

Allow Your Broken Wings The Time They Need To Heal

BY KIM MACKAY

I'm on the ground. It's cold and dark, and I can feel the cool night air, brushing over me.

Why am I here? How did this happen? I'm not understanding.

The moon is casting a dull light on my nest. I can see my nest above me. Did I fall? Did I jump? Was I pushed? I feel nothing. I can't move. My eyes are closing.

I woke the next morning to the sun on my back and the cool ground beneath my feet. I had an intoxicating feeling of shock. I was still on the ground, not in my nest. I was injured, broken.

The pain began to sweep over me and consume my entire body. I looked up to my nest and began to cry out for help. The other bird looked down at me from the nest and didn't speak.

"Help me! I need to get back up to you, to my nest. Please help me! Fix me, so I can return."

The bird in the nest said, "I want to, but I don't know if I can." And he sat, resting in the nest. My body began to shake with despair. The night closed in and I slept.

I woke the next day, again with the sun on my back and the cool ground beneath my feet. I couldn't move. I tried, but sat shocked, in total fear of my surroundings.

How do I move, how do I move...? I tried my wings and they hurt. I tried again and they hurt more. I was frail. I couldn't find myself food, and I was starving and weak. I closed my eyes.

I heard sounds – singing – and could see a tree, alive with movement. How do I get there?

My nest that we had built together – gathering piece by piece through storms and with love – was still there, but looked so different.

It was dull, strewn – it was empty.

As the days passed, my wings slowly began to get stronger and stronger, and the more strength I found, the more light I could see.

I could smell, hear, and feel the warmth of the sun within me. Then I moved...I lifted...and then I flew.

I flew to the tree with the singing birds, busy with life, laughter, and love.

I was whole. I was strong. I was free.

For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [The Universe Has Your Back: Transform Fear to Faith](#) .

"When we are asleep
in this world, we are
awake in another."

- Salvador Dali

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