

# Like the birds

By psioboy

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*not really a poem =P*

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## 1 - Like the birds

Birds soar effortlessly with such grace through an endless sheet of cyan and white.  
A baby laughs and points to them, as if longing to join them, gliding through the air like that.  
This fascinates me, because i too wish to fly like them, to escape the havoc and stress that is so commonplace here on the ground.  
AS i lounge beneath my tree, i close my eyes and imagine...  
To be like the birds, my fixation, my desire...

I look to the sky, knowing what awaits me.  
I TAKE OFF! i flap my wings until im soaring across the sky, the wind caressing my face, and the sun warming me, then i ascend higher, farther away from the hustle and bustle.  
But i no longer hear the commotion below me, nothing but the sound of the breeze breathing life into the trees.  
Its all so serene, so at peace.  
Over the sea i glide now, listening to its gentle song of aquatic beauty.  
I smile to myself, because i know this feeling will stay for awhile..  
I lose my wings suddenly, and i fall toward the ocean, slowly, not as fast as u might think.  
My eyes open, and i see the baby again.  
He's asleep now, and i wonder to myself whether he's dreaming what i did...

To be like the birds...