

## **My Wings**

One time I saw a bird,  
With wings so beautiful it caught my eye.  
One time I heard,  
“The day I get my freedom is the day I die”.

I pondered then the meaning of that word,  
Always chained to this inescapable fate.  
My ailment, an affliction, deeply stirred,  
Teaching me nothing but to hate.

Yet, in my dreams, I glimpsed what could arise,  
I gazed upon the world through the window pane,  
Though bound by limits, I sought in the skies,  
A chance to soar, to conquer and attain.

For the first time in many years I felt the breath of air,  
Realizing then that my wings were always there.