

# Anthology of zachezeb



Presented by

*My poetic Side* 

## Dedication

*For everyone lost and confused in the world.*

## About the author

15 years old, just as confused as the next person.

## summary

A Snapped Tree Branch

You're Different

## A Snapped Tree Branch

I wish I could be better.  
Instead of that weird, shell of a person I am now.  
On the outside I look like a teenage boy.  
On the inside,  
I'm a dying whale,  
screeching,  
begging,  
someone to help me escape from this pit of sorrow I'm stuck in  
I want out. My friends tell me they simply don't understand me.  
What is there to understand?  
My mood swings like a suicidal teen hanging from a rope.  
I've been backstabbed so many times my back looks like a fucking grape field.  
Red with the wine of regret.  
I'm an arsonist, burning down bridges trying to help myself and others. My brain is fogged up,  
it's as if my brain was a cigar lounge,  
full of thugs and criminals,  
meeting to figure out ways to destroy me.  
People misinterpret my attempts at helping them  
as "weird", as "obsessive".  
What if I just want to help someone?  
Do something no one has ever done for me?  
At this point it isn't even worth bothering to help anyone anymore.  
It isn't worth feeling anything anymore.  
I guess you could say I'm broken. Kind of like a snapped tree branch,  
I broke after being stepped on too many times.

## You're Different

You're different.  
Something about you  
just doesn't match up with everyone else  
You're like a black cat  
In the light of heaven.

You're different.  
When people look at you,  
they see someone who,  
simply put,  
doesn't fit in.

You're different.  
You're like a custom jigsaw puzzle piece  
made by a toddler.  
Some people respect you for it,  
Others don't.

You're different.  
Your mind is faster.  
Your world is too bright for them.  
Don't be scared to be different.  
Because it's what makes you special.