

## "Born Wrong"

Is anyone out there?

Can anyone hear me screaming so loud Banshees lower their heads in shame?

So loud that my skull pounds when my thoughts speak,

trying to overpower each other,

as if they're an Orchestra with no conductor.

Just a mess of noise and chaos

threatening to leave my mouth and ruin me

Threatening to crack the porcelain face I tried so hard to build...

You know you should never get a porcelain doll wet...

Even a few drops can peel away the paint and crack its perfect face...

Who wants a cracked doll?

They're broken

They're ugly

Sure, you can go get it "fixed"

Take it to an expert,

Slap on a new coat of paint,

Smooth out the cracks

But it'll still be broken under the surface

Best to just not let it get wet

Not a single drop can touch its perfect face

Not a single drop

Is anyone out there?

-In this void I mean

This black nothingness that creeps up on you like a blizzard

First it's calm; everything is great

Then it strikes

It blinds you

makes you feel helpless

It makes you feel Alone

Swallows you whole

Whispers those names

Those *words* they used to call you

*"Caramel"*

*"Dumb"*

*"Weak Girl"*

*Slurs* you can't even say, but can be said to you because of double standards

That tear at your skin like a rabid beast.

Is anyone out there who's like me?

Constantly reminded that you're not the norm

That you're just a defect the Factory decided to sell anyway

That you can't mess up

Because it'll give them more reason to look at you like an Alien

Look at you like you're dangerous,

Like you're a sinner,

A *Freak*

Do you know what it feels like to be born and raised in a country but still be treated like you don't belong?

Like your skin, your gender, your culture, and your mind  
are constantly on trial

Each new face a new judge ready to sentence you

Guilty until proven innocent

Guilty until proven *Normal*

Is anyone out there who has wished they were normal?

Wished that you could just *Change* and fit into the factory mold

That you weren't born defective

That you weren't born *Wrong*

I've caught myself wishing that as I blew out my birthday candles  
or before I went to sleep

I shouldn't have to

I should love *me* right?

Love who I am, What I am

But even when I do love me

There's always someone looming over my shoulder

Waiting to tear me down

To stop me from loving me,

To remind me I don't belong...

I'm sorry

I'm sorry for dumping this on you

For opening a locked chest

The kind you should never open

Never let anyone see

I'm sorry that I cracked the lid

Sorry that I let the doll's face get wet

Sorry that my thoughts are too loud for you

That their screaming hurts your ears

I'm sorry for the way I think

And the way I love

I'm sorry...

I'm sorry that I'm not black enough, or white enough

I'm sorry that I'm gay and queer

I'm sorry

I'm sorry for being born wrong