

**YOU
SHALL
S
MY WINGS**



,

**& KNOW
YOU
CAN
FLY T**



PROLOGUE

(INTRODUCTION)

SMOKE LINGERED AND SLITHERED UP TO VAULTED CEILING AS HE SAT BACK, LEANING AGAINST THE PLASTIC AND LEATHER OF THE CHAIR, BENDING IT BACKWARDS, LETTING HIS NECK TILT AND HIS EYES RISE TO THE CEILING LINES. HE COULD FEEL HIS FEET SLIDE UP AND OFF THE CARPET FLOOR, SMELL BURNT TABACCO, LISTENING TO THE VIBRATIONS AND STIRRING OF AIR FROM THE ROOM'S FAN, EVEN HEARING THE SLIGHT HUM OF THE LIGHT FIXTURES. HE WAS BORED. THAT SOFT PETTING THAT THE DOLDRUMS DRUM ON, CARESSED HIS MIND TILL HIS OWN THOUGHTS DRIFTED TOWARDS THE PRELIMINARY MINDLESS NUMBING THAT CAN SO OFTEN COME BEFORE WE DREAM. THE SILENCING OF NERVE ENDINGS THAT SPIKE AND STRIKE THROUGH OUR BRAINS, KEEPING US UP PAST OUR UNDISCIPLINED BED TIMES. THE CIGARETTE BURNS OUT, AND THE MOTH'S COME TO REST ON THE WINDOW FRAME, AND HE SINKS INTO A

**DEEP SLEEP. THIS IS AN INVITATION TO
DREAM WITH HIM, SEE WHAT WE CAN SEE
ONLY THROUGH THE NATURAL
HALLUCINOGENS OF OUR COMATOSE
VISIONS. WE MAY JUST SEE SOMETHING
WORTH OF VALUE. AND WHEN WE WAKE, WE
MAY JUST BE A LITTLE BIT DIFFERENT.
COME, LET'S HIBERNATE FOR A SMALL
MOMENT.**

i

(YOU SHALL SEE MY WINGS)

**ECHOES IN THE COCOON SHUTTER AND
SPUTTER, REVERBERATING THE THIN
DARK SECRETED, LINING.**

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**CRYING IN THE SHOWER AND THE HAND
PRESSES AGAINST STAINED TILE,
LEAVING A MOMENTARY WET PRINT.**

}i{

**DAYS WIND ON, THE SUN RAINBOWS
ACROSS THE HORIZON AND THE SMALL
PLANETARY SIBLING FOLLOWS BEHIND,
NIGHT AND DARKNESS DIAL ON,
ARCHING THROUGH, AS WE SCRATCH
AND CLAW AGAINST THE
CLAUSTROPHOBIA.**

}i{

**KNEES PRESSED AGAINST THE CHEST,
LOCKED INTO A FETAL POSITION AS THE
STEAM LESSENS, THE HOT WATER
DEPLETES AND THE TEARS BEGIN TO**

**MATCH THE TEMPERATURE OF THE RAIN
FROM THE SHOWER.**

}i{

**THE WIND HOWLS, SCREECHING
THROUGH EMPTY SPACES, AND THE
BRANCHES BOUNCE AND DANCE TO THE
EARTH'S WHISTLING. THROWN FROM
SIDE TO SIDE, AND THRUST IN THE
DIRECTION OF NATURE'S SONG, WE ARE
LIKE DEBRIS CAUGHT IN A CURRENT,
CLINGING WITH OUR FOLIAGE
NEIGHBORS TO BRANCHES, PRAYING
FOR SURVIVAL.**

}i{

**THE TOES FIRST, THEN THE TOPS OF THE
FEET, THE SMALL RIDGES OF VEINS, THE
EDGES OF THE ANKLES ARE SUBMERGED
IN TAP WATER. THE SHOWER DRAIN
CLOGS. AND WE LAY STILL. STILL UNDER
THE TAPPING AND PITTER PATTERN OF**

**DROPLETS BRUSHING AND SPLASHING
AGAINST OUR PRUNING SKIN.**

}i{

**AND THE MORNING WILL COME, THE DAY
WILL COME. THERE WILL BE A TIME
WHEN THE SHELLING CREAKS AND
CRACKS, A SNAP, WITH A STREAK OF
LIGHT PUNCTURING LIKE A LIGHTNING
STRIKE, AND THERE IT IS—LIGHT.**

