

Sleeping At Last "Birdcage Religion"

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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.

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