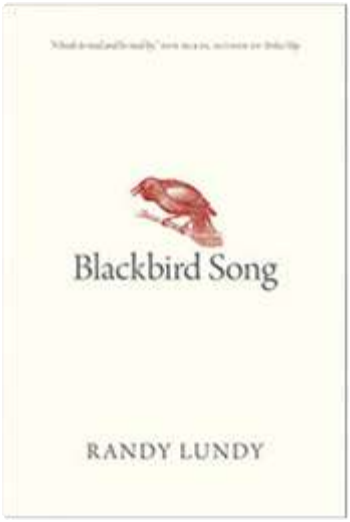
BOOK THOUGHTS

BLACKBIRD SONG

RANDY LUNDY



Words flow freely in beautiful poetic lyricism…

How did the book make me feel/think?

Our experiences are not the same.

I can't force mine on you. You can't force yours on me.

But we do, not you. Us.

Words flow freely in beautiful poetic lyricism, unleashing a flow of pain and suffering created by forcing WANT and WAY upon you, stripping away the beauty of innocence and purity from you.

I feel pain. Yours.

Speak up. You do.

Can we hear you?

Resist assimilation. You must.

We destroy culture, turning WANT into desperation.

A better, more in-tune life, erased, Noise takes away clarity.

We tell you; you can have more—it will never be allowed. We lie.

Look where it has gotten us. Today.

And even in our shame, we still dare to judge—to take away your purity, your innocence—creating unbearable pain.

Sorry.

It can never be enough.

That's how the book made me feel.

WRITTEN: January 26, 2022