

Learning to Fly
A Parable

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A falcon lived inside a bamboo cage.
His needs were met. He knew not love or rage.





He thought he'd lived there all his little life,
and so he sang no songs of joy or strife.

It meant not much to him he could not fly,
out in the sun, under the open sky.
From time to time a thought of discontent
would cross his mind, he knew not what it meant.





‘Till one day Madam Bluebird came to call,
and shattered his illusions one and all.

“Have you no pride in what you are my dear?
Just spread your wings. What beast have you to fear?
A bird you are, not meant for smallish ways.
Try out your wings, waste not your precious days.”

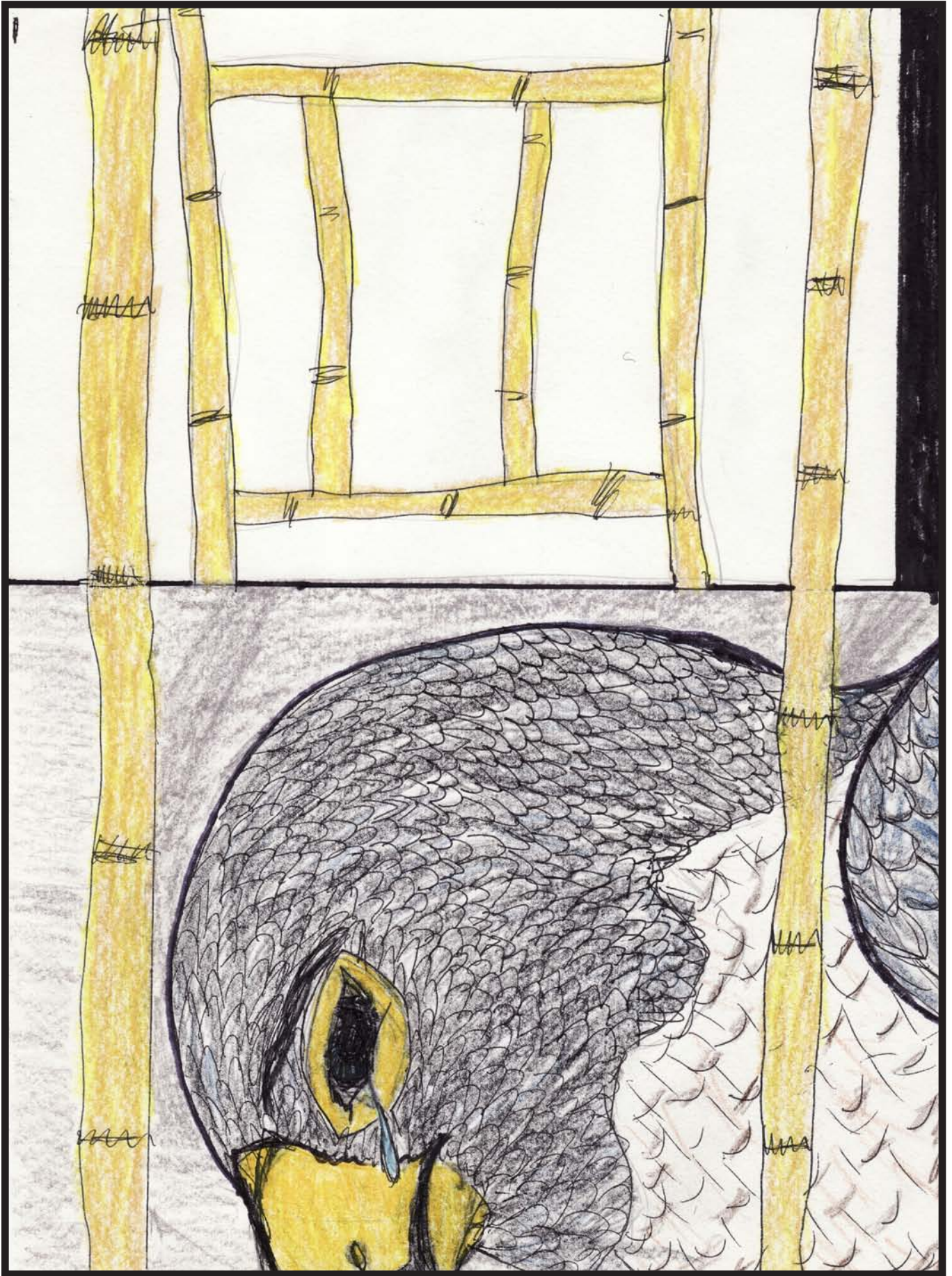
His Majesty ignored her sage advice.
Continued on his feasts of store-bought mice.