**BURSTING LIKE A CROOKED SPEAR INTO
OUR EYES AND WE SHALL BE BLINDED.
ON THAT DAY, WHEN IT COMES, WE
BREAK APART THE BINDINGS, AND RIP
OPEN THE WALLS UNTIL SIGHT OF THE
SKIES WIDENS BEFORE US. ONLY UNTIL
THAT DAY.**

}i{

**THERE IS THE SOUND OF WATER
BREACHING OVER THE TUB'S BOWL.
FIRST, A SPLASH ONTO THE FLOOR,
THEN, THE DAMPENING OF A BATHROOM**

**RUG. NOT THE LEGS NOR FEET TWITCH,
THE HEAD REMAINS DOWN CASTED, THE
NAKED BODY BURROWING INTO ITSELF.
THE WATERS CONTINUE TO RISE AND
RISE, FLOODING THE BATHROOM.**

}i{

**CAN YOU HEAR IT? THAT SOFT FLAP AND
FLOP OF PUSHED AIR AGAINST OUR
BODY?**

**CAN YOU SEE IT? THE BABY BLUE HUE
SEA ENGULFING THE HORIZON OF OUR
VISION?**

**CAN YOU FEEL IT? THAT WARMTH FROM
THE SUN, RUBBING AGAINST THE WINDS
AND US?**

**RISE, RISE, & RISE SOME MORE, TILL
OUR SHADOW SWALLOWS THE LAND
BELOW. THE PRINT OF OUR WINGS
CASTED ONTO THE SCENEARY BENEATH.
SHALL NOT ALL SEE?**

}i{

HOLD OUR BREATH. THE WATER HAS FILLED THE ROOM. WE DRIFT AND FLOAT UPWARD, WHILE WE STILL HUG OUR KNEES.

HOLD YOUR BREATH. THE WALLS OF THE BATHROOM HAVE DISSOLVED AND WE FIND OURSELVES IN AN OCEAN. SWALLOWED BY THE SEA.

HOLD YOUR BREATH. IT IS AN ETERNITY OF SHADOWED BLUE; IT IS ALL UNENDING DARK WATERS.

HOLD YOUR BREATH. THE CURRENT TAKES US AWAY, WE ARE LOST TO THE DEEP BLUE, AND THE LIGHT CANNOT REACH DOWN TO THE FATHOMS.

TOO LATE. OUR HANDS RELEASE FROM THE TIGHT GRIP ON OUR KNEE CAPS, OUR SHOULDERS RELAX AND DRIFT BACK, OUR BODIES SUSPEND, OUR BOUYANCY DRIFTS US UP TOWARDS THE

**SURFACE. AND THE LAST BUBBLES OF
AIR WOBBLE BACK AND FORTH AS THEY
EXIT OUR LUNGS. OUR NAKED BODIES
RISE AND RISE UNTIL WE BREACH—THE
COLD AIR MEETING OUR COLD BODIES.**

}i{

**YOU GET A SAY WHAT IS TO BE YOUR
STORY. AND THESE VISIONS WASH OVER
AND THIN. OUR CLOSED EYELIDS
STUTTER, TWITCH, AND AN EVENING
BREEZE CLOSES IN. THEN, OUR EYES
OPEN, WIDE-EYED AND WE WAKE WITH A
STRANGE SENSATION.**



(& KNOW YOU CAN FLY TOO)

**HERE I GO AND YOU SHALL READ
UPON THE UNFOLDING OF MY WORDS,
ALoud, THE SPILLING OF MY MIND.
HONEY, YOU KNOW THIS GARDEN
& YOU KNOW THIS PLANE,
THIS IS REMEMBRANCE
& I WON'T LET YOU FORGET EVER AGAIN.
LET THE BOLD AND BOMBASTIC BRASS
BLAST OVER THE SWELL OF THE SEA
OF YOUR STRESS AND DEPRESS,
OVER YOU'RE COMPRESSED THOUGHTS,
THEY'RE JAMMED, CRAMMED, &
BARELY ORGANIZED, BUT NOT LOST.
& I'LL HELP THROW AWAY THE RECORDS
OF THE DAMNED, SLAMMED, & I'LL DRINK
WITH THE DRUNKARDS
IF IT MEANS A HELPING HAND:
I'LL SLEEP WITH THE SLUTS,
I'LL SMOKE WITH THE STONERS,
I'LL MIGRATE WITH THE IMMIGRANTS,**

