

The Wish

I have often heard
people say
they wish to be a bird

To have eyes like a searchlight
captaining the night
Soar up high
pillow fight clouds
hover where space meets sky
greet stars sing loud
Weave through trees
making invisible patterns
in a forest tapestry
Wing tip brushes
painted inside the lines
draw a masterpiece
in the landscapes behind
Dancing in formation
migration
with no visa
no forward planning
just following
the summer

But

I don't think they've thought it through

If by the swish of a wand
you were a duck in a pond
Or
an owl in a tree
Or
a gull bobbing on the sea

Yes
I would like to travel to every country
to go wherever it is sunny
but
I have a fear of heights
even on aeroplane flights
I get scared
and they are well prepared
with engine and fuel
imagine having nothing at all
only wings flapping

I get out of breath just running down the road
let alone flying across countries
And what if it snowed
sleeping in a nest of sticks and leaves
no cushions or blankets
surely I would freeze
And
I would miss my friends loads
only seeing them
through kitchen windows
To never talk
only sing and hope
they understand 'squawk'
Seeing in the dark would be nice
but I don't
fancy eating mice

No
I don't think I would wish to be a bird
the reality is far too absurd
I have searched my mind
trying to find
what MY one wish would be

Others wished to be wealthy
to be beautiful
strong healthy
To be powerful
teleport through time
be forever youthful
They unwrapped their wishes
so quickly
I couldn't understand
why I found it so tricky
Then
I realised
I popped it in my pocket
thought it wise
to save it

Because
All I need
can be found
right here
on the ground