

A Metamorphic Time

Digesting myself to compose a better creature...

Removing every disliked feature,

Leaving almost nothing behind

Having to dissolve my own mind

I would do anything to survive

Everyone is just trying to stay alive.

What a truly metamorphic time

Hacking myself to pieces

This discrimination only increases.

Having to fight to be seen

If only I didn't have to preen

They say, "To be loved is to be changed."

I didn't think I was supposed to be rearranged.

And was that love that I received?

They should not have grieved

For I am not dead

I am still in this weary head

Conforming is a cruel necessity

Cutting myself open breathlessly

Leaving only an empty shell

I'm a gasping storm impossible to quell