

## **Vigilant Birds**

We are attentive.

All three of us are looking

To the right, to the left, and forward.

Waiting in anticipation,

We are eager to soar,

One leg off the ground.

It seems we have discovered a golden scheme,

A way to reach the heights.

Each of us have captured

A strand of the celestial.

A white string securing multiple bright lights,

Stretching upwards in sunny yellows,

Surrounded by washes of tempered orange.

A blessed ladder,

In the center of this universe

Is beaconing with its bright blue steps,

Marking the sure path to the skies.

As vigilant birds,

Nested on our own shadows,

We have developed an inner longing,

A trusting hope, that one day, soon,

We will be lifted.

Unaware of our wings,  
We gaze in all directions,  
Attached to our own dark image,  
Mistaking it for our safe home-base.  
Could we surrender our perceptions  
Of sunny strands and blue steps?  
As we realize our inner strength  
To sail skyward...

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Inspiration: *Everybody is Looking for the Ladder* by Eric  
Parbel