

tired of being a bullet

I'm tired of being a bullet
I wanna be a butterfly.

I'm tired of trying to hit targets
I wanna float
meander
get there when I get there
stop for snacks
pull over and take a nap
absorb the local color
check out some flowers
see the sights.

I'm tired of aim and speed and straight lines
I wanna let the wind take me where it takes me
I wanna zig the zag
loop the loop
go backwards
act on a whim
get lost for a while
and wind up right where I need to be.

I'm tired of my blue steel skin and my gunpowder guts
tired of making holes in things
tired of the bang and the bam and then ...
... nothing
I wanna be ancient and new
soft and light
fragile and strong
I wanna migrate
flutter in the breeze
join my tribe in the trees
I wanna go home.