

Edge of the Cliff

by Blaire Ostler | Jan 17, 2017 | Agency, Featured, Feminism, Potential, Transhumanism | 0 comments



I stood on the edge of the cliff.
Salty sea air rushed across my skin.
My lover by my side.
His wings spread wide with confidence,
then he jumped.

I watched and smiled in delight,
light reflected off his wings,
as he pursued his heart's desire.
He was happy,
so I was happy.

The man dressed in white,
came to the cliff to clip my wings.

He was kind and soft-spoken.
He called himself, Protector.
My wings needed taming.

I didn't mind.
He was gentle,
and my wings were just as fair as my lover's,
perhaps even more fair.
Maybe that's why they needed taming.

Much later, my lover flew,
I stood still, watching from the cliff's edge.
I smiled in his shadow.
He made such lovely shadows.
Large shadows.

The man dressed in white,
came to clip my wings again.
My lovely wings needed taming.
They were to be admired, adored,
not used.

I didn't mind, I had other work to do.
My sons needed rearing.
They grew until they flew.
They were happy,
so I was happy.

Much later,
my sons flew with my lover.
Their wings spread wide with confidence.
I stood on the cliff's edge lonely, but joyful,
observing their freedom.

The man dressed in white,
came to clip my wings again.
My abdomen was swollen with my daughter.
Even if he hadn't clipped my wings,
could I even fly?

Much later,
my lover flew with our young daughter.
It was beauty beyond my imagination.
She was happy,
so I was happy.

The man dressed in white,
came to clip my wings again.
I asked him, "Why must you clip my wings?"
He replied, "You know why.
It has always been so."

The man in white called for my daughter.
She couldn't hear him.
Her wings were so young and fragile.
How could she possibly need taming?
She could barely fly.

The man in white called for her again,
but she was too engrossed in freedom to notice.
He would not clip her wings.
I told the man in white to leave,
and never return.

Much later,
my lover flew with our children.
My wings were lovely, but frail.
Perhaps tamed beyond use,
could I even fly?

I stood on the edge of the cliff.
Salty sea air bushed across my skin.
With the sun setting in the distance,
my wings spread wide with confidence,
then I jumped.

Share This Post! Because Sharing Really is Caring!



Blaire Ostler

Blaire Ostler holds a BFA in Design from the International Academy of Design and Technology-Seattle. She is CEO and board member of the Mormon Transhumanist Association. She is a queer feminist advocate and writes on the intersections of Mormonism, feminism, and transhumanism, and is passionate about esthetics, religion, gender studies, human sexuality, philosophy, and art. She and husband Drew reside in Utah with their three children.