

# Caged Bird

Maya Angelou

A free bird leaps on the back of the wind  
and floats downstream till the current ends  
and dips his wing in the orange sun rays  
and dares to claim the sky.

But a bird that stalks down his narrow cage  
can seldom see through his bars of rage  
his wings are clipped and his feet are tied  
so he opens his throat to sing.

The caged bird sings with a fearful trill  
of things unknown but longed for still

and his tune is heard on the distant hill

for the caged bird sings of freedom.

The free bird thinks of another breeze

and the trade winds soft through the sighing trees

and the fat worms waiting on a dawn bright lawn

and he names the sky his own

But a caged bird stands on the grave of dreams

his shadow shouts on a nightmare scream

his wings are clipped and his feet are tied

so he opens his throat to sing.

The caged bird sings  
with a fearful trill  
of things unknown  
but longed for still  
and his tune is heard  
on the distant hill  
for the caged bird  
sings of freedom.