



Pound in a Cage

by Suzanne Frost

The wing was cut for now, only once,
and the bird sits stone still
on a new perch
with the cage door wide
wide open

Their wings grow back, you know

They fly into windows
when they hear sounds from the outside
They are too difficult to catch
and make a mess of the place
untamed

Pound in a cage:
Nothing counts save the quality of the affection
...pound in a cage
...and the bird sits stone still

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