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The Only Way a Raven Can Love

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The Only Way a Raven Can Love

Her name with yours is metallic to taste;
I am but a shell, your useless waste.
Old demons claw, begging to escape;
swallowing and gagging, inside they rape.

I am a child called IT stuck in a cage,
bones aching with sorrow and rage.
Shivering as flesh touches glass,
hand in hand you pass.
Eyes of mockery grin into mine,
don't worry about me; confined in your cell, I'll be fine.

For I am the parrot behind majestic steel,
forced to watch locked handed ornaments like it's no big deal.
I squawk, but I can't speak,
I sink and succumb to another's defeat.

I glance upon the open window trying to break free,
but I can't. Don't you see?
Jailed within my mind,
lack of courage for words I never will find.
Vivid imagery plays with deceitful perception,
I beg for flames to engulf your reflection.

A parrot remembers as the raven instills death,
onyx feathers strangling the last of love's breath.

I may feel trapped in the symbolism for which I create,
but only I can harness my own fate.