***“I Am…”***

4th Period - English 2 Collaboration

I am from the backwoods; silent but loud.

I wonder if I will ever make it to college,

if tomorrow will exist,

if freewill is a real thing,

if we actually landed on the moon.

I hear them saying, “you’ve come so far,”

I see the future me.

I want to be able to stay in the sun,

to break free

to learn

to be more than I actually am.

*I want more.*

I am from a hard life;

Strong, brave, and willing to take risks.

I pretend like everything is okay,

that all this pain will go away.

I pretend that I am normal.

I feel all forces of life coming at me at once.

I feel…

Amazing.

I touch the hearts of people who deserve it,

the hearts of people that I need.

I touch a feather and it feels like a thousand pound dumbbell.

I worry that I may not make it someday,

that I will mess up.

I worry if people think different of me,

if what I am, isn’t what I’m supposed to be.

I worry about the past coming back,

that I’ll never be good enough.

I worry where my shoes will take me.

I cry at night in my head

when I think about the one’s I’ve lost,

when I think about not having anyone.

I cry **only** when I *need* to.

I am lost, but I am *hopeful*.