

Think Hope

Everyone has birds on their shoulders
Beautiful little harmless birds
But they make the world colder

They're always there,
Though they only appear
Before a trained eye that can perceive despair

They prey on the weak, as silent as night
Their hushed trill convincing their victim
To no longer put up a fight

First a shining silver spear
Fabricating liquid roses
To try to halt the never-ending tears

Then degrading interest of the world
Only convinces them
To act all the more bold

They snap on those
Most important to them
To try to conceal their deepest hidden woes

The facade is a poor mask
Because this bird
Is not your true self

Your disguise might work at first,
But this costume
Is bound to burst

When your winged plague next tells you
To give in
Who will you listen to, yourself or him?

It may seem hard

To ignore your little menacing bird
But continuing on like this will just get you even more scarred

So when your own unique bird asks,
“Is today finally the day? You can no longer cope.”

Don't think ropes, think hope