

The Blackbird

by Myrto Prevelianaki Marmani

*Upon the branches of a lone tree, a bird sat
moping and sulking like a blind bat
but the moon was gone all far too soon
and his little branch held no more room.*

*He should have flown and start his life anew
he should have left behind that song he knew.*

*Allas, despite his fate, he stayed and sang
his wings grew weak, could not expand,
they moved slow, unsteady like a broken hand
and the little birdie, he fell and sank.....*

(inspired by a lesson in class on freedom)