

Learning to fly

Wings are not only for birds; they are also for minds.

*"Don't believe what your eyes tell you.
All they show is limitation.
Look with your understanding,
Find out what you already know
and you'll see the way to fly."*



Richard Bach

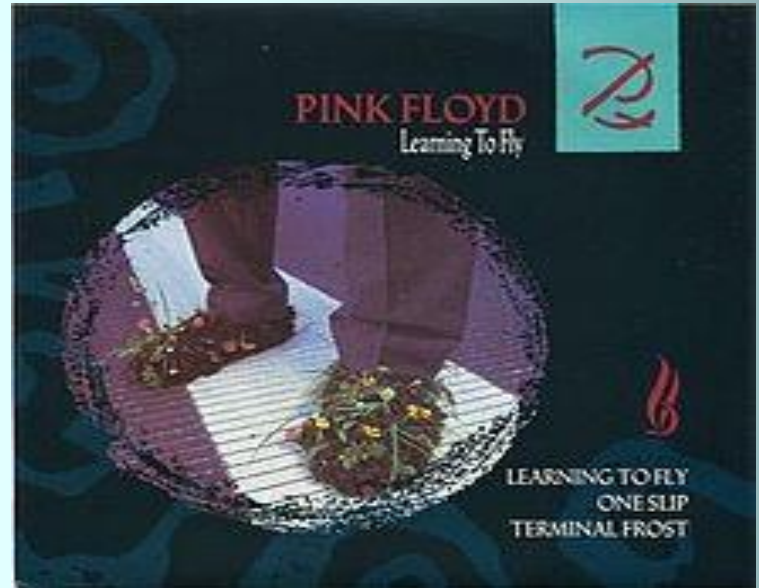
"Jonathan Livingston Seagull"

Learning to fly... with music

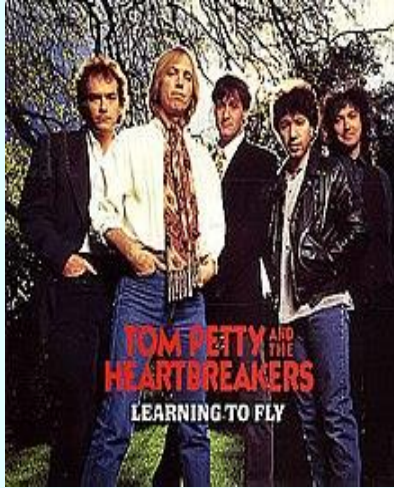
Learning to fly

Into the distance, a ribbon of black
Stretched to the point of no turning back
A flight of fancy on a wind swept field
Standing alone my senses reeled
A fatal attraction is holding me fast
How can I escape this irresistible grasp?
Can't keep my eyes from the circling sky
Tongue-tied and twisted, just an earth-bound misfit, I
Ice is forming on the tips of my wings
Unheeded warnings, I thought I thought of everything
No navigator to find my way home
Unladen, empty and turned to stone
A soul in tension that's learning to fly
Condition grounded but determined to try
Can't keep my eyes from the circling skies
Tongue-tied and twisted, just an earth-bound misfit, I
Above the planet on a wing and a prayer,
My grubby halo [φωτοστέφανο], a vapor trail in the empty air,
Across the clouds I see my shadow fly
Out of the corner of my watering eye
A dream unthreatened by the morning light
Could blow this soul right through the roof of the night
There's no sensation to compare with this
Suspended animation, a state of bliss [ευδαιμονία]
Can't keep my mind from the circling sky
Tongue-tied and twisted, just an earth-bound misfit, I

A great song written by David Gilmour



Learning to fly... with music



Well I started out down a dirty road
Started out all alone
And the sun went down as I crossed the hill
And the town lit up, the world got still
I'm learning to fly, but I ain't got wings
Coming down is the hardest thing
Well, the good ol' days may not return
And the rocks might melt and the sea may burn
I'm learning to fly (learning to fly) but I ain't got wings
(learning to fly)
Coming down (learning to fly) is the hardest thing (learning to fly)
Well, some say life will beat you down
Break your heart, steal your crown
So I've started out for God-knows-where
I guess I'll know when I get there
I'm learning to fly, around the clouds
But what goes up (learning to fly) must come down
I'm learning to fly (learning to fly), but I ain't got wings
Coming down is the hardest thing
I'm learning to fly (learning to fly), around the clouds
But what goes up (learning to fly) must come down

