

WRITING

The Confined Peacock

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TYPE**POETRY****GENRE****GRADES 11–12**

Losing sight of my classmates

I saw you inside a black hexagonal cage

Observing the outside world within your confined
space

My four-year-old instinct was to reach and place my
hand

Between the barrier you and I share and disturb you

I'll never forget the panic it caused you

What it caused you to do

As I stared at you in awe

Feathers collectively flourishing

Showing me unity

Greens, blues, whites, purples

I'll never forget the beautiful array of colors your feathers displayed

as I ran in search for my class

I'll never forget how I felt like I've been in a cage

Pressured to show my true self in the most unexpected of times

To reveal who I truly love

A love that doesn't involve a prince

Instead a love with two princesses.

When I finally let it out,

I flourish

With all my true colors.