

The Birds

Female, Age 25, Grenada.

“The birds remind me of the times I will go back in the same mess and cannot say no. It is as though I am not satisfied.

I wonder when I ever felt safe around people who said they care. People that were so close to me. Why does it always have to be me? Oh how I hate myself for not keeping myself safe from those birds with the beautiful handsome feathers...always dropping their bad food in the mouth of the little ones.

The birds will always come with some thing that will draw me to them. I cannot understand myself still.

The birds being black, brown, pink, white, they just fly and drop their food in the innocent poor vulnerable throats.

I wish the birds were who they pretend to me but they never are.

I hate those birds.”