"Spread Your Wings" is a ballad by the rock band Queen

Fly away, far away
Oh, spread your little wings and fly away
Fly away, far away

Fly away

I wish that I could fly
Into the sky
So very high
Just like a dragonfly
I'd fly above the trees
Over the seas in all degrees
To anywhere I please, oh
I want to get away
I want to fly away
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Let's go and see the stars
The Milky Way or even Mars
Where it could just be ours
Let's fade into the sun
Let your spirit fly
Where we are one
Just for a little fun
Oh, yeah

Blackbird



A much-loved garden bird, *the blackbird* is famous for its harmonious song.

The blackbird was seen as a sacred though destructive bird in Classical Greek folklore, and was said to die if it consumed pomegranates.

The common blackbird, unlike many black creatures, is not normally seen as a symbol of bad luck, but R. S. Thomas wrote that there is "a suggestion of dark Places about it", and it symbolized resignation. The coloring of the Blackbird makes the creature a symbol of death, change, magic, and mystery.

The flight of a blackbird is symbolic of the quest for higher knowledge, a journey that always leaves us better off than when we started. As they coast through the sky, the blackbirds symbolize higher intelligence, thoughts, and ideals. They are reminders to constantly try to improve ourselves and gain a better understanding of the world around us.



"Blackbird" is a song by the English rock band the Beatles from their 1968 double album **The Beatles** (also known as **"the White Album"**). It was written by **Paul McCartney** and credited to **Lennon–McCartney**, and performed as a solo piece by **McCartney**. When discussing the song, **McCartney** has said that the lyrics were inspired by hearing the call of a blackbird and alternatively by the unfortunate state of race relations in the **United States** in the **1960s**.



Learning to fly... with people

“I had in mind *a black woman* rather than a bird. Those were the days of the civil rights movement, which all of us cared passionately about, so this was really a song from me to a black woman, experiencing these problems in the States: 'Let me encourage you to keep trying, to keep your faith, there is hope.' As is often the case with my things, a veiling took place so, rather than say 'Black woman living in Little Rock*' and be very specific, she became a bird, became symbolic, so you could apply it to your particular problem”

“I was in Scotland playing on my guitar, and I remembered this whole idea of "you were only waiting for this moment to arise" was about, you know, the black people's struggle in the southern states, and I was using the symbolism of a blackbird. It's not really about a blackbird whose wings are broken, you know, it's a bit more symbolic.”

The lyrics have invited varied interpretations – as a nature song, a message in support of the *Black Power movement*, or a love song.



Learning to fly... with people



Rosa Parks was a civil rights leader whose refusal to give up her seat to a white passenger on a segregated bus led to the Montgomery Bus Boycott. Her bravery led to nationwide efforts to end racial segregation. Parks was awarded the Martin Luther King Jr. Award

