

# Bent Cage.

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The rusted bars were bent for six memorable hours  
The beauty flew out, fast as she could  
To accompany city beasts with enthralling smiles anchored end to  
end

After hefty storytelling of an Indian and Whiteman,  
The night fell victim to the sharp, cold weather and childish  
flirting

Returning to the nicotine cage, the beauty tiptoed into flames  
Her demise rose high, as to combat and instill fear into the city  
beasts  
Smile anchored upside-down  
No more jokes, you've made your point

The beauty sat stiff, face as red as her nails  
To absorb and review, the only thing left to do  
But she triumphed inside, because she bit her tongue

