

The Prisoner

In a gloomy boot camp;
He stared into the dead of night,
When not even a croon can be caught.
By the tears of foregone,
He turned his way to sheer sorrow.

But the undaunted budgie,
Still fluttered...

Under the lucid light of the moon;
The prisoner thought,
Of being taught.
By the fears of tomorrow,
He turned his way to a cold shudder.

But the gallant budgie,
Refused to be done for...

On the crook of his bed;
He wandered overnight,
About what his guard sought.
With agonizing endeavour,
He managed to distort the bars

The budgie soared the sky
Within a split second of fly
At the assured dawn
It didn't even slow down

This time it didn't take very long...

Fazil Onuralp Ardic