Humans aren’t meant to fly, but I can remember flying. When I shut my eyes, I can remember sitting in a Cessna-172, a small Sky Hawk of no significance within the industry that I’ve chosen. I can remember the maroon stripe that swept across the outside of the white body, a tattoo of some kind. To me, that tattooed scrap of metal was a one-way ticket to glory. I can remember the feeling of giddy excitement like when you’re first being strapped into a roller-coaster. The sense of anticipation and nervousness you try to hide, only being given away by the beads of sweat that might coat your hairline. The fear dissipates though, the nervous twist that clenched my stomach, pounding like a monkey's fist...it’s gone. The roar of the engine and the swing of the propellers as the metal body I sat in began to move. I can close my eyes and feel the bend and groan of the skin and ribs of the aircraft against a high sailing wind, the way a bird twitches and pulls it’s muscles to feel the wind along its leading edge. The feeling of gravity losing its strong grasp over you and finally being free to shudder and expand aching wings, irreplaceable. I can remember being kissed by an ever burning glory of colour that evening, even shutting my eyes I couldn’t escape it. It’s velvet touch to the cheeks, tinting and glowing as I spent an unknown number of hours pretending. I soared through a vast ocean of independence with the wind ruffling my newborn feathers. Who could stop me? Being able to glance through the body of a large bird and see civilization below, small, miniscule, and insignificant compared to the current moment. Only when the sun and it’s fading sea of orange and gold dip below the horizon, is reality to be faced again. Gravity beckons the large bird to a resting place of asphalt and tire treads, beckoning for a graceful landing and a final swoop of its wings. The fear from before fully dissipated, no nervousness, no anticipation. I can remember
the roar of the engine mumble to a gentle purr and putter as it ruffled out it’s feathers and
drew in its wings to rest. Humans aren’t meant to fly, but I can remember flying.