

I am a piano that knows its being played  
and while the music started out nicely and flowed and was beautiful  
it has deteriorated into a thing of disgust.  
I have deteriorated into a thing of disgust.  
I am that I am and thats all I ever will be.  
I don't represent properly.  
You should be a representative by your deeds  
but don't look at what I've done because I'm showing the wrong side.  
Not the second or third but the fourth.  
The first side is me, who I honestly am,  
and If i were to be honest I'd say I've never seen the man.  
But the second is what comes out, my energy my smile, my wit,  
my voice all ready on speed dial.  
The third side is what I try to present, an image of Christ.  
Someone with morals whose properly living their life.  
Someone whose respected and does their own work,  
someone who has worth.  
The fourth is what's seen now.  
This darkness thats grown to infect my every pore  
and fill my every hole.  
Not who I am, or who I was meant to be.  
This side, this sickens me.  
Shes infected me.

Shes taken ME.

I AM NO LONGER MY OWN

all because I kept in contact.

Because we talked everyday on the phone.

Because I was originally ignorant of how she felt,

and thought she like me more than anyone else,

then I realized she saw me as ugly.

That shes didn't like my face,

she didn't like my hair, or my heart, or my ways.

But I still liked her. Only God knows why.

So i persistently followed her,

telling her I only wanted to be friends was originally just a lie,

until I realized that she was sick.

Her mind was like a sewage pit,

complex and intricate and beautiful but full of sh\*t.

I grew to understand and thought I could clean it.

Clean it with dirty hands.

Clean it with trash.

Show her parts of my mind that I pushed into my past,

show her what I hid, what I hide,

who I could be.

Show her in the hopes that she would love me.

That someone would love me.

That I would be loved.

I didn't understand that I still had time to be a dove,  
that It wasn't too late to spread my wings,  
if I just flew til the end of the year there would be less lonely suffering.

I didn't get it.

Now I do.

Now I'm hurt and confused, because I don't want her but I also kinda do.

And She did this to me.

She put this in my mind. She'll play ignorant all day,  
but no touch just happens, no coincidental brush.

Everytime she pressed against me,  
every time I breathed her in she was putting her scent in my nose  
and kept pushing me to the brim.

She pushes me to the brim. Trying to rid me of what I believe.

I have morals and I have reasons that I won't let her see  
because I'm afraid she'll laugh. Because I respect her but she doesn't respect me.

Because I let it happen.

Because she owns me.

I need to own myself. I need my life back.

need to stop giving her so much slack, stop taking what she offers,  
stop being a little b\*tch.0

I need to stop being played.

But the music, I love it.

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