“I am quite unlike that small, bright being
who told me of the joys of ones own freeing.
Who’s she to tell me that I’m made for flight?
I’m a house-bird. It just wouldn’t be right!”
And so he went along for quite some time.
His life, it lacked all reason and lacked rhyme.

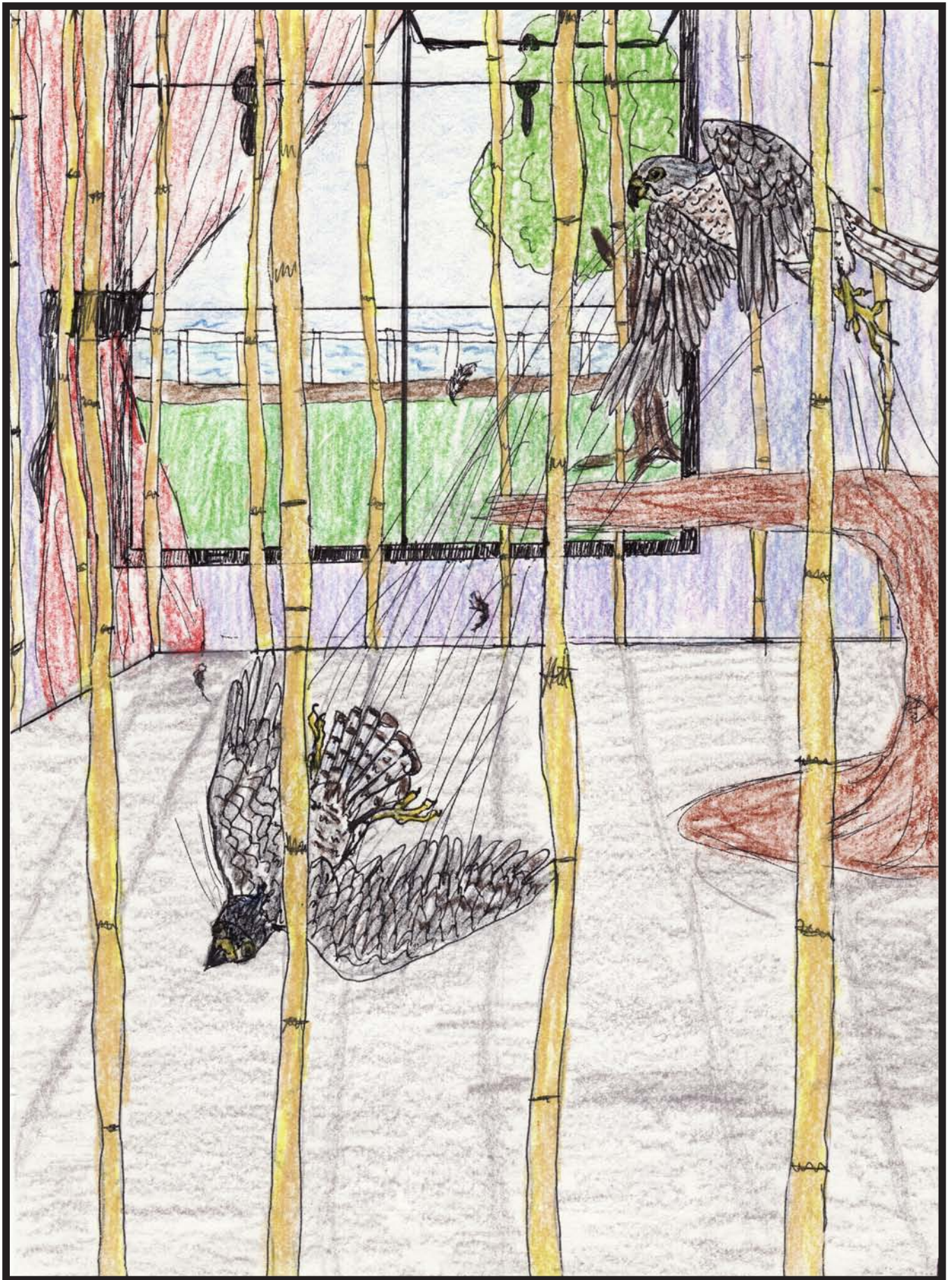
But then one day his heart began to roar:
“Go on you fool, just spread your wings and soar!”
A tear coursed down along his noble cheek,
and then he knew he must a new path seek.

