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## Fly

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## *Fly*

I wish I could sing like hummingbirds fly.  
I wish I could hear the flowers.  
One day the leaves on the aspen are green.  
One day you tremble for hours.

One day you feel like a cross without tenure.  
One day, like a kid with a match.  
I wish I could just blow away like the clouds  
or snuff all the stars with a breath.

I wish I could whittle the stone from a peach  
into a small basket of hope,  
and lower it into a wishing well,  
and just let go of the rope.

I wish I could take back the last wish I wished.  
But I can't, and I can't wish it harder.  
One day the worked doesn't matter so much.  
One day it's meaner and smaller.

One day they dress you in clothes of glass.  
One day they board up your eyes.  
I wish it wasn't so far to fall,  
wasn't so hard to fly.

I wish I could go where hummingbirds go  
when flowers fall deaf on the lawn.  
One day the leaves are waving goodbye.  
One day the leaves are gone.

*Jim Simmerman*