

if I were a bird I would be quiet but happy. my deceptively strong wings would have black feathers that stung you if you tried to touch them. and my body would sustain itself on dandelion leaves. I would carry my best friends on my back, the chunky caterpillar, the ladybug and I would pluck worms from the dirt and toss them back into their seats so that I could take them to see the world above them. my belly would be plump, swollen with fresh rainwater from the flower petals. I would rescue the scared creatures from the high treetops and help my friends construct their nests. maybe I would land on a human's shoulder or a kid's handlebars. maybe the window pane to watch this family who laughs during breakfast, or the siblings who argue after school, or the parents who hold hands while they read before bed. I would peck away the glass until I carved a hole just big enough to squeeze my body through if it meant I could join them.