

Unidentified Flying Giant

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I was never taught how to fly.

I moved like a mustang through the inner cities, brick by brick, chasing pavement down the concrete boulevard. I moved like a snake through the under bushes of MLK Ave, among the grates of subway cityscapes waiting to get a taste of sun beyond the shadows of those towering around me.

I moved like a whale; big bellied and content to let the way of things carry me by while I blew my thoughts, fictions, and fictitious ideations high into the sky among the birds whose feathers clogged my thinking.

My grandmother, and her mother's mother — could not fly. Though, they prayed and tried.

The pilot. The one who sails through clouds over stacked city brick, marble headstones, and concrete overpasses, interlocked with one another like the many veins of a cold giant who never touched the sky.

There's books on aviation; navigating the cockpit of a propeller plane whose tailspin knocks the wind out of those who haven't learned its tricks; a blue vastness drowning them within a bottomless directionless.

We took the flight handbook from the burned-out cable car down by the Baptist church a little outside Birmingham, Alabama, and found a couple of propellers washed up on the shores of Little St. Simons beach in Glynn County, Georgia. Last thing we needed were some steel wings, which we found among a flock of wooden horses in the many stables of Lorain, Ohio.

The book on aviation that we found in grandma's sunday hat detailed maritime navigation, gods' cabin vibrations, centripetal machinations, horsepower accelerations, and exotic snake imitations.

Those days, when the sun parted ways from its best friend the moon, who took its place among a scattering of violets, whites, and yellow eyes against a blackened sky, were when the horses would run to the cliffs of mother nature's proudest child and rear their heads upwards towards the beloved night.

Beyond the silhouette of the moon, a mustang casts a companion's shadow over the deep blue truth;

I was never taught to fly, but I was taught to always try.

The whale which acted as my navigation along the thousands of barren ripples which called themselves waves, and the mustang whose fortitude kept me afloat through ocean storms and wind gust of perils, and particularly to the snake who sat at my toes, keeping me good company through the thick of it all.

This is no bird, but a machine among other kinds of birds.

Among the waxing crescent of a midsummer's night, the seagulls who flew no more than two feet apart, took us to season as a bird of metal, without feathers. One who may have belonged to the concrete giants, but could fly high by the soul of its many living parts. Birds of a unique feather could flock together.