

Canary,

I'm sorry. I didn't want to keep you in a cage. You were given to me locked away. My parents hung your cage from the ceiling and I could not reach you. If perhaps you would have learned to control your pooping we could have let you fly around like you were made to. You stayed up late squawking while we all slept and we hated you. On the third night we couldn't take it. We put you on the porch. It was an unusually cold night. And you died. I buried you by the railroad tracks. Our garbage smelled like poop for a week.

Apologies,  
Phil

Phil Stoesz



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