

I Am Bird



I am bird
In the morning, I take flight.
But when night falls, I get tucked up in my nest.
When I sleep I dream.

I dream that I'm the regal king of the peaks, soaring over my domain like a kite.
Searching for prey to clasp in my claw-like talons.

I dream that I'm balancing majestically in the clear shallows, like an aquatic acrobat.
My dazzling colour standing out against the blue.

I dream that I'm the bird of the dusty mainlands in Australia.
My colourful feathers, a rainbow in the cloudless sky.

I dream that I'm the racer of the savannah.
Unable to fly but can use my razor-sharp beak to scavenge for scraps
of left-over food.

I dream that I'm the fisherman of the coast, gliding through the late evening Cornish air with a full stomach.

I dream that I'm scouring for sign of a snack, taking flight over the Atlas Mountains.

And I tell you my dreams so that you can dream with me.