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I Am Wild

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I fly with the owls at night, I
see with the eyes of an eagle
sharp edges against soft curves
I'm not who I should be.

Can I breathe in the light,
cast shadows and soar high
with the skyscrapers and not
know where I am going?

Leaves flow with half-formed minds, up
and out to the world below.
escaping the touch of life's roughest
bark. Alive and well

untamed within themselves,
boiling in their skin, running
until lungs give in to the free
spirit that consumes me.

Is it possible for the soul of an animal
to run rampant in a human body?
Just because I can hold a fork and a knife
doesn't mean that I am not as wild as fresh

spring wind, as it courses through grass
A never-ending whirl of sunlit tendrils
I can brush my fingers across the face of
lesser mountains because they are just as

deserving. I deserve to live as I want, not
as I should, trapped within a hurricane.
I refuse to be told what to do, but when the light
shines on me, I'm caught in an arctic freeze,

My body a home to stones, pressing down.
I'm buried with the eyes of Man, but my vision
is razor-edged. Eagle eyes seeing what cannot be
seen by narrow-minded souls. I can see

because I am Wild.

I AM WILD

Courtney Bedrosian