

# Choose

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I sit and watch,  
the people who talk  
I see their eyes follow me  
I hear their voices drowned my own.  
Their fingers point as I walk past  
they say my clothes aren't it,  
my hair isn't it,  
that is all that matters.  
No one looks at me,  
my interests  
my personality  
my character.  
Who am I?  
I do not decide that,  
That is their job.  
This is why they stare,  
and point  
and talk their talk,  
and walk their walk.  
Right now,  
I do not decide my life.  
My choices are not mine,  
but one day I will be me,  
and I will be proud.

One day I will drowned  
the voices that fill my head  
that intrude my thoughts  
as I lay asleep  
trying to be who I am  
in a world I get no choice in.