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## My Falcon Dream

Desan Iyer

Soaring through billows and mists into an endless sky I shift,  
like a falcon gliding into a timeless horizon I lift,  
the freshness of freedom fuelling my wings of change,  
as I burst through the stratosphere towards the crest of a capricious range.

I shadow the lush green trees moving in unison with the whispering wind,  
feelings of darkness and pain swiftly left behind.  
Destinations alter, I lose direction, the sky suddenly turns into a snarling grey monster.  
My sinuous flight brought to a sudden stop, the calming stillness is blotted by a thunderous dot.  
Back to reality, my wings are clipped, my dreams shattered by the screams of familiar prison rot.

Deafening screams echoing through my cage like thunderous clouds,  
I suddenly awake to abhorrent prison sounds.  
Eyebrows glowering with darkened signals of my entombed tension,  
I glance through the murky bars with condescension.

Forgetting my pain and past that is permanently stained,  
I come to realise that my falcon dream is my escape from my prison chains.  
Simmering shame flows through my darkened veins,  
as I know now that I have crossed the boundary of everlasting pain.  
Gone is the light from a future so bright, I've come to understand that I need to take flight at the very first light.

Who would have guessed that one so blessed,  
would chose a path of destruction and a cage laden with corruption.  
I pray for a painless night, my wings preparing for the ultimate flight.

Green pastures on my left and a sparkling blue sky on my right,  
I soar again, thanks to my precious falcon dream.  
Amidst the darkened clouds, I take my last flight,  
in search of a way out of this desperate plight.