

The end is the start of a sequel

We two birds are choosing not to fly
Fearing that the cost of being free
Means the life we share will have to die
Looking down, we do not see the sky.

Unspoken words
Cling to our lungs
Like leeches
Protest songs
Tie up our tongues
And choke our throats –
We're speechless:
Unspread wings
And unsaid things
Impeach us:

Why can't we just listen
To the lessons that they teach us?

We're the same
But different
Close
But distant
Grounded by the weight of our resistance.

You and me
Withdraw
From Us
'til We
Become the lonely sum
Of dislocated parts:
Other halves
With broken hearts
Gone numb.

All that comes between us now is space
But we're so scared of letting go –
We won't hold onto faith.

Freedom knows that love
Is lost and found;
Freedom knows that
Love is never buried in the ground.

You and I –
Birds of a feather
Same – but different
Close – but distant:
Why don't we just fly apart, together