

~UNDERESTIMATED~

Written by: Joan Pacinabo

I remember, I was walking on the street.  
Just pacing slowly, as I watched my every step.  
Their eyes are on me, I can feel the weight.  
So I turned around, then their eyes I met.

When my neighbors saw me coming closer to them,  
They cover their mouth while talking.  
But you can still hear it, no need to eavesdropping,  
They greet me with a smile as if they done nothing.

I have questions keep running in my head.  
Does barter and dribble gossips makes you talented?  
Does it make you feel so high like you're on drug?  
I'm just a poor one, not a star or a thug.

But thank you fellas for your harsh words.  
For predicting what will I be when I grow up.  
But you're not Nostradamus and you can't stop,  
My fate is written in the palm of my hand,  
And I move to reach up to the top,  
Of my triangle and on my feet I will stand.  
One day you'll see...  
The last laugh is for me.

(My old poetry)~ Pacinabo