

*The Glass Birdcage*

By Alex Hofacre

The birdcage isn't metal,

Not bronze,

Not silver,

Not gold,

The birdcage is glass.

Walking on the outside, viewing what is inside,

We see everything the birds can't,

We know they won't.

Locked away in their glass cages, wishing to come out,

In their tiny box they will never see another day,

For there is us and there is them.

And we will never share what the bird has seen.

But it will never see what we have witnessed.