

Flights of Fancy

# Flights of Fancy

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poem about birds and death



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# Flights of Fancy

Child that dances and sings,  
Against the backdrop of paisley wallpaper  
And 70s glamour in an 80s world.  
She scooped her up in her arms,  
Stern expression but a smile  
Playing in her blue eyes.  
Understanding was such a wonderful thing

We knew each other in another life,  
Perhaps you were my sister there  
Because Iâve always known you,  
Always trusted you  
When I trusted no one else.  
Fleeing fire and brimstone  
That erupted from the stone and mortar  
Of a house that was never quite a home,  
You always found me in the labyrinth of my own mind  
And coaxed me forth.

That child looks upon your weary countenance,  
Unable to voice her true thoughts,  
Carefully skirting the truth,  
Skating by those dangers in the ice of our conversations.  
I donât know what is happening.

## Flights of Fancy

Truthfully, no one knows.

No one can tell me a forecast.

No one can give me any affirmations.

And I am that child again, helpless and small.

Unable to change these unfortunate events.

I want to give you comfort, like you used to do for me.

I want to conjure birds with my voice,

That can sing you lullabies to shoo away the fears.

I want to sing you songs,

Let my voice, in all its imperfections,

Pave the room with all the emotions within me.

Surely, even pain is better than apathy.

I remember listening to the birds

From your kitchen window,

As you busied yourself with daily chores,

Singing to me or telling me stories

I always forgot that I was a sad child

When I was with you.

Now I see the birds, maybe the same ones,

Singing outside the hospital window.

But I don't hear them in this cold tower

All I see is their brilliant traces,

Wings that lift them high

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And weave them in and out of sight, life, despair.

How I wish I could give you wings

So that you may escape this dismal prison.

And one day, you shall escape.

Your wings will unfurl and

Youâll take flight, reaching out for the light,

Heading towards the inevitable.

But where you go, I cannot yet follow.

What worlds you will see beyond sight, sound, touch.

I donât know much but

I know that Iâll miss you.

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