

Brittany Cartie

2011 Winner

Aida Snow/Elaine Goldman Award





Oh, my
talking bird
Though you
know so few
words. They're
on infinite
repeat. Like
your brain
can't keep
up with your
beat. And
you're kept
in an open
cage so you're
free to leave
or stay. It's
hard to see

your way
out when
you live in
a house in
a house.

Cuz' you don't
realize that

the windows were open the whole
time. But it's all here for you as
long as you don't fly away.

























