



I AM...

I am the broken one.

I am the one who stands out from the crowd.

My soul is the bird that soars away from the flock.

My mind is the river flowing in the other direction.

My temper is the wind whipping about.

When I feel left out I leave out everyone else.

When I slip away from reality I pull reality back to me.

People say I am different because I am,

and when people say I'm the same I'm not, because I'm me.

written by Rachel Marie Caron, on the eve of her 12th birthday