

Sid Nayak

Caged

I peer through a window,
where a beautiful world seems to lie,
Streaks of gold adorning the earth
White brush strokes painted across the sky.

People going about their daily lives,
Who live and love effortlessly,
Fiery souls with ambitions deep,
Pushing forward endlessly.

Apparitions of this dream-like world
Like shadows on a cave wall.
Here I am, shackled in this endless cold,
Wanting to be part of it all.

I stretched my hands out to that place,
To the fruits of this forbidden desire
Branches just out of reach,
A punishment for a crime so dire.

Day melts into night, and night unto day,
A never-ending cycle of darkness and light.
Eons pass in this eternal winter,
Shackles unyielding even though I fight.

The end of time is fast approaching,
Warmth breaks into my frozen tomb.
Chains rusting and wearing away,
A glint of freedom through this gloom.

Winter falters under the might of spring,
My wings, once burnt away, soar once more.
A thread returns to the hands of Fates,
As I question what purpose was my solitude for?

Unseen scars cover my body,
Marked by a jailer who claims to love me.
As I'm released into this pristine world, I wonder,
Am I truly free?