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## Birdcage

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## **Birdcage**

by Stephanie Ladroga

(We) See ourselves as (in)finite

Our work as vain, our love as feeble

Purposeless free-will

[but what you call free-will I call mind-rape]

and it's all formulaic after all.

The irony of accidene/coincidence with

(the end of Fate- replaced by Magnetic Fields and Numerals)

I want only to see the air breathe

stare at white walls

and hear nothing but my heart- think of nothing but myself (the irony of

free thought

is that it's selfish)

I am a machine with a circulatory system instead of oil

and blood and gaskets- except for (free-will)

But our free-will is given to us in catchy tunes and bright colors (lull us to  
sleep, lull us to corpse husks)

[spoon fed idolatry makes it all easier to swallow]

although I still wear traces of the paint.

Ascertaining that we choose correctly

Infallible finity is true freedom- fate a sugar substitute.

[stay in the cage- there are better things than freedom.]