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The Wings

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The Wings

When I woke this morning
It was no longer dark
I yawned and stretched
I began to scan the room
with my tired eyes
I stopped at the chair
where the punch bowl sat
and then I remembered
trying not to think
about what happened
I got up to dress
when I shook my shoulders
I could feel my wings
beating against my back
I was surprised that
I still had them
I stood on the chair
and looked into the mirror
expecting to see them
covered with ashes
or stained with blood
but they were snow white

Leonora M. Cravotta