

The Light Inside of Me
by Megan McKay

I can still work,
but my light is broken.
I attempted to fix it,
but I do not seem to have the right spark.
I am dull,
but all of my neighbors shine.
I am the one people stare toward,
but do not actually see.
I am more noticeable than the rest of these lights,
but we are all the same; I am just dimmer.

The darkness overpowers the light,
and my mind is the darkness.
The people around me are curious;
they question why I do not shine as the others do.
I want to be as bright as the others;
the light inside me is not as strong.
My road ahead remains dark,
while others have a path glowing in possibility.
My heart whispers, "The light is near just a little closer,"
but my mind screams, "Darkness is all you are capable of being!"

We all have one thing in common:
the light inside of us depends on the help of others.
People stopped caring,
so the light I once held died out.
When the lights cease to shine,
people stopped acting concerned.
Knowing they cannot benefit from you any longer,
people vanish.
No need to fix a burnt out light,
when it is surrounded by so much life.

I want to see the light, the way the others do,
but I can't, all I see is the dark.
The lights in my group
seem to point away from me.
Not wanting to help me
the others abandon me, leaving me to fight the darkness alone.