

Flight Paths
By Jade Chan

Monarch

Fluttering around,
My wings, delicate as stained glass,
flash a flaming orange warning:
Don't get too close.

But when I have a goal,
instinctive and indefatigable,
I ascend to the skies on a journey,
as a symbol of hope.

Hummingbird

Sucking the sweetness out of life,
trying to satisfy my insatiable hunger.
Why leave some for others
when I could have it all to myself?

But as I hover between right and wrong,
zip from Zinnia to Azalea,
purposefully pollinating as I go,
I know that fruit and friendship will flourish.

Milkweed

Cocooned by a protective barrier,
restricted from the dangers of the world.
Locked in place until "ready".
Reluctantly, my guardians' shield inches away.

Finally, the dry autumn winds,
release me from my pod-like cage,
and I softly float at the mercy of the breeze,
savouring my new sense of self-purpose.