**IF IT JUST MEANS MAKING A GOD DAMN
DIFFERENCE.**

**I AM ALREADY STARTING TO RAMBLE, & I
HAVE ONLY JUST BEGUN, FORGIVE ME**

SON,

FORGIVE ME

DAUGHTER,

FOR I AM AFRAID,

YOU'LL NEED A CHAIR

SOMETHING TO REST ON,

IT'LL BE A WHILE BEFORE I'M DONE.

I'M GOING TO BEGIN AGAIN, BUT WITH

BOASTING OF MYSELF,

YOU SEE, BECAUSE I'VE BEEN RENEWED

RESHOED FOR MY JOURNEY.

AND I'VE BEEN REALLY TRYING TO

CHANGE FOR THE BETTER,

TRYING TO BE MORE PATIENT,

TRYING TO BE MORE KIND.

BUT NONE OF THOSE MATTER

NOT ANYMORE AT LEAST,

**BECAUSE, YOU SEE, I COULDN'T MAKE
THE WINGS THAT WOULD CAUSE ME TO
FLY**

**I WAS BORN WITH EM', SOMETHING THAT
THE CREATOR WOULD NEVER COMPRISE.
MY DESTINY WAS IN THE WIND AND
SKIES,**

**HA', DAMN RIGHT, USE YOUR EYES.
TATTERED FEATHER, BARELY HOOKED
OR LINKED TOGETHER,**

**NO FLAKES, NO WHISPS OF WHITE
PUFFING & DANCING THROUGH THE AIR
TILL DREAMING ON THE PALE, WET &
GREY CONCRETE**

**IT'S LIKE THEY'RE RESTING IN DESPAIR,
THAT'S NOT MY LIFE.**

**THIS IS WHAT IT IS TO BE LOST IN
THOUGHT,**

**THIS IS WHAT IT IS TO BE FREED OF THE
CHAINS THAT OTHERS EYES, WHEN THEY
MEET, KNOW IT OR NOT...**

**OTHER'S EYES MAKE THE CUFF,
THAT WHICH MAKES YOU SAY:
"ENOUGH, ENOUGH, ENOUGH, I'M TIRED
FOR TODAY...CAN'T I JUST BE
MYSELF???"**

**WELL DEAR CHILD I AM HERE TO SAY:
LOOK,
LOOK AT MY WINGS,
YOU SHALL LOOK AT MY WINGS,
& KNOW YOU CAN FLY TOO.
THAT IS WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT.
I CAN HELP BECAUSE I NEED HELP TOO,
I CAN GUIDE CAUSE I NEED A GUIDE TOO.
I'M STILL GOING,
SO, LET'S KEEP GOING ON OUR STROLL
AND LET THE CONVERSATION ROLL,
JUST A LITTLE FASTER NOW,
THE SWEAT WILL SLIDE OUR WORDS OUT
LIKE THE FLOW OF RAIN WATER DOWN
THE STREET GUTTERS.
THERE'S A STORM, THAT'S A RAGER,**

**THUNDER WILL CLAP AND THE RAIN WILL
DANCE,**

IT'S A SIGHT TO SEE.

**JUST LIKE THAT TIME YOU MET ME
ON THE SOFT SANDS OF A WEST COAST
BUT THE SUNSHINE WAS HIDING YOUR
FACE**

**AND THE WARMTH WAS WARMING YOUR
SKIN,**

GOD THESE MEMORIES SEEM SO THIN.

BUT LET'S KEEP GOING,

LET THIS UNRAVEL, LET IT ROLL,

LIKE HOW I AM WITNESSING

THE SWEAT DRIPPING

FROM YOUR CHIN.

**I AM AFRAID OF THE DESTINATION JUST
AS MUCH AS YOU.**

IF YOU ARE A LITTLE CONFUSED—GOOD.

