

Knave

I'd had that dream many times before:
Where I spread my arms, and I leave the floor
And then unseen by others' eyes
Quietly take to the open skies...
...and thus, I rise above the crowds
A distant speck beyond the clouds
To soar
Then swoop
Amongst the people
As they move
Like ants
'Neath tower and steeple.

When a fleeting shadow blocks the sun
My knavish journey has just begun
I'm Ariel
Puck
Will o' the Wisp
I come then melt like the morning mist
And their perplexion only makes me bolder
To pluck at hair and tap on shoulder
And then on bough, or shelf, or sill
I'll sit and watch and laugh until
I bore of their brutish, childish, ways
And I spread my arms and slowly raise
My eyes once more to the skies above
To join the kestrels, swifts, and doves.

My eyelids flutter
The dawn is nigh
Today's dawn chorus
Fills the sky
And on my pillow
A timeless treasure
A freshly plucked
Kestrel's feather.