

Hide and Seek

Hide and Seek.

Red lines and missing vowels.

My words know why

the caged bird sings,

the deaf iron bars of censorship restraining it
to such a baleful tune.

This is the freedom of my speech,

to watch correction pens jigsaw my prose
into so unhappy a puzzle.

So I will cry out,

shout and yell and bawl.

It's the hair of the dog that bit you,
my words matching yours syllable to syllable.

You can scream to force my silence,

but my dream of a free America
will always sing a little louder than you.

I speak for this cause.

And Seek.

Red lines missing vowels.

My words know

the caged bird,

deaf iron censorship restraining it
to a baleful tune.

This is the freedom

to watch correction pens jigsaw my prose
into a puzzle.

I will cry,

shout and bawl.

It's the dog that bit you,
my words syllable to syllable.

You can force my silence,

my dream of free America
will sing a little louder than you.

I speak this cause.

Seek.

Red missing vowels.

Words know

the bird,

censorship restraining it

a baleful tune.
This is freedom
to watch my prose
a puzzle.
I cry,
and shout.
The dog bit you,
my words.
You force my silence,
dream free America
sing a little louder.
Speak this cause.

Seek.
Vowels.
Words know
censorship
baleful.
Freedom
to watch.
I cry,
shout.
Bit you,
my words.
My silence,
dream America
a little louder.
Speak this.

Seek.
Words
baleful.
Freedom.
I cry.
You,
words.
Silence,
America
little louder.
Speak.

Seek.
Freedom.

America.
Speak.