

I can almost feel my wings (a response to Townes Van Zandt's great song, "To Live is To Fly")

I've heard old men pine about their lives and love and loss when they sing.  
"To live is to fly," is one of those lines, and I can almost feel my wings.

Through unsteady steps, quiet reps, and endless dents and dings  
the practice runs are never done and I can almost feel my wings.

As a child with spirits wild, my heart would freely fling.  
It must've been I felt them then, I must have felt my wings.

But time is slow, and as I grow I feel its slothful sting;  
A slow offender makes it hard to remember I used to feel my wings

Some voices chant, "Oh no you can't," and in my head it rings.  
But I think again and recall when I could feel my wings.

Absent voices and impossible choices are tempting me to cling  
to ancient self-doubt, but I figured out, I've got to trust my wings.

Despite hurt and harm, I'm arm in arm, I stand with queens and kings  
and poorly peasants, and in their presence I can feel my wings

And though trust may fail, to no avail, still my spirit sings.  
And as I speak, though I may be weak, right now I feel my wings

With adopted creed, I pray take heed and hear this charge I bring:  
Know the truth is in you too. I can see your wings.