

MISCONCEPTIONS

*i sit here in my isolation
learning the rules of this society
rejected for my deviation
from what is normal and what is me*

*there he goes bones awkward and brittle
smiling eyes welcome him in
limping, with each step so little
yet accepted, drawn within*

*there she goes, body fragile and weak
open arms enveloping
walking crippled, twisted physique
yet people wave in welcoming*

*there I go, mind in torment
eyes of ice look past me in hate
intense fear guiding my resent
rigid arms reject and berate*

*and so I sit in aching loneliness
mocked and jeered, by all forsaken
my soul a well of worthlessness
viewed in error, they're all mistaken*