

Taking Flight

By Laine Sutton Johnson

The moonlight pierced my tears
Telling me to let them fuel my journey.

The moon is wise.
She knows I'm trying to escape—
Go to her and wash away the pain
without spilling it all over
my heart and mind and soul.

I'm old now and haven't time.
I want to fly like yesterdays
when I would will myself away
to sit inside my soothing moon
and watch it all unfold.

It doesn't happen now.
I'm flapping wings too bruised
by disappointment—
rushing arms too worn
from carrying all their broken hearts.
My legs won't spring like before
with hopeless joints eroding.

Maybe I could close my eyes and make believe
I could float to her in safety—
finding a better way to fly...
beyond definition—
free from judgements, rules and condescending glares.

Flight is on my horizon.
If only I could.