Freedom, Once

Once I was unbound. Once I was so free. But before I knew it, that freedom was lost to me.

No bars make my cage. No chains fetter me. And yet all the same, that freedom is lost to me.

Every bond’s of my own making, or that of society. And still it does remain, that freedom is lost to me.

Now I remember fondly, the days when I was free. Until the day I die, is that freedom lost to me?

Enjoy the time you have, while you yet remain free. Perhaps you realize too, how freedom is lost easily.