



The free bird thinks of another breeze  
 And the trade winds soft through the sighing trees  
 And the fat worms waiting on a dawn bright  
 And he names the sky his own.

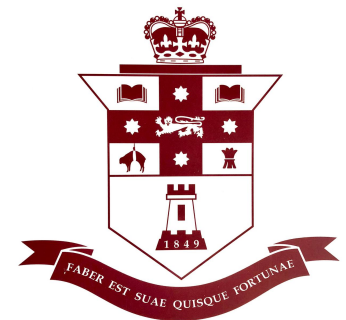


The caged bird sings  
 with a fearful trill  
 of things unknown  
 but longed for still...



For the caged bird  
 sings of freedom

CAGED BIRD BY MAYA ANGELOU



Fortian Writers Club  
 Round Two Winner