

# Wings

- 1 The same dream again,  
2 and again,  
and again.
- 3 It begins, I sit on a lonely beach.
- 4 The waves curl around my feet,  
5 sliding through my toes,
- 6 And the sea gulls soar overhead.  
The gulls.
- 7 I long to be a part of their flight.
- 8 I stand and run with the birds,  
9 leaping, jumping, skipping.
- 10 Abruptly I come to a cliff.  
I dive.
- 11 For one wonderful, fleeting moment  
I glide
- 12 on wings of purest gold. A wish comes true.
- 13 Then comes the Voice . . . echoing.
- 14 "You can't fly . . . can't fly . . . can't fly . . ."
- 15 The wings are gone.
- 16 I plunge dizzily down to the raging sea miles below.
- 17 Moments before I splash, I awake, sweating, gasping for air.
  
- 18 I long for the day when I am able to defy the Voice,  
19 to soar, to glide, to join the birds at last.
- 20 Until then I will hold tight to the single moment of flight that is mine.

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