

Twisted

Broken down.
Broken apart.
Broken in ways I
didn't even know where
possible for a person
to break.

Shattered into a
thousand nice little
pieces all of them
fine and razor sharp.

Black and blue eyes
to go along with a black
and blue soul.

Just a matter of time
until the next family
gets tired and shuffles
me on to the next poor
couple who feels like
taking on a charity case.

Every minute passing
by feels like poison in
my veins. Caught between
two worlds neither one
able to accept me for
who I am.

Run away and they
drag me back again.

More counselors,
more false hope,
more lies about how
my life will all turn
around some day.

Just another homeless
teen on the streets.
Just another face lost
to the crowd.

Just another statistic
in an endless stream

of numbers that no
one cares about.

Just another innocent
mind warped and
twisted by a world that
is far too harsh.

So I'll make another me.
One who's strong and
brave. Who stands up
themselves and never
let's anyone take
advantage of them.

I'll create someone else
to take the pain. A
person who can take
the pain.

Who can endure it all
and come out stronger
than ever before.

A person who's just
as twisted and crazy
as I am.

--Written May 2nd, 2014