

# Broken Wings of Love

Spinning...

Darkness...

Never-ending motion – but no motion at all...

Forever and never...

\* \* \*

A breath, a whisper, a warm current of air ... Did air even exist yet ...? A gentle touch. A touch that could move mountains.

Suddenly – in an explosion of light, and life, and power – Da-Shua, the angel *was*!

He expanded his lungs and took in his first breath. He lifted his head, and in one fluid movement rose from the crouching position he'd found himself in. He stood; tall, pushing back his shoulders, and became aware of his height – and breadth ... He had wings. Beautiful wings ... Glistening feathers, shot through with silver and hints of gold.

“I have given you wings that you may fly My son. Go now! Go – and see the object of your desire.”

\* \* \*

The zoo-keeper opened the door of the cage, threw in a piece of meat, turned abruptly and walked away. Da-Shua drew in breath once more, the air felt different ... he looked around. Sky through wire enclosure. He felt himself balanced. Resting lightly. Perfect control. He felt almost weightless; agile ... blood was coursing through his wings. He flexed them and saw, through his peripheral vision, the outstretched expanse of brown, gold and white glossy feathers. He felt a light breeze separate them slightly. His eyes fixed onto a small crack in the door. As he mentally calculated the distance to it, and the amount of force needed to reach it, he saw it swing lazily open, as if pushed by an invisible hand ... He released his claws from the branch he was standing on, looked to the horizon, and with one powerful contraction propelled himself to freedom.

He beat his wings. Measured flexions, driving him upwards. He marvelled at the effortless power he had. Warm air currents lifted him higher and higher. He was soaring! He looked down to the earth beneath him and surveyed it. He saw a city sprawling out below. Shades of grey, interrupted by squares of green here and there; arms, like an octopus, stretching out from the main conurbation into the patchwork of the countryside. He assessed which direction was north, turned slightly to the east, and headed in that direction.

He could feel the pull of her, the magnetism of her spirit, latching on to a piece of him that he didn't know existed ... the urgency of that need to be with her, the pull of those two pieces being drawn together, because they were two parts of the same thing ...

The instinctual need for cohesion sucked him down to earth. He landed on top of a garage. At that moment, she looked up at him. Their eyes met for the first time ...

“Mum! Mum! Look at that big bird!”

“Yes, yes,” she replied. Absorbed in the task of pegging clothes to the line.

“But Mum- Look! There's a big bird on top of the garage!”

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His inner-most being swelled with joy, and his heart leapt as he experienced that momentary communion and recognition that was sparked by two souls, cut from the same piece of cloth, meeting for the first time ...

And then ...

She was snatched away from him ...

\* \* \*

Hours later, weakened by lack of food, and grief, the eagle dropped down from the sky to rest. He alighted on the branch of an oak tree when suddenly, out of no-where, he found himself ensnared in a net ... “Got him!” yelled the zoo-keeper. “It’s back home for you my boy – hope you enjoyed your bit of freedom ...” There was a tinge of sadness and sympathy in the man’s voice, as he admired the majestic bird. Part of him wanted to let it go. Back to the wild open skies where it belonged ... but ‘he had a job to do’, and he knew that capturing Prince would put him in a good position to get that promotion he wanted.

It was with a hint of regret that he closed the cage door on the returned escapee ...

\* \* \*

Darkness was beginning to fall when there was another click of the cage door.

“Well, hello Budgie,” said the red-head as she entered. “You know you’re going to have to die for that stunt you just pulled, don’t you – and guess what? I’m the lucky one who’s going to have the pleasure of killing you!” *I’m not a budgie, I’m a golden eagle!* thought Prince, pulling himself up to his full height on the perch in front of her. He realised that she could hear his thoughts as she said, “Well, I’m a demon, so you’ll always be a budgie to me!”

She lunged at him, but in an instant, he had managed to outstretch his wings and sink his three-inch talons into her forearms. He clawed her over and over; shredding her skin till her black blood was running. He at least had the satisfaction of that sight, and the sound of her guttural cries of pain, before she managed to extricate her arms and, thrusting them upwards violently, broke both his wings. He instinctively reacted to the source of his excruciating pain, with one precisely aimed jab of his sharp, curved beak. He embedded it into the top of her left hand. She screamed as she tried to shake him off, but he was not letting go. He would tear out her flesh before releasing his vice-like grip of her!

And, with one sudden jerk of his head, he did just that. But she clamped both hands around his neck - and snapped it in half ... Bone splintered, and with it, his spinal cord was severed ... the light faded from his eyes and he felt himself detach from flesh and feather ... he was free once more, but with no mortal vehicle for his spirit ... no way of meeting the eyes of his love ... for now.