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Wings

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Wings

By: Jessica DiSalvatore

Before we made our first paper airplanes,
you cupped my hair,
tangled by the wind,

in your crinkled hands to tie it back.
We flicked the planes into the breeze
and the blue jays carried them away

underneath their plumes of blue and white.
The battle went on, and we
lay on the hill in the backyard

of your brick red home.
As the lush grass was slowly harvested
by the creeping sunset, we watched the blue wings

peel away from the orange and purple
that crumpled and creased the sky above us, and the wings
fluttered and clashed until they drifted past

the hill out of sight.
This was before you earned your wings—
before the wind brought black crows

that jaw at the blood red color
of your abandoned home—
before my hair became a nesting ground,

and before the silence of paper became
the peals of those lethal metal machines
that pierce the sultry black air.