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Category: Poetry

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## To Poetry

My Dear Poetry:

I have a bird hiding in my mouth.  
She nestles twigs between my teeth and makes a nest on my tongue,  
Adorns it with splinters and with no shame  
Her sky is pearly white instead of blue,  
She is safe in my mouth, just as long as I don't speak.

I forget about her sometimes and try to verbalize my thoughts-  
See a feather flutter from my lips,  
Feel her wings jabbing against my gums,  
She wants to get out.  
Sees sun from my jaw and wants to fly, wants to soar into color and Earth and  
Everything I am keeping her from.  
Tells me that it is unfair to be cooped up for eternity,  
That what are these wings for anyways if she'll never get to use them?

I wanna keep her safe,  
Want to protect her forever, want to hold her behind my lips so she will never know cold  
I don't know how the world might receive her.  
Whether they'll welcome her with open arms or try to shoot her from the sky but I guess  
That's always the danger with speaking,  
With letting your words glide through blue sky,  
Suddenly unfolded from your tongue.  
When you give your perspective strength to take flight,  
There is always a risk but  
Isn't it better to have touched the clouds and come back down than  
Never having soared at all?

Dear Poetry,

I am only now realizing that I have no reason to keep this bird trapped in my mouth when she has so much to say so  
I am breaking her nest,  
Chewing and swallowing it whole, splinters and all  
I am not holding my words anymore  
I am speaking unafraid now through your native tongue and I never want to stop cause  
There's this bird in my mouth, just dying to be heard,  
And every chirp is inspired by you. is with intent,  
when she sings, it's with so much power, so much capability  
That the whole world pauses just to listen to her song.  
She is every word I have ever left unsaid embedded in a rhyme scheme,  
In personification and metaphors  
She crafts rhythm and rhyme with a singular tweet and every syllable has a purpose,  
a pulse so real it almost feels tangible

This bird is truth,  
She is *my* truth just waiting to fly  
Just waiting to blend into the clouds  
Just waiting for a touch of the horizon-

Just wait  
Until I open my mouth  
And she soars.