

Caged Bird

By Emily Bittner

The hinges creak on the rusty cage
metallic groans of pain rising from within
Sparrows caw above me
crying out their love for the gift of life
God as their willing savior
loving them from above
What must it be like to be that beautifully loved?
To burn with passion and desire, not the cruel tang of shame
My feathers twitch anxiously
bitter with my burdens
My talons claw at the air
desperate to grasp some sort of otherworldly beauty
that bad omens cannot obtain
I carry with me the weight of messages, sorrow, the fate of death
I breathe in the grief trapped in this cage with me
I no longer know if I'm in here to protect others or preserve myself
Peering through the bars at the three sparrows
I wonder yet again
What must it be like to harness that freedom?
To foster free will for your own aspirations
The open door taunts me
pointing and laughing at my inability to help myself
Perhaps, someday, I'll recall how to step through those bars
stretch out my wings
Maybe one day
May God love and care for me as I am, like the sparrows
who were given the power to be free
to fly
But until then, I'll rest here
pulling my beak towards the sky
and wondering why you ever locked me here
And desperately thinking
that you did far more damage by staying
than you ever could've done by leaving