

A free bird flies on the wind, as if floating downstream until the wind current shifts, and the bird dips its wings in the orange sunlight, and he dares to call the sky his own. The free bird thinks about another breeze, and about the global winds that blow from east to west and make the trees sound as if they are sighing, and he thinks of the fat worms waiting to be eaten on the lawn in the early morning light, and he says he owns the sky. The caged bird sings fearfully of things he does not know, but still wants, and his song can be heard from as far away as distant hills, because the caged bird sings about freedom. The caged bird sings fearfully of things he does not know, but still wants, and his song can be heard from as far away as distant hills, because the caged bird sings about freedom. But a caged bird stands on the grave of his own dead dreams, and his dream-self screams from the nightmares he has. But a bird that moves angrily and silently in a small cage can barely see through either the cage bars or his own anger. His wings are cut so he cannot fly and his feet are tied together, so he opens his throat to sing. His wings are trimmed down and his feet are tied, so he opens his throat to sing.