

**Bourne**  
**toWrite...**  
creative writing  
workshops

## Enclosure

by Saffron Swansborough

I grew wings  
in Lockdown 3  
but they didn't lift me up,  
they took me down  
Clipped to my own carpet

Days like cages  
in which winds howled  
The sound  
of a cry  
snagged on a door handle

Optimism kept on knocking  
Dragging itself through mud  
I poked it in the O

With my beak, squawking,  
DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S STILL FEBRUARY?

The shell I pecked  
from inside out  
has always existed  
It is a Universe  
And I cannot see or fly beyond it.