

Cage

Cold metal,
fused together.
Hinges hold an opening.

But it does not answer to you.
The master,
the hand that which holds the key,

You mustn't fear,
I keep you safe within here.
Its metal surrounds you, yes.
But for your safety.

I hold none against their will.
Be free to leave—
Wait. Not yet.
You are safer in there.

Do not chance fate,
for you are special to me.
As I said I hold none against their will.
Come and go as you please,
but just
Not
Yet.

