

Identity

At first I had a box, it was beautiful and loved color.
It sang giving sunshine, everyday was like summer.
The identity I know, unlike any other.

Day by day, the box on a shelf. Like a mask on my face.
I sat by myself. Just mentally, I guess. But they wouldn't know.
That the feeling inside just started to grow.

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For dust it collected as it remained on its shelf.
The sunshine soon faded, my dejection upheld.
The birds wouldn't sing,
as they would in the summer.
But that was only an identity.
Just like any other.

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A new box I've found, it's sad and it's cold.
But the appearance inside, would make you unfold.
It's like the bears hibernating, and the flowers all die.
That's my identity. And you wouldn't know why.
Outside it looks decorated and inviting to see.
And people will take it like my person is free.

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It's offered to all,
My kindness from summer,
Then people steal it,
It's how I become her.
My flowers all died,
But the sun is still there
No difference in my cold,
Left in despair.

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No bugs are in winter,
Or fruits on the trees.
All take for granted,
This is all that one sees.
Until there is nothing,
But a cold wintry box.
There is no point in trying,
It never unlocks.

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That's my new box, the shelf one I've lost.
Because this one I'm stuck with, no point to defrost.
This misread identity, that everyone sees,
Is the one piece of summer remaining with me.