

Wings!

Carmon Fown

Wind sings by,
high in the sky
tension flows
along my tendons, my muscles,
my very bones.
The rush of adrenaline
as I draw to a stop
in midair
to fall a thousand feet
down, and snap out my
coppery-gold pinions,
I catch the wind,
I fly free, to feel the lift of the wind
on my wings
can g!

you feel it t f i n
l i

I feel its pull, I feel the lifting,
I go with the wind, I feel its
song deep in my soul, I am free!!
I fly high in the sky,
I fly! I soar!
I exult in the feel of the
wind on my body
the tug of my feathers, the stiffness
of my back,
the great span of my arched wings as I
surf my way across an ocean of sky,
And then, as my alarm screams in my ear,
I feel the first tear,
because I'm not there,
I'm here.

First Place Winner,
OSU at Marion High School Poetry Contest