THIS ONLY HALF THE STORY,

YOU SAW MY WINGS

AND YOU SUPPOSED TO BE DAZED,

**YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE STUMPED,
BECAUSE THE BEAUTY OF ONE SOUL
IS JUST THE INCOMPREHENSIBLE,
UNFATHOMABLE FATHOMS,
& UNCLIMBABLE CLIMBS.**

**AH, BUT IT'S A DEEP BREATH
IT'S A REFRESHING ONE TOO
TO WITNESS THE UNRAVELING OF A
SPIRIT.**

**THAT'S ALL THIS IS,
SOME WEIRD ENCOURAGEMENT
BY THE EXAMPLE OF MY WINGS.
BUT REMEMBER WE ARE NOT THE
WINDS,
WE ARE NOT THE AIR WE RIDE ON,
WE ARE NOT THE SKY WE PASS
THROUGH,
YOU ARE NOT YOU, I AM NOT ME,
BECAUSE OF YOU, BECAUSE OF ME
MY WINGS ARE NOT MINE,
YOURS ARE NOT YOURS. THANKFULLY.**

EPILOGUE

(CONCLUSION)

MEDITATIONS

Whatever technique or practice you find most comfortable to become absolutely present, do it. Whether that is grounding oneself to the surroundings and atmosphere that you find yourself in or putting on that playlist that somehow puts you to ease, makes your breathing a little more stable, your mind a little less wanderous—do it. We all have ways of gathering ourselves, our minds, and focusing on just merely “being”, merely just understanding how to sit and be still. The eastern yogis say to do it, the western psychologist say to do it, the bible says to do it—so do it, find some stillness, create for yourself, give yourself that much. Be still for all that you can.

**“We are under a constant metamorphous,
whether in our faith, psyche, or
behaviors—hopefully for the better”**

—December, 2022

**“Everyone should write, everyone should
at least try to express with their hands
what they cannot with their tongue, the
world would be better for it”**

—May, 2022

**“I wonder if God will respect my
skepticism? Perhaps he will pity it,
perhaps he will judge it, in either case he
has every right to. But I do *doubt*, and as
far that has led me, *doubt* has caused me
to come crashing back to my God”**

—December, 2020

**“I would not say I am happy to have had
difficulties in my life, rare as they are; I
would rather say that certain difficulties
have helped shape me, for ill or good”**

—February, 2020

“What is better: to be *right* or to be *in the right*?” —January, 2019

“Time is a tool used by the devil to prolong pain...Time is an instrument designed by God to heal deep & severe wounds” —June, 2017

“How much do we miss the mark? How much do we lose sight of the lantern & focus on the illuminated—rather than the source of the illumination?”

—August, 2021

“The greatest lie, to me, is that we are alone; for it only takes *one lie* to believe we are *lonely*, and many lies are born from there.” —June, 2021

“To have friends is to have many inconveniences; messy, crowding, beautiful inconveniences at that”

—March, 2023

“What if we saw each other as souls rather than bodies, what if we treated each other as fragile eternities rather than

bruised commodities; would we then truly love one another as we deserve to be loved?"

—November, 2022

“Very gently, one must enter their own mind. I mean, one must ease into their thoughts that are—unsettled, at a discomfort, the thoughts or memories that create an anxiety. Perhaps it is a past failure, distant or recent, that whenever the memory resurfaces, probing and interrupting our daily routines and customs, cause a distress in our gut, a sudden thud in our heart—that it feels like we sink a little. Perhaps these hidden thoughts are an insecurity, a lack of confidence and surety for something you wish to be sure, something you wish was certain, whether within yourself or in your present reality. These thoughts, these so-called “weaknesses”, make us feel fragile. So, gently, gently one must go when

diving and exploring these hidden judgements, opinions, and memories. They do not appreciate your perversion or punishment; they do not heal under self-inflicted wrath. They rot easily, spoil quickly. Though, they'll burry themselves deeper and deeper, roots digging and clinging to your darkest depths, if not dealt with. You cannot rid yourself of them. I don't believe they can simply "vanish". I believe they must be transformed, changed, blossom into something else, something beautiful. Where shame turns to humility, hatred morphs into love, apathy to passion, insecurity to confidence, and from doubt to faith. So, one must whisper to their heart, nurse it to health. Discipline your mind, with a strong and gentle teacher. And feed your soul, nourish and let it

**flourish under an unending, joyful sun. It is
then the great metamorphous can begin”**

—May, 2023

