



« This is ME »

A flightless lark— me. A lark unable to spread its wings, in hope to let them grasp some wind. Feeling the breeze of each season as they come to their end. Feeling its legs numb to the core, if there is any left, or there was any, to begin with. Numb from walking, a walk never taken. My legs are wasted, but it has been a lazy bird. Traveling using something else, that weren't my legs. Has such bird ever moved or has the illusion pierced the reality that the tree bloomed? A flightless lark that once used to be a star. This star that corrupted the sky, ended its mother's life. A star that did not fit with the rest, a star casted away from the sky. A star that became the missing piece of the sky. A crippled heart, that beats with fear rather than passion, an empty soul glowing with fears and monsters, ruined enough to become that passion. Passion not given to the clock which has now stop. The unfixable gears inside of me, tired from the tries, that seem to never have help that little bird. Such foolish bird dreaming in a drought land, a land shaking from desperation, seeking its end. Sometimes, the bird will remember, remember the times where she had her mother, not the mother who gave her life but the mother that made her life meaningful. Sometimes, wishing to be another lark; with wings. My wings were injured while trying to fly in this holocaustic sky cycle called life. No longer can such bird tell its color but she loves blue, stereotypes could be blame too. That bird, with the tired legs, the crippled heart made out of rusty unfixable gears, may actually not even be flightless, but rather another victim of the so illegal but legal sky. Another bird with wings? Depressive, indeed. Comparing birds and their wings, when the real beauty is just terrified of the judgment of vultures' eyes—society!

United States the country the lark opened its eyes to, first, and Mexico the country she fled to, finding the love not given by her actual parents, in sweet wrinkly grandmother. A mother and a father in one being, which can never be replaced but my pitiful memory did one hell of a mess. The tiredness came from that hole, longing to be filled with that which the bird shouldn't have look for, but accepted blindly unaware of it. A flightless bird, fighting with the will to die and the promises of the death. Because being flightless was not about being a lark and not having wings, it was about not having strong wings and the heart of a lion to be someone different, in a world that is constantly changing, into something even more disgusting, replacing our true selves with engineered mechanical beings.

-Alondra h.s.

 **FujoshiiPanda-kun**

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Wattpad acc: @FujoshiiPanda-kun*

