

Udeema Shakya
Humanities-½
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Abraxos

I am a wyvern. Born to hate. Bred to kill.
Unintelligent. Beast.
Not even a wyvern. Just a runt that others use as their toy to torture as I lay helpless,
chained to the wall.
My weapons have been sawed off,
my tail once full of glorious poisonous spikes,
now bald and ugly,
and my sharp fangs, ripped out!
Even my wings have been beaten to the point where I cannot fly.
By the beasts that call themselves humans.
All that's left is my snout, red eyes, deformed wings, four legs, bald tail, and tiny body.

I wonder what it feels like to freely swoop through the air, on mighty and strong wings,
not these battered, holey ones that have felt the bites of a thousand bullies.
I wonder what it's like out there, far from this place where we are just weapons.
I wonder what it's like in the place with the green and silver.
The place that the wind only brings snippets of.

The place the red comes from.

Red cloak.
Bloody conscience.
Heartless.
The Witches.

They said that she was the most cruel.
They whispered her name in fear.
They, the keepers of the whips.
They, the ones who let me be tortured by the others, the ones who control them.

She fell from the skies.
She freed me from my chains.
She used her stick of metal to cut them away.
She and her cloak the color of blood.
She who wanted wings to help her fly again.

Red cloak.
Bloody conscience.
Heartless.
Witch.

She who has a heart.
She who called me a warrior when I stood up against my oppressors.
She who bore all the insults and threats when she chose the runt, me, to be her wings.
She who recognized a friend in me.

She who isn't a bully. She isn't like the other witches.
She has a heart.

Soon, I will soar with her and her red cloak the color of blood through the clouds.

Red, the color of her pulsing heart full of strength. And loyalty. And compassion.
I'm can't show her how to fly yet, but I will.
I hope that I can show her that she doesn't have to be like the others,
who are heartless,
who kill and bloody everything without thought,
who torture because they think it is fun.

I will finally fly, and I will be her wings.

Red cloak.
Strong wings.
Pulsing heart.
The Witch,
and The Wyvern.