Sober

People ask me why I get high

I tell them it’s because I’m trying to reach a level of balance

You see, my whole life I was told my way of thinking was wrong

Perhaps a sacrilegious anarchist is what they perceive because I couldn’t achieve normality

Your pictures of perfection attribute to my body dysmorphic

Your love songs tell me I don’t deserve my wife and that my wife doesn’t hold up to your standards of a woman

Because I choose to walk with my eyes open and not follow blindly you see me as the enemy

So you push, until I break

And I can’t climb, I can’t rise and I can no longer fight

Days I look to the heavens in search of closure and resolution

If I’m truly a plague to the progression of my species then why not end me?

If I am to stay, why the scrutiny?

If there is plan, designed by my creator then give me a sign, a clap of thunder, a clue, Jesus a fucking whistle

Anything, anything to assure a reason for existence and perseverance

Then I realized, Jesus was crucified

Martin was stoned

Tupac was shot

Michael was ridiculed

Malcolm was hated

Witches were burned

And all other leaders and visionaries came with critics that are no longer remembered

I’m not the enemy I am the change, and a change that is a threat to your existence and mortality

I no longer strive to be sober, because I understand I am not down

I’m just so….fucking….high.

I’m not broken and I have risen

I am ready to climb; I am ready to fight.