

"Two Cellies and a baby bird"

We watch the little birdy as it tries to eat it hops around on deformed feet. It probably fell from its nest all the cats see it as easy prey until we take it in, its scared and can hardly fly its taken into a different world, one it hardly knows, into our cell we take it in only to watch it mend and grow, Feeding him bits of little crackers and chips, surprising him with cookie treats making him a little home and watching him as he plays around or sleeps we don't know how long he will be around all we know is if we just ~~let~~ let him go now he become the cats prey and not even last another day its surprising how grown man, even criminals react to even a little bird this all goes through my mind. When my celly brought him to our cell he wouldn't be here today if he didn't pick him up now it surprises me how something so wild has grown to trust us even as I write this he jumps off my foot after peaching there for a minute it tries to fly onto my bunk to find a spot to sit back and watch

No he doesn't like to be picked up but being able just to watch something like this is quite entertaining and if I had my freedom I'd probably have just walked by. Its quite funny how things are placed in our lives to give us a different perspective even something as small as a baby bird and all this coming from behind the bars