

Grounded

by Johnsienoel

Rooted in my misery on fertile fields of pain,
daily I take note of you; you too, I see are lame.

Crippled be both you and I, you fiercely brave the day
and I do covet yet in vain your wings to fly away.

No temporary solace upon this patch of earth,
stymied in your injury; labored by your girth.

Wearied soul you gaze about come sun or wind or rain.
Your roost beholds a tragic vice, the world of human stain.

Do you sense our suffering, the way that I feel yours?
Abandoned and alone reluctant is our course.

Did you mate for life; eternal thought thy mate,
then lies untold, a broken heart, grounded you in hate?

Did he leave you broken thought never to recover?
Daunted by the baggage did he leave you for another?

Another day of waking, another day of rain,
we amble on in stoic form, we limp about the pain.

Would I could rescue you, in yours I see my plight.
Alas I see you need me not for you have taken flight.

“Don't go, don't go, don't go,” I say,
“you're crippled, can't you see?”
Suffering has not rooted you, but eternally grounded me.

Come back...

Come back...
Come back to me. Do I hear your call?
A momentary listening...
deafening silence that is all.

Broken and alone, struggling to survive,
My weary soul tries to soar, taking wing with you beside.

Sufferings never ended. Lessons rarely learned.
Unlike you I cannot fly and navigate my world.

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