

Where do I belong?

Why don't you act your age? I've heard it all before
My age is just a number and I'm not really keeping score
Forty odd years of experience I've spent upon this land
From the innocence of a baby to the disillusion of a man
And I'm filled with a confusion of what I'm supposed to be
Living under the illusion that everybody's free
As an infant I was unruly, I had to have my way
Would rather read a book than go outside and play
Tantrums were abundant born of pure frustration
Trying to make them understand the thoughts at my creation
People often saying, so much older than his years
But separation from the other kids made it such a curse
Torment, tease and torture, were a daily constant chore
With bullying and beatings thrown in to be sure
Didn't take a genius to see I didn't fit
And to control the situation I would have to change a bit
Think a little younger and try to dumb it down
Learn to throw a punch while trying to play the clown
Learn to act, how to react, to be what they could see
Always being everyone, but never being me
Into adolescence already feeling nothing matters
Stupidity and ignorance had left my life in tatters
Doing what I had to do to help the days pass by
Torturing the lost soul inside, that begs each day to die
Take a little substance, to keep the ghosts at bay
Take a little more, to play the characters I play
Caught up in an existence that didn't feel right
With nobody to guide me and no real end in sight
I wandered into adulthood, I tried to settle down
Feeling like a stranger in a close knit dead end town
And though I found a woman and though I fell in love
Not knowing who I really was, it never was enough
It broke my hardened heart that I drove our love apart
But love with insecurities was doomed right from the start
Full of true regret, we took our separate paths
She found herself another love as I went slowly mad
A crisis team they took control and took my life out of my hands
Locked me in a hospital, a shadow of a man
Doctors did their talking and filled me full of pills
My emotions sterilized avoiding hope and thrills
Expecting me to take my place in life's little crazy game
How can that, be realised, when I'm nothing but a name?
Will I ever find myself in this hopeless crazy place?
Somewhere I belong in this thing called a human race.

By Lee Haigh