Fly High

I fly high into the
Sky as I
Spread my wings
My mother’s hand
Comes to meet
Mine

I try to make her
Let go.
The wind blows
My thoughts follow behind
My mother’s face starts wither
Away
I try to remember
The face of who created me.

I try to remember
But
Nothing comes to mind
I try to remember
I try to remember her nose
I try to remember her eyes

I try to remember
Her ears
I try to remember how she
Said I love you
I try to remember
But nothing comes to mind.