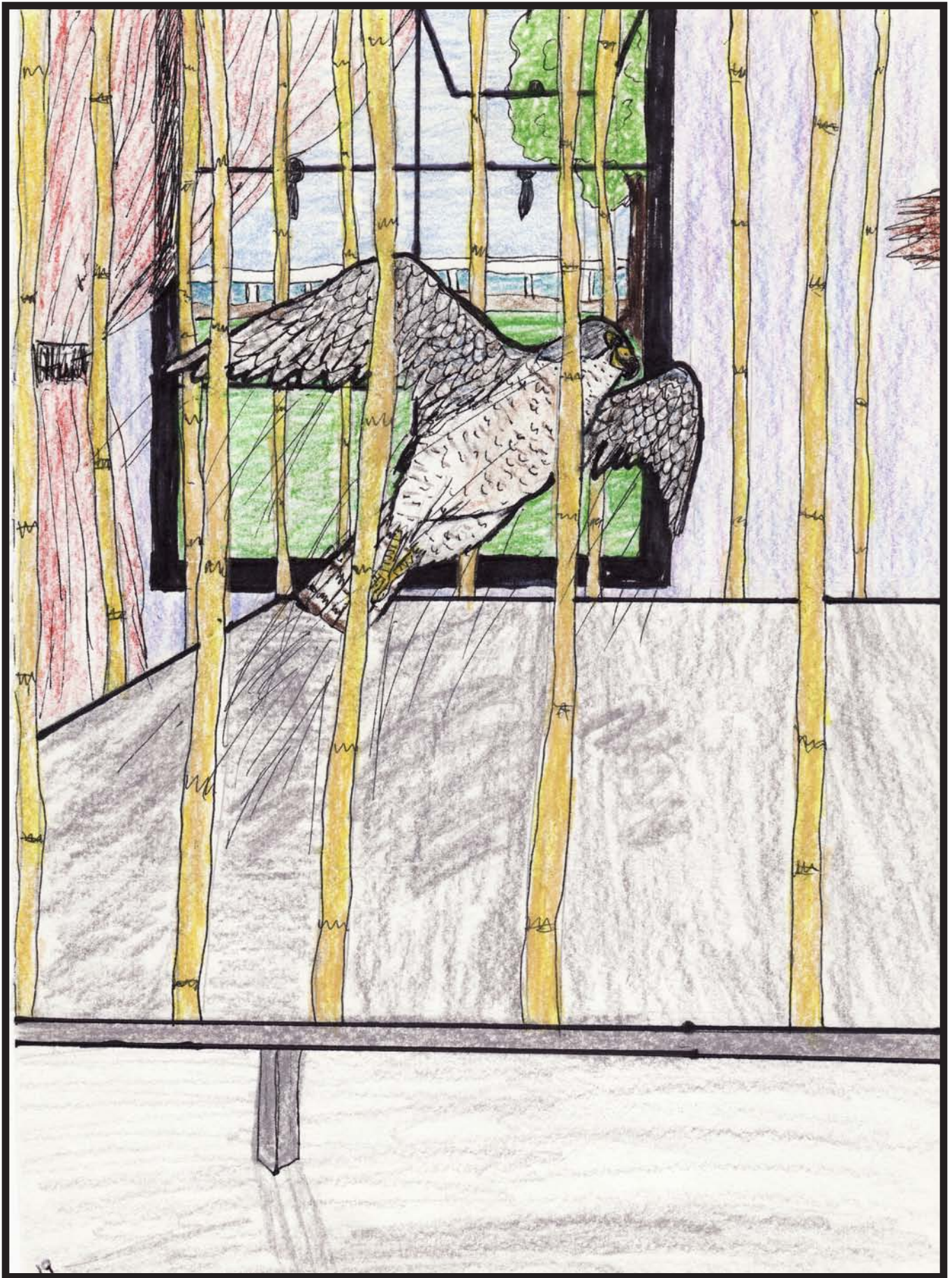




He started to experiment with flight.
He'd flap his wings all through the day and night.

His first short tries were really not that good.
A small voice said, “Give up, you know you should.”





But soldier on he did and soon he flew.
And then he could admit what he knew true.
“I am just like the lovely one who came.
Who taught me what I am—my proper name!”

