

PRIVILEGE OR PRISON? A DISCUSSION BETWEEN A PLANT AND ITS CAGE.



PRIVILEGE OR PRISON?

I want to be free,

You are safe with me.

I cannot leave,

Please don't be naïve.

Why do you keep me in your cage?

Do not be angry, do not rage.

Because the other plants are free,

They don't have guardians, strong like me.

And will you go when I am tall?

I'll stay, protect you from The Fall.

So will you free me, do you dare?

Be grateful now, I'll always care.

You mean I'm trapped for all my life,

Relax now, you should not fear strife.

But you are just a metal cage,

Stop now, young thing, you've shown your age.

And when I'm big I want to leave,

So why is that? For a reprieve?

They all say I'm the lucky one,

You're born the eldest, favoured son.

But now I want to step aside,

What? Not be royal, simply hide?

'Cos, they are free, they have no cage,

But they do not have privilege.

And what is privilege, I ask?

Being born a royal, you have a task.

So what is that? Tell me the truth,

To grow and grow, go through the roof.

Be taller than the other plants?

Look down on them, as baby ants.

So privilege means imprisonment,

It means you rule, with my consent.

I will be King, to rule this garden,

And they will seek your gracious pardon.

I want to leave, please set me free,

The answer's 'What will be will be'.

So now I understand the truth

You are to reign, there's no reproof.

I'm in my cage for ever more?

That is the case, you know the score.

Thank you for your clarity,

My pleasure, it is only me!

But I have nearly reached my crown,

That's right, look up, and don't look down.

And I shall rule this garden land,

Your highness, you are now so grand.

I wonder what the others say?

That's not their role. They must obey.