

on winged things

by lucas peel

too many boys tryna grow feathers /
if not to escape / just to look fly in the meantime
/ been readin these chickenscratched gospels / tryna
find a reason to stay / or at least enough to leave the ground.
/ and there has always been an interest in the fall
/ whether or not with wings / once i knew a boy
/ then, just a speck in the hazel sky /
ever since / bird becomes metaphor for shadow
/ like this thinning flock / all on their way to somewhere else /
birds be lookin pale these days
/ lookin like they ain't gonna make it south this winter.

