

# I Was Born Of The Sky (I'm Breaking Free)

[BY RENEE DUBEAU](#)

I've grown restless.

Held in the mire of responsibility while longing for the frivolity of my dreams.

Playing house in a tiny corner of the territory of my citizenship.

My greatest fear, that my caged wings will perish before I am permitted to fly.

I'm breaking open.

Pulled apart by the opposite forces that rule me.

Of heart of head I can choose neither.

Love or money may call to me, but my ears await the voice of freedom.

I belong to no man, no country.

I was born of the sky.

*For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [Tears to Triumph: The Spiritual Journey from Suffering to Enlightenment](#)*

*Sip a little more:*

***He Helps Me Believe That Sometimes Home  
Is A Person***

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.

Maya Angelou

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