

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

I Catch a Falling Bird

by Mari Syrad Grieves

This life is like a betrayal and I am
Failing.
Just born and already crushed by the weight of
DNA's cruelty my
Fate already decided loosely
I am hated.
I catch a falling bird and decide
It is my fault
That it chose to die in that patch of sky
And it is difficult to knock that train off its
Tracks and maybe think a little
Different.

This life is like betrayal and I am
Trailing.
Behind the cohort of my peers
In the headlights
I am caught and everyday
They say I must beat beat beat to the
Same drum
Yet I am just the failed alumni with scattered
Dreams.
Like stars I scatter, a piece of me
Gleaming at the corner of every eye that
Sees.

This life like a betrayal and I am

Flailing.
Reaching out for some hand hold on the
Face of this slippery world with
No safety net.
But let me remind you (the girl with ashes on your cheek)
That you must dust yourself off
And trust yourself first and
Don't give the game away.
Because they will play with you like a toy car you were just a
Vehicle for their twisted plot like you were made of
Paper.
Risking your life to rape her.
Or her life,
Later.