

# 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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