

Sunshine

—Don King

Do you think you're alone?
Left to live this hell apart?
That you are the one
To suffer in silence?
Do you feel like Atlas?
The whole world on your shoulders?
Do you see only sorrow
In your own reflection?
Are you the dim, empty soul
That never sees the light?
Or, are you just like me?
Lost amongst the gleam and glamour
Of a world that only knows how
To forsake souls such as we.
Who are we to decide
How much more we suffer
When all we taste is a small piece
Of that bitter fate?
Maybe we are normal,
Just like everyone else:
Struggling to be seen
Instead of obscured by the clouds
That society deems we all shall do:
We shall rise above this all
And make our own sunshine