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OUTKAST

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I'm in a league of my own, so no one can join my team, people will always hate me, and try to crush my dreams. The city I used to live in, considered me a threat, had an obsession with fire, that I now put in check. I call myself an outkast, because I'm always isolated, and the way I lived my life, that's what my family hated. I tried to be a good man, and make mom's proud of her son, letting her down, having me regretting all that I've done. I have internal problems, that lurk around my mind, to where I can get no justice, plus that lady is blind. When I fell down I could find no one there to help, I started running and I was running from myself. I'm my own enemy, my anger always gets the best, but all that will cease, when I'll finally be laid to rest. At times I really try to face all my fears, and everytime I do, I feel nobody don't want me here. As an outkast, I gotta always be strong, dust myself off, after I fall, and finally move on. I go back and ponder, about how I used to be, I'll definitely do things different, not facing strike 3 why am I an outkast, is it because life is a game? or is it because I'm a threat, because they hate the flame? I'm really a nice guy, but they say nice guys finish last, so I'll continue to live my life, and continue to be an outkast.