He looked at last at his weak, woody jail,
and laughed because he saw it was not hale.





That night he slept, a smile upon his face,
and come the morn his heart began to race.
When all was quiet, all the humans gone,
he freed himself and flew out to the lawn.

To see what was about he climbed a tree.
And then he laughed because he was so free.
All the world he saw was filled with beauty;
and he was free from sadness, hate and duty.





28

June 18th,

The falcon is still in the tree.
It's been 5 weeks and I +

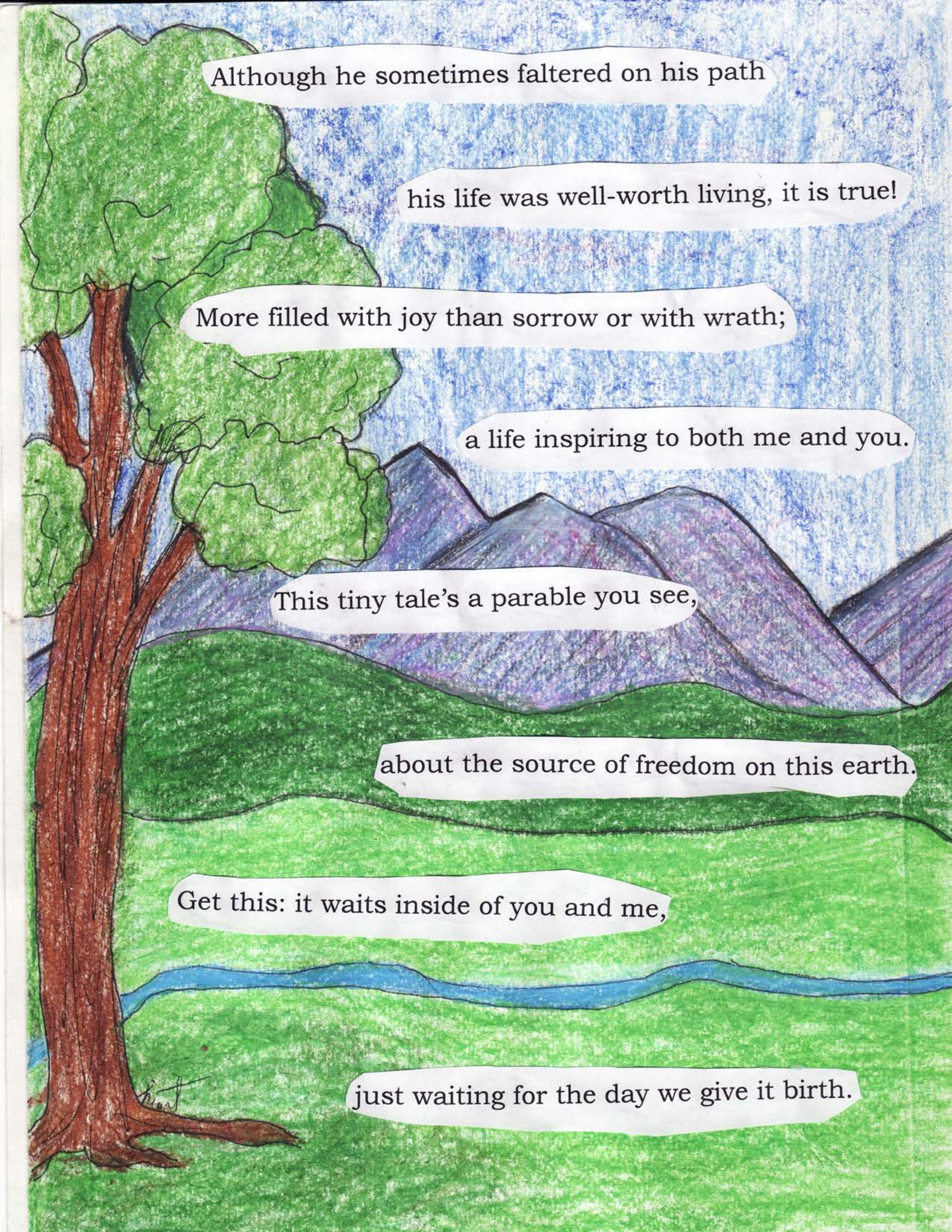
July

The falcon is gone. I
watched him fly away

Of course his story ends not at this place.
He still had many trials left to face.
For giving up old limits is real hard.
It took him weeks to even leave the yard!



