

A caged bird.  
That's who she is,  
Within those steel bars she makes her home.  
Her wings are restricted.  
She speaks but rarely is she heard.  
She is a bird with no way to spread her wings.  
Can you people not see that she must be freed?  
...I guess not.  
Sure, she has food.  
She has water.  
She even has fresh air but it is not enough to satisfy her thirst.  
That little bird can taste freedom each time she is let out...  
But...soon, all too soon she is locked away again.  
A caged bird.  
That's who she is.  
A caged bird who wishes to be heard.  
A caged bird who needs to fly free.  
Steel bars? This is what you have made her life into!  
She is restricted in flight...like a kite on a string...  
She has nowhere to go but round and round.  
Please!  
Someone!  
Anyone!  
Help her! Hear her pitiful cries! Please!  
Let her go! Set her free before its too late!  
But, wait.  
A way out.  
She takes flight, soaring for that chance,  
Sweet freedom!  
\*slam!\*No.  
She's too late...  
Steel doors slam shut on her.  
She hits them and falls...  
From where she lays, a crumpled mess,  
She peers up through the bars and sees the world,  
So big in her eyes, laughing and mocking her.  
She lays in defeat, nursing a broken wing,  
"I guess I'll always be a caged bird," she whispers, "That's who  
I am and will be until I am set free..."  
A caged bird, yes, that is her, her life, in that tiny  
prison...where you put her, for all the world to see & laugh at...



**FLORBELA KINSEY** is a wholesale sales representative. Her passion includes reading fantasy or murder mystery novels, writing, spending time with friends and family, cooking, and boating.

CONTACT: [fkoliveira@yahoo.com](mailto:fkoliveira@yahoo.com).

Copyright 2010 Impact Times. The information contained in this article may not be published, broadcast, rewritten or otherwise distributed without the prior written authority of Impact Times.