



CAGED

By Wayne Visser

An animal caged may be well cared for
Protected and pampered, admired and fed
But can what's gained ever make up for
What's lost if the spirit of freedom is dead?

We all pay a price when we try to insure for
Tempestuous weather and fortune's ebb tide
But can you find a replacement value for
A creative soul that has withered inside?

In a cluttered world there's no longer space for
Vast open plains without fences and walls
But can you cage the instinctive passion for
An untamed life where wildness still calls?

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