

Why I Cant Fly

my box is protected from rain
the water's pure, the food the same
I've got no reason to complain
the change of season keeps me sane

I'm a domesticated bird
and I fly free only with words
I quickly scrawl my thoughts, its so absurd
then, I get up and join the herd

I set my sights up way too high
any man knows no man can fly
I lift my shovel with a sigh
my body works, my brain asks why

one day the wall will all surround
and we'll look out on bricks of brown
our predators will all be dead
except for ones that share our beds

the city's pestilence is free
the overcrowding breeds disease
the murder and aggression
spread like a sneeze
and each new structure kills the breeze

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