

Freedom



I pushed foot to metal,
And my sportscar sprinted across the valley floor.
Like a mechanical stallion
With its fire inside
But its motives under my control,
Financed by my paycheck and drive
So that I might drive this fast,
This far,
With hand on stickshift,
I moved my car.

Then saw I a wing, blocking sky
Above my head through a sunroof ajar to catch the wind,
Of free-flying eagle
With its fire inside,
Taming those skies on its own,
Driven by autonomy that trumped my economy,
And flew it fast with balded brow
Real far
With wing to sky,
And wished it I.

--Mr. Harrison

