

Thrownness

Harrison Potts

I could have been a pair of golden wings
With talons and a beak between my eyes,
Looking for rabbits and edible things
From my vantage point in the deep blue sky.

I could have been a cat with razor claws
Hunting tapirs in the maze-like jungle,
Or one that catches mice between its paws
And lounges around with its stomach full.

I could have been an eight-legged creature
Stalking insects across a desert land,
With fangs of venom, horrific features,
And hairy legs the length of a human hand.

I could have been anything other than this;
I could have been something that didn't exist.