

Why Am I Different?

Among my family of origin, I am the misfit.

Within their serious conversations, I tell the lame jokes.

While they swap happy memories, I record the tales.

Compared to flawless flesh, I display fresh wounds.

Between their stalwart sunflowers, I'm a wilted daisy.

Among their diamond minds, I'm the flawed gem.

Behind their battleship fleet, I'm the raft adrift.

Listening to their confident answers, I ask the question—

Why am I different?



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