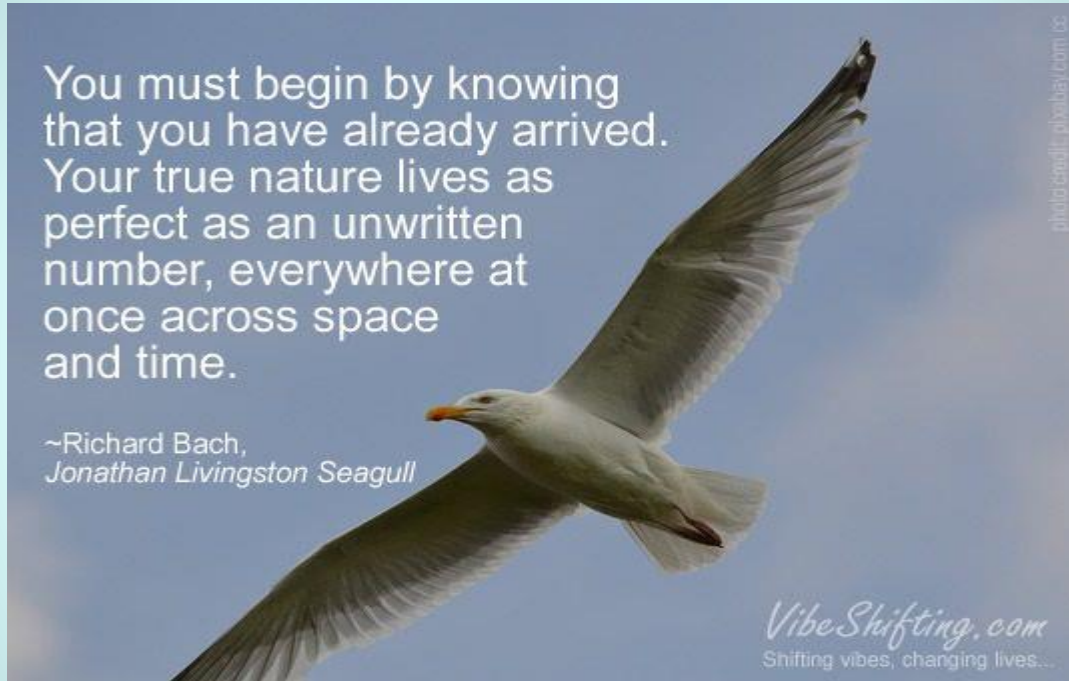
Learning to fly... with literature

You must begin by knowing
that you have already arrived.
Your true nature lives as
perfect as an unwritten
number, everywhere at
once across space
and time.

~Richard Bach,
Jonathan Livingston Seagull

VibeShifting.com
Shifting vibes, changing lives...

photo credit: pixabay.com



Learning to fly... with literature

Jonathan Livingston Seagull, written by Richard Bach and illustrated by Russell Munson, is a fable in novel form about a seagull who is trying to learn about life and flight, and about self-perfection. Bach wrote it as a series of short stories.

The book tells the story of Jonathan Livingston Seagull, a seagull who is bored with daily squabbles over food. Seized by a passion for flight, he pushes himself and learns everything he can about flying. His increasing unwillingness to conform finally results in his expulsion from the flock. Now an outcast, he continues to learn, becoming increasingly pleased with his abilities while leading a peaceful and happy life.



Learning to fly... with literature

Jonathan Flies Higher

"How much more there is now to living! We can lift ourselves out of ignorance, we can find ourselves as creatures of excellence and intelligence and skill. We can be free! We can learn to fly!"



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One day Jonathan meets two gulls who take him to a "higher plane of existence" in which there is no heaven, but a better world found through perfection of knowledge. There he meets another seagull who loves to fly. He discovers that his desire to learn makes him "pretty well a one-in-a-million bird." In this new place, Jonathan befriends the wisest gull, Chiang, who takes him beyond his previous self-education, and teaches him how to move instantaneously to anywhere else in the Universe. The secret, Chiang says, is to "begin by knowing that you have already arrived."

But, unsatisfied with his new life, Jonathan returns to Earth to find others like himself to tell them what he'd learned and to spread his love for flight. His mission is successful, and Jonathan gathers around himself a flock of other gulls who have been outlawed for not conforming.

Learning to fly... with myths

In Greek mythology, Icarus is the son of the master craftsman Daedalus, the creator of the Labyrinth. Icarus and his father attempt to escape from Crete by means of wings that his father constructed from feathers and wax. Icarus' father warns him asking that he fly neither too low nor too high, so the sea's dampness would not clog his wings nor the sun's heat melt them. Icarus ignored his father's instructions not to fly too close to the sun; when the wax in his wings melted he tumbled out of the sky and fell into the sea where he drowned, sparking the idiom "don't fly too close to the sun".

The didactic character of the myth of Icarus is obvious: the recklessness and thoughtlessness of young men who ignore the advice and experience of their parents, and their elders in general, may have catastrophic effects on their lives.

Also, there must be measure in all our lives. Neither too high near the sun, nor too low near the sea, Daedalus counseled, but Icarus paid no heed and his immoderation cost him his life.



