and helpless, my violence feels senseless to feed only me.
The pungent smell of organs, grinding flesh hit my beak,
dead.
Perched on a branch I see more worms struggle against the earth below me.
Subconscious disgust I feel for my everyday violence becomes realized.

Afterwards, I Ascend To The Stars.

The freedom of movement is never exhausting.
This body is untethered from the obligation of existing on the dirt.
I see the world from up above, in its rawest, most visceral state.
Writhing in pain, little human tries to break free from the river's thrust,
the current pushes them along.
The wind guides me. Its been the one thing I can always rely on.
Beauty in pain, pain in beauty, I have found myself apathetic as of late.
Selfish perhaps, to indulge the view up above.
But maybe just this once, it's so nice.

Even Later On, I Sleep In The Warmth Of Ruffled Feathers.

Exhaustion overtakes my body, I try to ward it off to no avail.
It never gets easier sleeping in a place you don't know.
But there's a tree that looks almost exactly what I'm used to.
I settle in, far from home, but ample enough.
The river below drifts by, its quaint sounds rocking me to sleep, the stars above bounce off the moon.
Halfway into a dream, the tree rocks back and forth,
a bear scratches at the bark, groaning at the smell of my blood.
I am no longer petrified, my body feels fluid and free from worry.
Beak in my chest, I dream of the sky.

My Treks Across Miles Yield Little Friends

For the first time in so long, somebody else.
Months and months in my isolation, this is the first rare encounter of companionship
A shared moment in the heavens above,
we lock eyes for a moment. Yours, and you, look just like me.
Back down to Earth, we share a meal, you and I.
Cut short by a ravenous beast,
I wish you were swallowed whole.
The memory of you desecrated and maimed.
Spattered droplets of blood now, death has yet to visit me.

Scars Of Absence Cut Deep, Twist Knots

Days upon days have passed, I let the weight of the wind push me,
up and down, a repetitive motion.
A jolt of pain flies up and tingles through my wing.
Falling, falling, falling all the way to the ground.
Branches trash me all around, agony searing throughout my body.
Face down in a puddle of mud, no strength to move myself up.
I try to soar again, but the sting keeps me grounded.
Come sweet death,
I'm clipped.

I Lost Myself In The Painful Noise

The flock calls out to me again, after so long.
Back down to the ground, my outstretched wing reached to the heavens.
They're all in a cluster together, circling each other in a beautiful dance.
None of you can see me down here?
Not a single one of you remember me?
These bones ache, this muscle is contorted.
I was meant to be prey all along.
My mouth is dry, my stomach empty.
All I ever needed is down here to live, but the loss of flight is my death.

Something About The Spirit and Soul Of You Pulled Me Back

Heavy rain again this evening, droplets beat down on my head
The pitter-patter against the leaves sound like the sands of the beach forced my head, the worst.
I'm ruffled, no refuge from the downpour.
Through the thickness of noise, your sudden sweet coos echo throughout this brush.
So captivating, I'm struck by its sweetness, the notes you hum harmonize with mine.
Gray skies, I'm a desolate, flightless bird, I've nothing to lose.
Sweet dove, I'm worthless, bound to somewhere you never want to visit.
The thought of you takes me back to the place I haven't seen in so long.
The clouds are disgusting from below,
with you, they look a lot brighter.
They fly down to a branch, their gaze darting until it meets mine.
You look just like me, this is going to hurt so incredibly bad.
I'm willing to take the risk, despite my fears.

Aches Tremor Amongst My Joints And Bones, I Walk On Despite It

This place isn't as lonely now, though my imperfections nag at me louder than before.
You fly branch to branch graceful as can be, I'm stuck here in the damp mud.
You somehow admire me all the same, the amount I do you.
We stop at the river to drink water, the simplest thing, I treasure.
Your head pressed on this hurting wing,
I wince, I trust you.
We walk along the bank, I hate you stooped to my level.
As stupid as it may sound,
I'd do the same for you.

Comfort In Your Movements, It Rocks Me To Unconsciousness

I made this nest for us tonight.
Toiling away with twigs and branches, my body aches.
To be honest, I would fall asleep in an instant if not for anticipation.
You flock to me excitedly,, see the fatigue in my eyes.
Your beating heart draws slower and slower.
There's no warmth like this I've ever felt.
It starts to rain again, cool camp air creeps underneath this sprouted tree.
You make it warm, you make it home.

Everything Cut Short (Cerebral)

what is
this
wet, damp, sharp,
running through my chest, grazes the heart
i'm being shaken
i'm tossed aside
this
this hurts so bad
i can feel it all

There's Something To Salvage In My Blood Bleeding Out

Red gushes from my chest, I'm so sorry you have to see this.
No, no apologies, no more hurt. We've had our share already.
I feel lighter and lighter, is this what it was to fly?
I can see you hurting, don't anymore, I'm about to be free.
I just wish I could bring you with me my love.
So much I didn't do, we didn't do.
Live for me, to see it through.
I look to the sky, everyone's waiting for me.
Today was the happiest day there ever was.

alone, worm, flight, sleep, company, wound, delusion, you, walk, sleep, cerebral, reunion

Ideate Here With Me, I Am A Lonely Bird
Wriggling Worm, It's A Fact of Life For Us Both.
Afterwards, I Ascend To The Stars.
Even Later On, I Sleep In The Warmth Of Ruffled Feathers.
My Treks Across Miles Yield Little Friends
Scars Of Absence Cut Deep, Twist Knots
I Lost Myself In The Painful Noise
Something About The Spirit and Soul Of You Pulled Me Back
Aches Tremor Amongst My Joints And Bones, I Walk On Despite It
Comfort In Your Movements, It Rocks Me To Unconsciousness
Everything Cut Short
There's Something To Salvage In My Blood Bleeding Out