

The Real Me

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I was feeling judged and alone. These words started spilling into my mind, so I made them flood a page.

1. The Real Me

Who am I?

Where have I drowned?

Can you even see me?

Was I ever found?

Lies, lies, Lies;

Focused on you.

Or am I just a broken mirror

Fallen to the ground?

I don't know what's come over me?

I can't remember a thing.

I don't know how to finish

The story that I've begun.

It keeps me going,

With no one by my side.

What is this feeling?

How long is this ride?

When will you notice

That this isn't all a dream?

I just wish that you could see

The real me.

It's nothing but a broken heart

That you refuse to sew back together.

Are we just some old toys to you;

Throw in the back of your toy box.

Am I a screwed up doll

That won't repeat everything you say?

Is he a torn up soldier

That will never be the same?

I don't know what your problem is;

Why it is never your fault.

Why can't you see;

It's always what you need.

Is it you who is suppose to stay the same

And pray that I'll change?

Am I the one who needs to know

That I'm the one insane?

I see the world different from you.

That's what I believe.

So, I'm just waiting for you to see...

That you're not the real me.