**Maya Angelou - I know why the caged bird sings**

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| A free bird leaps on the back of the wind  and floats downstream till the current ends  and dips his wing in the orange suns rays and dares to claim the sky.  But a bird that stalks down his narrow cage  can seldom see through his bars of rage  his wings are clipped and his feet are tied so he opens his throat to sing.  The caged bird sings with a fearful trill  of things unknown but longed for still  and his tune is heard on the distant hill  for the caged bird sings of freedom.  The free bird thinks of another breeze  and the trade winds soft through the sighing trees  and the fat worms waiting on a dawn-bright lawn and he names the sky his own.  But a caged bird stands on the grave of dreams  his shadow shouts on a nightmare scream  his wings are clipped and his feet are tied so he opens his throat to sing.  The caged bird sings with a fearful trill  of things unknown but longed for still  and his tune is heard on the distant hill  for the caged bird sings of freedom. |

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