

## The Journey to What I Am

In this backwards world  
Of beauty and lies  
I went on a journey  
To find out just what I am

And I entered a world  
A mass of ideas and love  
Warped by the perceptions of others  
And I looked around

And I saw a painted face  
Not the face I was born with  
But the face and body society tells me is beautiful  
Dyed blonde hair and visible ribs

And it wasn't what I was  
So I shattered the perfect image  
To dive deeper and to see who I was alone  
Not what beauty magazines had told me I should be

And I saw a student  
Not studying what I loved  
But the subjects I was told I needed to get into college  
Textbooks piled to the sky

And it wasn't what I was  
So I threw down the textbooks  
To dive deeper and to see who I was alone  
Not what my teachers had told me I should be

And I saw a rebellious partier  
Not participating in the activities I enjoy  
But the ones I was told I needed to fit in  
Drinking and smoking

And it wasn't what I was  
So I put down the bottle  
To dive deeper and to see who I was alone  
Not what my fake friends had told me I should be

And I saw everything that had tried to warp me  
Not what I was

And between the rumors and lies and thoughts of others

I couldn't see myself

And I took a deep breath, and I cast them all aside

The society, telling me I wasn't good enough unless I was what they wanted

The teachers, telling me I wasn't smart enough unless I was what they  
wanted

The friends, telling me I wasn't cool enough unless I was what they wanted

And once I had cast them all aside

And I was able to clearly see

I saw myself for what I was alone

And I thought: I am me

And I do not need to fit society's standards

I am comfortable with who I am

And while society cannot accept my flaws

I love them making me unique

And I do not need teacher's criticisms

I want to learn about what I want to know

And while they pressure me with threats of not getting into college

I know that there are things you can't learn from a book

And I do not need the friend's rumors

I know what is and is not true

And while I may not be friends with everyone

I have real friends I can count on

And beneath it all

Under the pressures and lies

And love and hope of others

There is me

And I have found myself

And I am wonderfully unique

And I know what I love

And I know what I am

And I am a spiritual child

And I am a wise old man

And I am still growing

And I am a teenage work in progress

And it is okay that I am not yet sure  
Because now I know the direction I'm going

And I will grow on my own  
Not based on what others tell me

And with my sense of self  
I am able to overcome  
The rumors and the images  
And the hate and the lies

And I am able to be me alone  
And whatever comes my way  
The society, the teachers, even the friends  
I am able to stay true to my soul.