And yet I think this is where I shall stop.
But so your expectations I don't drop,
I have this left to say of our small friend,
before this little tale comes to an end:



Although he sometimes faltered on his path

his life was well-worth living, it is true!

More filled with joy than sorrow or with wrath;

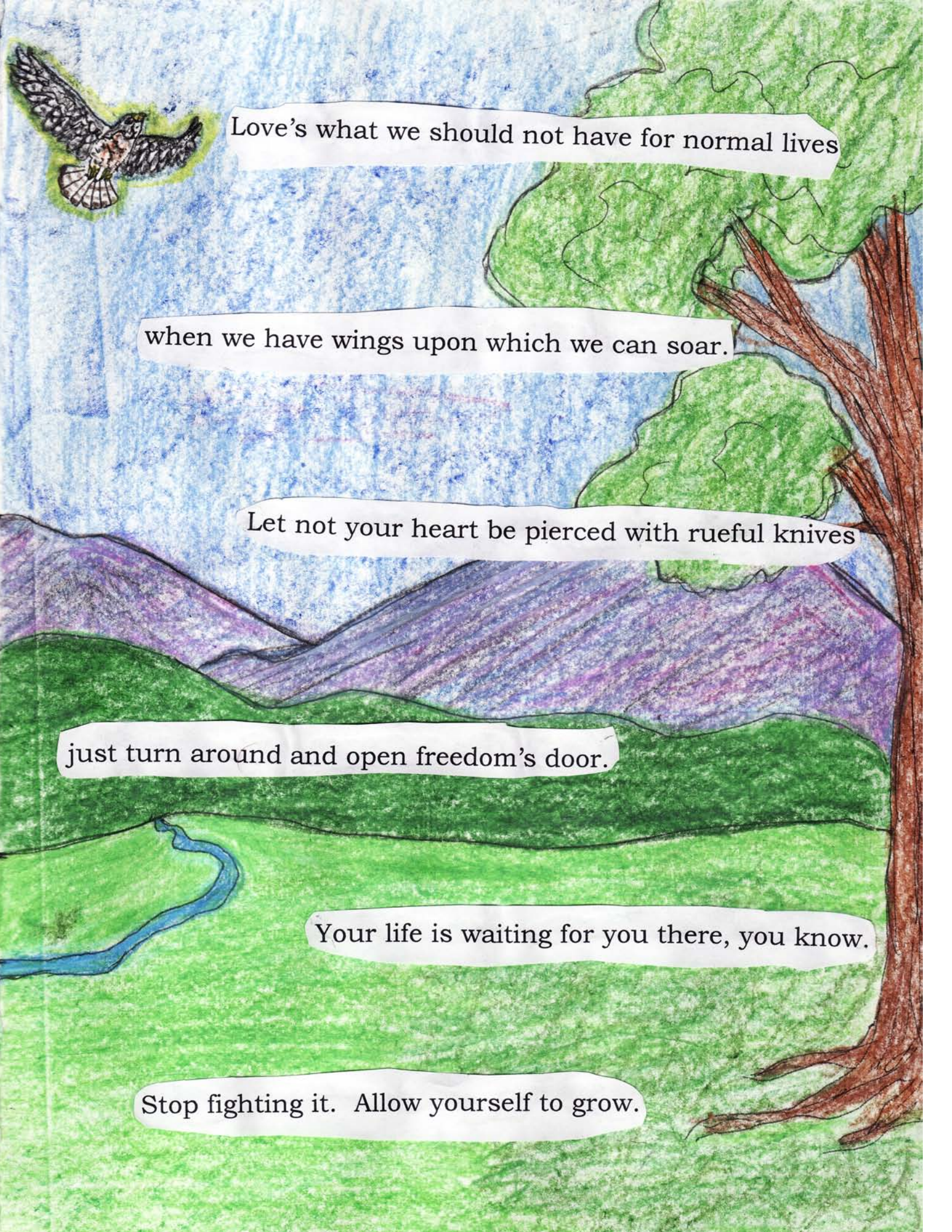
a life inspiring to both me and you.

This tiny tale's a parable you see,

about the source of freedom on this earth.

Get this: it waits inside of you and me,

just waiting for the day we give it birth.



Love's what we should not have for normal lives

when we have wings upon which we can soar.

Let not your heart be pierced with rueful knives

just turn around and open freedom's door.

Your life is waiting for you there, you know.

Stop fighting it. Allow yourself to grow.

The Beginning

