

Stereotyped

In life, you try to find yourself in the world.
Who are you?
What do you want in life?
Growing up, I wanted to be many things.
I wanted to be a scientist, a fireman, or an inventor.
As I grew older, my dreams evaporated like ice in the desert.
I became what people thought I looked like.
It seemed the prejudice of society made me out to be who I am.
When you get stereotyped by people all your life it has an effect on you.
Sooner or later you fall into the trap.
You look at the people around you and become one.
So over the bridge I jumped, being blinded by not seeing any other way to live.
I dove in headfirst, making ripples upon people's lives.
By pulling my finger on who I despised.
Being involved, this is who I was.
Clay molded by society's cruel hand.
This life I lived was my EVERYTHING.
Nothing else mattered.
My family—I would never see.
Too ashamed to show them who I came to be.
Even the love of my life came second.
All she ever wanted was kind words and attention—
Things I could never mention.
Me, on edge always, restless.
The streets would call me,
Like an operator, I'd answer.
Drawn to it like a magnet to metal.
My view, twisted thinking this life is all that mattered.
Blood, sweat and tears intermingled with rainwater
Rushing through the dirty city gutters
Sleep eludes me
Cat and mouse I play
My life on the line
Living to die
day to day.