

“Untitled”

By Lindsey Ipson

High up on a hill
Hides a bird who never sings
Who feels the weight of all the world
In every flap of wing

Who watches fly the others
Effortlessly glide
As gracefully they shine in suns
Which only burn his eyes

Eyes which so are blinded
Only to the light
But see they imperfections all
In darkest the of nights

And chained to every feather
Lie weights of solid steel
Fused with feelings dark and deep
Which only he can feel

For in the heart of every
Soul depression—ill-ed
Hides a broken weighted bird
Alone up on a hill