

Lost Boys and Yellow Homes

seventeen letters have never felt more wrong,
you are like an elephant walking a tightrope;
you know, but you do not belong.
denouncing yourself for not what you are,
but rather what they see.
changing like seasons,
fall may be the death of things,
but spring, that is when
everything grows, when you begin
to believe there is more beyond
a paper telling you who you are supposed to be.
they built you a castle made out of pink satin walls,
but you always yearned for yellow paint.
never a blue or pink person,
never even magenta; just yellow.
it was the ambiguity of this color,
the feeling of warmth even during the coldest seasons.
how can a star gazer survive in a city
with nothing but streetlamps?
how can a whimsical soul survive in a cage
disguised in nothing but faded pink satin?
they may call them rubies and diamonds,
but really they're just headlights.
in this story, you are the deer, stuck in time,
never fight or flight, just freezing in your own head.
never getting out of bed and feeling
the warmth of the yellow you are searching for.
you might feel it for a brief moment,
but you cannot see it.

especially not them.
especially not now,
through all the grey clouds and fog.
you are lost,
with no north star to guide you home,
as if you ever had one in the first place...
you call yourself a lost boy, but they just call you lost
you know to find that yellow paint will come at a price
but you know, you would rather give everything up
just to come out of that pink satin cage
and build a yellow home of your own,
where no one can tear it, or you, down

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