

Name: Anonymous

Blood

How much of me is me
How much of me is you

You, the one I often blame
Your blood
Your influence

The reason I was scared to make a phone call
Unable to speak up in class
Always hiding myself

Filled with shame, filled with doubt
Why today I always feel out of place and like a waste of space

I grew up watching you stutter
Suffer around others
Now I see you in myself
I hate that I resent you
When I have many reasons to thank you

Your kind demeanor
Resilient nature
Joy in the little things
Sense of responsibility
And your strong, silent love

The truth is
You are a part of me
Some parts I sometimes don't want to keep
But there is no one else
I'd rather be