

The Birds: 2 poems

written by Guest Contributor | December 6, 2019



* * *

Wings

Wings are intricate things,
yet simple.

So without much thought,
flap yours to fly.

Don't make it hard work.
Let them just be

and glide.

* * *

Ego Is a Bird

Overcome the cage,
and open the gate.
Ego is a bird;
it should fly.

May it not be too feathery,
too weak in the wind,
too light.

May it not be too heavy,
too stubborn and unbending,
too misguided with might.

May it have humility.
May it have faith.

The sky will know,
and it will wait.

But morning bird,
widen now your wings,
so as not to be too late.

* * *



Joe Bisicchia writes of our shared dynamic. An Honorable Mention recipient for the Fernando Rielo XXXII World Prize for Mystical Poetry, his works have appeared in numerous publications. His website is www.JoeBisicchia.com.

feature photo by Mike Bisicchia