

Name _____

Misunderstood Me

In the world of words, I often dwell,
A feeling inside I can hardly quell,
A sense of being different, not quite right,
The feeling of being misunderstood, day and night.
I wear my heart upon my sleeve,
Yet, no one seems to truly believe,
The depth of my thoughts, the dreams I chase,
Invisible tears behind a smiling face.
In conversations, I search for a friend,
To listen, to hear, to comprehend,
But my words get lost in the swirling crowd,
A voiceless whisper, not clear and loud.
I long for someone who'll see the real me,
Beyond the surface, beyond what they see,
To understand the quirks, the joys, the fears,
To hold my heart with gentle, caring ears.
In solitude, I find a solace true,
A refuge where my thoughts can brew,
I embrace the uniqueness that makes me whole,
In the world of words, I find my soul.
But still, the longing to be known,
To have my feelings and thoughts full-blown,
To bridge the gap, to make them see,
The me that's longing to break free.
For deep within, I know it's true,
We all have parts that are hidden from view,
In this world of complexity,
Misunderstood, yet yearning to be free.

