Magical Wings

Gazing at the magnificent mountains,

My wings flap over the parade of trees.

Staring at the shimmering, blue fountains,

Standing like soldiers in the cold air breeze.

The breath-taking mountains have no motion,

The wispy mist fills the untold valleys.

My life is apart like the clear ocean.

Now it is time for my grand finale.

By Saya Forghani