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Flying

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The Morning Bird and the Night Owl

Sofia Love

If my lover was a bird
she would be an owl
awake and listening to my breathing
late in the night

If my lover had to wake up early
I would gentle her half-asleep form
into sitting and pull on her fluffy socks
so her feet wouldn't get cold in the morning

If my lover's body was hungry
but her mind wasn't
I would still put food in front of her
and hold her if it was too much

If my lover's mind was hungry
but her body wasn't
I would offer up a piece of my arm
or leg or neck or shoulder

If I was awake in the early hours of the morning
I would curl against her in her sleep
and whisper against her neck
i love you i love you i love you i love you

Karl Weber — Photogram



Floating

Flying

Dakota McCallum

"What's it like to fly?" she asked the little bird.

It shook its head and trilled a little.

"I suppose it's like walking around," it said.

The woman shook her head.

"But you are in company among the clouds," she said. "You go where I cannot. You see things from up high. It must be so much more than walking."

The little bird fluttered closer, its feathers brushing her cheek.
"Yes, but I could not survive with the whole of the earth beneath my feet. I could not walk without stumbling. I could not bear the weight of the universe on my shoulders."
The woman opened her mouth to speak, but the little bird went on:
"I may see things from up high, but it is not so much a view as what you see looking up. My neck is barred down all day, while your gaze is up at the sky. I've nothing to look up to. My limits only fall down."
A tear rolled down the woman's face.
"Why do you want to fly?" the little bird asked.
"No other man or woman has wings to follow me into the clouds," the woman whispered. "I could go there and maybe people would forget about me."
"Why forgotten?"
"The sorrow I've caused would melt away with the joy when everyone forgets."
The little bird plucked out its own plumes.
"What is it like to walk?" the little bird asked as it displayed its plucked feathers before her.
"It gets very heavy," the woman replied.
"That's what flying is like," the bird said. "That's what flying is like when we leave home and go south for the winter."
The woman picked up a feather, examined its fibers sticking together desperately. She placed it back down in the row.
"Keep one," the little bird said. "You may not fly, but you can walk."

Mars Pinkelman — Digital Drawing

The Knight's Vow (Inspired by "Mobile Suit Gundam: The Witch From Mercury")

