



You

Why is it so hard to believe that it's hard to be you, when nobody else wants you to.

When everyone thinks you're something, somebody, anyone else than the who you are, in all your lucky stars.

Day and night, it's your plight. To be you, no matter if they want you to.

You're fighting the image painted upon you, washing it clean every day, in every way, no matter what they say. Their words can't make you, you are the you, you're you.

Posted on a stop watch is the time you spent wondering in puzzling amazement about why, about who, now who is really seeking you.

Do they want the you that they see, or the you that you are. Not a chocolate bar, or a cookie shake, or apple pies, or sweet cherry lies. Nothing like that. Nothing that exact.

Just you, peeking in the mirror, smiling at yourself, saying hello me, and liking it, and loving it, and wanting more of you. But they just keep painting, and shaping and imaging, and propping and tearing at the seams of you. Thinking you won't survive, the need to be you, no matter what they do.

You're just you, trusting yourself, through and through, believing you, when you say, this is you, not what they say is you. Park yourself, in your own spot, not the one reserved for you.

Eventually you discover, you're not under cover. They just want you see, you to be the way they want you to be. Because they believe you won't be you, cause nobody else wants you to.