

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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