

Sometimes

I am my best friend,
I am the only one who
understands me:
My problems,
The things I do
and the reasons why I do them.
I am the only one who understands
the reasons I am
like I am.

Sometimes

I am my worst enemy
I don't even understand myself
why I say and do the things I
say and do
Why do I cause problems?
Why am I so negative?

I don't know why
and that makes me
want to be alone
I don't want people to talk to me
my whole self begs for isolation
so I can escape into nothing

and

my heart aches to be hugged.

Sometimes

Grade 9-12

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Date: 4/30/10

* NOTE: If submitting a form electronically, typed signature OK.