

Blown: Part 1

Once upon a time
In a far away land

of the fog
clouds and rain

A girl was born

with a name to remain.

Blown, blown by the wind it's a name to
never be tamed.

She ran through the hills like she would
Through the rain
And nothing, nothing could scare her or
make her behave.

Whenever,
Whoever caught a glimpse of her with their eye,
Could never mistake her because of her
style:

The clothes that she wore were not merely cloths,
They were characters,
stories and
memories irresistible by
but
immune to the moths.

But one thing that made her unique and
alone in that world,
Was her head made for crowns that
she wore.

Admired by many,
Protected from all and
Belonging to none-

She would float in the crowd
Slightly above,
Slightly off shore.

But one thing for certain-
She was never a bore!

The eye of an eagle, the sense of a vulture and the grip of a hawk
She had for bringing the next ground breaking maverick to the floor.

And the name that she found
That now cannot be changed

Is one of a phoenix-
A magical creature
That could also never be tamed.

That was the time
When that girl, for the first time forever,
Felt hardly alone
Finding together the lands yet unknown.

c. Nov 2018