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Brid of Passage

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Bird of Passage (For the young Pia)

Alexander Turbonov

Togetherness...

She protects you and you seek safety in her arms.
Being torn apart is sometimes done for the best.
Only a year old, across the water you find safety.
Even though she is flyttfagel, bird of passage, she does her best.
Her young one is new to her, a new experience.
She leads you the best she can.
Understand, we must all do things for the first time.
Sometimes we are bewildered. It's only natural.
And so are the shortcomings.

How many times...

The flyttfagel leaves and months later returns.
Coy at first, you then rush together in happiness. But,
the happiness leaves shortly and she is gone once more.
Did you miss her? Or, did you loose her?
So small...

You remember her leaving on a journey to Italy.
Sadly, you both knew that she would not return.
What had you done to make her leave?

The flyttfagel leaves you with no memory of time together.
You're alone and you have the feeling that you're scared.
You remember the garden but not the people.
In an empty home, completely cut off, you had no idea
you were sitting in the eye of a storm.

I understand sitting in the eye of a storm, small one.
I know.

Like all young ones, you cry for your mother.

You can't understand the way the flyttfagel cries for you, too.
You cry yourselves to sleep thinking of each other.

Agony.

Can you feel the hurt in her words? in yours? Yet, you hurt as one.
Flyttfagels pass in many directions, you learn.
Sometimes it feels as if you're lonely.

Withdrawn, you become a convict surrounded by an electrically wired fence.
Though disillusioned, you must go on.
"Like." "Don't miss." "No desire to see." "Not seen enough to love."
"Only after did she want me."
Looking out, you see only part of what is left.
So you seal yourself inside you,
sealed with three drops of green wax.
For the first time, you **feel**. You want to choose.
It was all so alien, through your child's eyes.

Now, as you see things through your woman's eyes, it's entirely different.
The flyttfagel is so wonderful, so energetic, so alive.

From an island in a dark sea, the ashes ebb and flow on the gentle waves.
The spirit of the flyttfagel soars on the cold winds and sings to you from the other;
When I stop somewhere, I cannot stop for ever.
I might hope for it, but a foreboding pinches
my mind and says:
 "You will not stay, you'll leave."

You leave, you remember and you love.
 I understand, small one.
 I know.
Dear sweet Pia.
Dear sweet Pia...