

Barriers

By Mandy Abric

All I'm faced with, backed up against-
Pushed into without a bit of reverence.
Holds me down, throws me around,
Doesn't matter what I say, not one damn sound.
Barriers live inside me, I have always carried them along,
But since I seem able, no one sees I'm wired wrong.

Always been corrected, inspected, re adjusted, and rejected,
How was I meant to belong when I felt so disconnected?
Trapped in a system that tells me how to sit,
how to fit,
Into groups and clothes.
Stand here, stand there, line up in rows.
What to eat, and what to weigh,
Jammed down our throats everyday.

My worth is based on what I do and how I succeed,
It seems like there's nothing there for me regardless of how I proceed.
I've worked so hard to try to make my mark,
In world that tears me to shreds like a shark
Who needs to feed an endless hunger,
In a system where I'm nothing more but a number.

A diagnosis that bears weight like a ball and chain,
One can't know the feeling of the pain,
That comes from wanting to be all that one can be,
Then the tide comes, dragging you back out to sea.
Running underwater, holding your breath,
Swimming and fighting not to give into the depth,
Of the darkness that has always been there.
No matter how you medicate, meditate, or care.

I'm wired incorrectly, and that comes with many things,
Mental illness and addiction, and annoying traits it brings,
Gifts some say, that make me that way,
"Superpower" upgrades, but I'm the one who'll pay.

Symptoms have hijacked my system, left me a victim,
Or they say a survivor, but am I alive, or?
Just existing, in a system that's keen to slam the door.