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*Originally published as part of my personal Creative Writing series*

# Poem: The Caged Bird Sings

By Sarah Fathima

Each morning dawns a newborn, beautiful day  
Serene and surreal, like a blooming flower  
Unfurling with delicate grace  
But how heartless and ruthless  
Our unsparing, selfish fancies are  
To deny the caged bird, its fond, glorious pleasures  
Like a forgotten dream, the caged bird reminisces  
The feel and bliss of flying  
Under the canopy of blue sky  
With raging desires  
To reach far beyond the horizon, wild and free

To glide through the snowy clouds of ethereal white  
To cosily nestle in the comfort of their snug nests,  
Feeling at home, tranquil and safe  
To ruffle the feathers and give a friendly peck  
To their fluffy comrades, a chirp away  
But fate conspires, and the vulnerable bird fails  
To fight against our hearts of stone  
And the inevitable bars of the awful cage  
No one hears the caged bird's silent wails  
Painful despair and agony  
Is all that generously reigns  
The caged bird's burning hope of being set free  
Starts to slowly, but certainly, diminish and fade  
Maybe the caged bird's helpless plight  
And endless tears, surmised our ill-fate  
And we bear the burden of blame  
Like a bolt of lightning,  
The deadly blow of the pandemic  
Set lives ablaze  
An invisible enemy, though intangible  
Was clearly unfazed  
The covid virus deftly turns the world topsy-turvy

Rebelliously shaking the might of the world  
Leaving the entire system a mess,  
Chaotic and restrained  
Need we explain?  
Cooped up in our homes,  
Craving for sunshine and nostalgic normalcy  
We were forced to remain confined  
Just like the sad caged bird  
Just like the sad caged bird  
Craving for our loved ones' embrace  
A warm hug or even a hearty handshake  
Pining for unconditional freedom  
To be carefree, to discover and experience life  
Devoid of any fatal fear  
To live mask-free, to simply breathe  
And be fully alive  
The caged bird's woeful story was now ours too  
The dilemma was deep,  
And the paths of aversion  
Lead to the grave  
Now we could distinctly realise  
Heaving a solemn sigh

The tragic price of our heinous deeds  
That mercilessly destroyed  
The caged bird's lofty dreams  
And all that we could never suffice, never suffice

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