

## Through the Window

A thick layer of acrid smoke rested its face upon the sleepless streets just after dawn. Soon the vast rays of sun will arrive, reaching their evergreen hands of warmth from beneath the abyss, from legacies beyond the unfathomable anonymity of the Earth. Briskly moonlit avenues chuckle with cacophonies of men, women, children - people from all walks of life. Each with their own distinctly different thoughts blocking and consuming their minds, inside and out, all and around. Each with one set purpose. A mindset to get somewhere, to go. Elsewhere and beyond.

A man reaches into his pockets, his hand crafted leather souls knuckle the ground after each grandiloquent stride. His gold encrusted pocket watch dangling from a brass chain beneath his oxen belt. A lady graciously lifts her petticoat and bends down to pick up her child's mechanical nut cracker toy, all with impeccable elegance. An ear piercing bell rings, echoing each corner, cranny and nook. All are one for a singularity, silence throws itself upon the drowning crowd. Infiltrating ear canals, all but to process one thought in unison and then part as if one were to scrape the burning blackness off of a piece of burnt toast. The platforms are gaining way and smoke arises from a dark tunnel revealing a miniscule amount of the briskly wondrous light. The charcoal particles leave an entrancing pattern in the light. I could only ponder.

Dodging small markets and stands, under canvas sails, over pickpocketing orphans. A feather of mine departs from my dust ridden coat, I follow it into the crowd, but the smoke from nearby factories mellows the colour dull in seconds. I'm stolid.

**“Barth, I plea you get down here right now, this uttermost very moment!”.**

I flap my wings harder, the dust from within my fibres create a black thundering cloud behind me. Not out of context, it would definitely not be. Now the crowds are thicker, and thicker like tar. Black, chunky and unforgiving. I plunge for silence onto an old rusted lantern pole, the steel a harmful hue of burnt sienna. Beneath me, a woman rushing aimlessly with a small baby in hand, wrapped in a silk woven cloth that hugged his skin like a flowing river. A young boy with shoes missing their soles and a hat missing its rim strikes up conversation with this very woman. My talons clench around the pole. My skin thins to the knuckles. Another boy rides up behind and snatches her purse in one violent jagged movement, sprinting off into a sea of people the woman would not dare to submerge herself into. I yell and the boys look back, I singe my eyes deep into theirs.

And here I sit, same as before, and there in patches of the hollow, in the corner of the vignette through the glass.

I spread my wings and flamenco with the curvature of the air around me. I don't break the wind and I certainly do not pierce it. I am one. I am one with the sky, the air, and the breeze in the valleys and the patches of the hollow in the banks. I manipulate my environment for I and me. I do this for the heart winding feeling of utter freedom grabbing my ankles tight. The mere ability to spread my feathers further than the end of one strand to the tip of the other.

The bell rings again, the havoc it creates in my ears is just as tremendous as it ever was and ever will be. That same miniscule passage of wondrous light is visible again. It peaks through and whispers, yet it only whispers a message more colossal than the far stretches of my imagination. All I can do now is wonder what else is behind that wondrous light with coal particles dancing centre stage at royal balls, wearing pearl earring's, eating stuffed dodo with macaroons. My pace quickens, all my energy exerts into bursts of flight, free within the limitless dimensions of the air entralling my body. I am almost there, so close, their dancing the tango now. I can feel it; my beak being hugged by the evergreen rays. Just one more...flap...flap...

**“Bartholomew Mathews Jefferson, YOU ARE TO QUIT STARING AIMLESSLY OUT OF THE WINDOW AND GET DOWN THE STAIRS, GROW SOME WINGS IF YOU HAVE TO!”.**

I wish.