Hero With a Wing

Robert Calvert

I see myself a hero
While one wings falls away
And the dial approaches zero
In a spiralling display.
My past life flashes feverishly,
And lives I did not lead,
Like the time I was a hero
Of a weird, outlandish breed.One arm of flesh and muscle
And one of feathered scale
I was hero with one wing
That was of no avail.
I could only fly in circles
Like a corkscrew in the sky,
My one wing flapping frantically
While birds just glided by.I launched myself from mountains
And from the highest trees
And though I could get nowhere
Just landed on my knees.
But still I was a hero,
With one wing more than most.
Almost half an Angel;
A whirling holy ghost.My father was an eagle
With two wings wide as sails
My mother was the west wind witch
With grasping finger nails.
She lured him from his aerie
With her twittering device.
She kept him in a golden cage
And fed him field mice.

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