

Birdcage Religion

Sleeping at Last

So slowly I'm losing
Who I've sworn to be.
A promise in pencil
That years have made so hard to read.
I've spent my life building walls
Brick by brick and bruise by bruise...

A birdcage religion that whispered me to sleep.
But time is spinning silk
That coils ruthlessly;
With the devil's patience,
It binds my hands so quietly
That soon it becomes a part of me.

So soften these edges and straighten out my tie.
And help me remember
The hope that I have compromised.

Please be a broken record for me.