Oh! I have outwitted the sun-filled chains of day light and agitated in the night sky on moon-kissed wings.

Moonward I’ve climbed and joined the party of the stars and done a hundred tumbles you have never dreamed of.

Hunted, soared, swooped.

High in the moon-lit glare I’ve stalked the echo of insects and flung my primed wings through the majestic cupboards of air up, up the large midnight darkness.

Bradley Goulding

(Writing as a bat)