

Songbird

There is an inner songbird,
In captivity.
The expectations of the world
Captured her and won't let her free.

She is housed inside a tarnished cage,
With no bars to look in.
No one knows that she's inside,
Except for the understanding and her kin.

"I'm beautiful!" is her song.
"Take the time to notice me!
Disregard my unattractive house!
Please, someone, set me free!"

Now people pass by her cage
And sometimes stop to listen.
They hear a faint melody, like a distant song;
But rarely do they look for a way to get in.

This makes the songbird sorrowful.
It is her they never see.
How do I know the plight of the captured?
Because that songbird is me.

—Kara Riley