

Different

By: Jennifer L Painter

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I am no different than you,
Although you treat me as such
Because I don't have a mom or dad
To give a gentle touch.

Perhaps because I seldom laugh
When thinking about my past
And find it hard to turn away
Though the moments never last.

I've been abused and neglected
And never can forget
Yet I don't want these trials to
dominate
The potential I still have yet.

Does that make me different?
Because I've only lived.
Even though it's hard to ignore
The negativity you give.

I face the lies, the pain, the jeers.
Yet my struggle persists.
And all that I've accomplished
Announces that I exist.

I've overcome so much
With still a ways to go.
You look in from the outside
Not knowing what I know.

You never stopped to notice
That I've worked twice as hard
To get to the point you are at
And be the same star.

But I had to do it alone
While you had so much help.
You never stopped to think
How I could have felt.

Is that why you treat me different?
Because of what I've missed?

Maybe I am different
Just because of life.
But no matter what precedes,
I won't be left behind.

I follow my dreams and
Chase my goals,
Always, ever an endless fight.
I truly have myself to thank,
But who gets the bragging rights?

So I guess I am different
But what you don't stop to see
Is that by using what you call
"different,"
I have made myself - me.