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.