there’s a paper bird in my heart
all of my own making
her wings are creased
she cannot fly
one of these days
i’ll unlock the cage
soothe her wings
and we’ll rise in the sky together

“There’s a reason poets often say, ‘Poetry saved my life,’ for often the blank page is the only one listening to the soul’s suffering, the only one registering the story completely, the only one receiving all softly and without condemnation.” —Clarissa Pinkola Estes