

WHAT IF?

She'd let out a spineless laugh,
What if they knew she'd take it to heart?
What if they gave her an easy start?
She'd rarely let out a generous laugh.

What if she was like them?
Following like a sheep,
Having nothing unique,
How would it be then?

They'd laugh and tell her it was a joke,
Being too scared to confront,
Leaving to be undiscussed,
They'd continue to provoke.

Continuing with their game,
Playing with their prey,
They'd throw a tantrum if it didn't go their way,
What if she was the same?

What if she had a strong spine?
What if she could fight back?
What if she didn't lack?
If she did, what would be the end line?

What if they knew her story,
Would they understand why she is the way she is,
She would never understand what relief is,
Would she ever be able to roam the halls unwary?

What if they had the same problems?
What if they felt her pain?
Would they feel as drained?
What if they saw how she wobbles?

Not having a safe place,
Difficult to ever relax,
One day she'll collapse,
With all the added weights.

Her eyes say a million words,
Pleading for help,
But no one ever seemed to help,
Someone to help is all of what she yearns.

Her life is a broken-winged bird,

Uncoordinated and difficult,
Everyone called her different,
She'd always stay unheard.

What if someone gave her their hand?
Would it be as hard?
Would she be as weird?
Would she finally have someone to understand?