

Anger

Why can't I raise my voice and cry
While others hurt and pass me by?
They push and pull, then walk away,
but I must smile and seem like I'm okay.
They call it "reasons", excuses wrapped in
gentle sin,
yet when I break I am deemed as a s**t person.
A storm unwelcome in their crowd.
They say "don't take it so f*****g serious",
but pain is pain, it doesn't lie.
So why must I swallow my f*****g pain?
If anger's wrong when worn by me,
then tell me what I'm meant to be?
A mirror cracked, a muttered scream, a shadow
fading in a dream?
I want the right to speak my truth,
to cry and scream out loud, to show my proof
My fire burns just like their flame,
So why does mine become my shame?

By M, age 14