

## Home Feels like Flying

When she was 6, they asked her  
What superpower?  
An eager voice contemplated flying.  
Her big brown eyes searched the room for open windows to see the sky of infinite blue.  
She hoped she'd touch a cloud, maybe one, maybe two.  
She hoped she'd touch the sun, just as much as she'd meet the moon.  
At 9,  
She painted this true on a canvas. A sky, coming and going,  
and in the marks of a cerulean blue came an 82% as her smile faded too.  
At 11,  
Paper kites and paper planes flew across the room, she hoped one would read 'i love you'.  
At 15,  
She said 'I love you'.  
At 16, Her car was bright blue but she ignored how it looked in the sun and in the rain because she  
preferred to drive it under the smile of the moon.  
Because the weather meant nothing, if it wasn't for the sky, and the sky was for flying in hopes of what  
she would find.  
Her hair now long and wavy,  
Two sneakers she ran,  
So fast to 18  
She could no longer stand, the feeling of not flying- She was ready to live.  
And on that 12 hour day for leaving home, moving away, she flew fast to 19, feeling all life had to give.  
Yet at 20,  
She realized that which she had started to miss.  
She sat staring at the sky from an unfamiliar window, in an unfamiliar room.  
And wished she never learned to fly-  
Because maybe she wouldn't have made it to the moon so soon.  
And if she was made for flying,  
Why'd her home fly away too?