

A Gilded Cage

Some see it as an eye,
The dark pupil focusing on us
Whenever we pray to the divine,
To eliminate the treasonous.

Some see it as our world,
The darkness of our sins poisoning
The space that was once golden and pearled,
When we fell from grace and lost our wings.

Some see it as a gate,
Giving us an angelic refuge
From Pandora's box of escaped hate,
Providing haven from the deluge.

I see it as a chance,
If I escape these harsh restrictions
Where these cruel vultures and vipers dance,
Entrapped in their own malediction.

Of course, one can wish,
And of course, one can hope.
Nothing is certain,
And nothing is for sure,
But that place of bliss,
Not this choking tightrope,
With warm assertion
Engrained in the grandeur.

It seems the centre of our world's stage is curtained
And the spotlight is dark, cold and void.
But on Atlas' shoulders lie gilded heavens,
Where we are no longer pawns or toys.

A land in the clouds we cannot see in our dreams,
Ethereal glory to be there.
Allowing only those good enough that they deem
Can eat at their tables with their chairs.

They hurt us for our own good, that is what they claim,
So no darkness can stain their pure clouds.
Otherwise how would we be kept safe,
If those they deem unworthy sinners are allowed.

Maybe those they deem unworthy,

Are those not seen praying by the eye.
Maybe those they deem are sinners,
Are too stuck in our world for the sky.
Maybe those they deem unworthy,
Are those starving before their rich gate.
Maybe those they sentence to eternal darkness,
Are too bruised and beaten by their god-given fate.

Some see it as an eye,
Watching us as we bend on our knees,
And raise our clasped hands to the sky,
Praying to finally be let free.

Some see it as our world,
Where the gold refuses to enter,
Prometheus not warming our cold,
But trapping us still in the centre.

Some see it as a gate,
Locking us out til we're deemed worthy,
Trapping us in their own gilded cage,
As if stuck in magic of Circe.

I see it as a chance,
To leave this stain of dark for bright gold.
But I will look when they only glance,
I will not forget those in the cold.

They sit on their thrones,
That they forced us to build.
And look down on us,
Staying blind to our pain.
They stand on our bones,
Watching us be killed.
While we turn to dust,
Trusting them in their reign.

They say when we die, we will get to be with them,
Rewarding us for our endless faith.
But only if we are heroic to the end,
Doing what they say just to stay safe.

So we build mosques and temples to them in their name,
As they push us to fight their battles,
Desperate for them to bestow on our lives change,
So we put on their reins and saddles.

We don't ask who made this church, nor who made the world,
We simply put trust in our faith, and faith in trust,
As we pray to those who live where the gold sphere curls,
To the immortals who never rust.

Maybe our faith is just misplaced,
And the eye is eager for our fall.
Maybe our trust makes us all blind,
And our dark world just makes them enthralled.
Maybe our faith is just misplaced,
And the gate is there to keep us out.
Maybe our trust is in those who keep us in dark,
And gladly watch their little puppets scream and shout.

Some see it as an eye,
Desperate to find anything that
Bars us from their palace in the sky,
So mortal feet don't soil their pearl mat.

Some see it as our world,
Where their golden fingers pull our strings,
Centre of attention they keep furled,
Giving us winter but never spring.

Some see it as a gate
Where the gold hands refuse to touch,
Denying to ease the pain they made,
Instead taunting us with gilded cuffs.

I see it as a chance
To play Atropos to their own lives.
I doubt they could watch the humans dance,
Without the use of their living eyes.

By Eloïse Smith, Year 12

(This piece was inspired by the following picture)



