

...THEN I GREW  
WINGS

*by*

LUCAS

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## DEDICATION

In loving memory of my late father, the man who taught me how to write by listening to the sound of music.

To my loving mother, the lifeblood of my dreams. I'm grateful for your unconditional love and sacrifice, and for raising my sisters who have always been my surrogate mothers.

To my beloved sisters, I wake up every day knowing at least three angels watch over me beside our mother. To anyone taking the necessary and personal journey of self-discovery, and to the gifted minds pushing their sanity limit to understand the beauty of the storms that live in their heads.





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## **1. BEGINNING**

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Growing up with three sisters was like having three surrogate mothers, which meant that the kid gloves never came off

I had watched a lot of Jackie Chan movies and after school I had a strict routine under the *mango tree* behind my house to practice all the kung-fu stunts

Even though throwing my limbs in the air and speaking in unknown tongues made me look like a boy possessed by a legion of demons

I had fun scaring the lizards on the mango tree and the ripe mangoes were my lunch in the harvest season

This and street soccer tournaments between the boys in the neighborhood were the peaks of fun before the arrival of video games - *a blip on the radar screen of civilization that signaled the dawn of a new age*

Eventually, video games became the coin of the realm of friendship, which segregated us and kept most of us in our houses

A few weeks later, I bought Mortal Kombat and the lizards on the *mango tree* never saw me again

~ Mango Tree ~

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Somewhere, the universe's radio is playing a funeral music in the happy home of a family of three  
A little girl waited for her parents to turn off the TV and switch off the light in her room after a goodnight  
kiss

Then she tiptoed to her bathroom, her fingers clenching a new razor blade

She stares at her wrists with the anxiety of an intern on a first solo surgery

She contemplates the degree of pain she'd feel when she bleeds her shame through her veins

But with tears in her eyes she slits her wrists the moment she thought of another school day with her peers  
who make habitual hateful remarks about her weight.

Somewhere in a dimly lit room

A sad boy with similar issues is pressing his father's loaded pistol to his temple

Contemplating how he would end it after putting a bullet in the faces he'd marked "x" in one of the  
pictures in his yearbook

~ Bullied ~

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## **2. BETWEEN**

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Perhaps, wildness is a necessity to channel the ever surging stream of magic through the hills and the rocky parts of our being

Perhaps, a blind leap outside the boundaries of reason will connect us to our deepest creative energy

Unfortunately, it's in our nature to care too much about unproven friendships and ignoring their ephemeral qualities

It's in our nature to fill up the top shelves of our mental cabinet with mayflies

Until our creative energy sinks slowly into dementia

And our thunder becomes a pitch of moaning cat stuck in a laundry machine.

A timeless sleep without a dream bores holes in our schemes

We are young. We are wild. We are free.

Free-falling like the sand trickling through the hourglass without a moment of magic from us to narrow its neck

We are young. We are wild. We are free.

We may forgive ourselves for what we've done with our youth but *time* won't forget

~ Time ~

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Suspend me with a long kiss like a rope linking earth to heaven  
With your touch, give my insecurity your dermic remedy and thaw my mind from its wintering  
I need you to sell me your religion  
Until I let go of my beliefs  
Show me how mysteries tromp promises  
And love me with all your reptile heart until your venom taste like honey  
Darling, I need your sweet words to be as sharp as a *dental extraction forceps*  
Then I won't have to worry about my conscience digging its moral tooth in my hapless heart  
Every time I spend the ungodly hours in your bed

~ **Dental Forceps** ~

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### **3. BRINK**

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If you only listen to your heart when someone is knocking

You'll only invite the needy in

As soon as they are fed and rested, they start to notice the flickering lights, the leaking pipes, the bad coffee, the dirty kitchen, the broken mirrors, the old electronics, the cobwebs and the tear in the curtains

Then they go from being needy to being nomadic

And when you begin to fix what you've been told is broken

You'll realize you've been building a home in your heart for those who need a *hotel room service*

It's time to check your guest list

How many people have been here

Needing a resting place for their rotten chest?

~ **Hotel Room Service** ~

*Pride* is an arterial bleed that needs to be cauterized

A bleed that is often internal where it can cause enough damage to the soul before the physical symptoms manifest

I often wonder about what wealth will do to me

Perhaps I'm a malleable being, and my pliable bones are easily deformed by the pressure and power that success brings

Most of us who came from humble beginnings often lose our heads in the clouds when we've outrun our storm

Forgetting that we may no longer check the price tag on our shoes, but we need to bend to tie our laces just like those whose hearts may be left momentarily arrhythmic by the price tag on a shoe

A man's name may carry weight among the masses

But if he thinks his head deserves a crown for this reason, he might lose it

~ **Pride** ~

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## **4. BEGIN**

This *climate* of opinions has been holding my wild limbs tightly together like corded wood  
And I've watched the seasons orbit the spot that was chosen for me  
All the right rains grew my trees  
But their branches have never danced with the storm of my youth  
Summer paints their leaves green and ripens their fruits  
Winter cracks their barks, sheds their old leaves and feeds them to the wind  
On and on the seasons tie the beginning to the end in a loop while squeezing life out of everything that  
gives me itchy feet  
But the rare storm brings the music  
It talks to me like I'm beautiful  
And all I want to do is chase it  
~ Climate ~

Like every young man and woman with big ambitions

I have conditioned my mind to think of luck as fate's futile attempt to make me believe in superstition

But when I struggle against my limitations

I turn to old literatures, hoping the secrets in the words written by ancient souls can draw me a map to a  
back door

Or at least provide the location to a safe haven that once served as refuge for men and women who have  
seen it all before they passed on

What I have realized is this, doors can become walls

If no one comes to turn their keys

And every good knowledge old or new, prevents spiritual or moral bankruptcy

*Literature* is my safety net, a safety net that often catches the limbs of drowning souls

This is why I think safety is a destination or a revelation, and sometimes it's both

~ Literature ~