

Thriving

children • youth • families

 Growing Edge Training online journal



Belong

Michael Powell II

Mark Freado met Michael Powell II two years ago and continues to follow his healing journey. This poem is a product of that journey.

It's hard for me to say it
That all my life I felt like that puzzle piece that wouldn't fit
So, in order to alleviate the feeling of a piece of sh*t
I figured I would compensate by doing what other people do
You know, following the lead

Whatever conflicting deeds
I just did the things I seen
Hoping someone would feel my prison and welcome me
With arms outreached like a present
And a smile that said welcome
Even if just for a second
But it never came

I don't know if I was lame or weird or my personality was flawed
But it seems as if the constant eagerness on my part to belong
Gave people authorization to act as if I was a dog
And I followed along blindfolded

Unable to identify key moments of destruction in a life that's so capricious
Just wishing everything will go smoother than a river
And it all flows together like subject-verb agreement
A loyal friend
I did my very best to be it

But loyal to a fault
People tend to take advantage of a weakness
Still wrapped up in a being with no sense of connection
I was steadfast when asked
To pledge my allegiance
I came running and honestly I'm sweet as honey
But fear of rejection kind of nursed me
So I moved to seek praise

And I act without thought like a zombie
So I don't have to reflect on my wicked ways
It was high

All 'cause when I was five I went along for that bike ride
I didn't have the courage to ask why
I just went

And you know how things trend when you're caught up in the cool
Until you're invaded by the sting of discipline
Cause this whole life was mapped out
I was on autopilot for twenty-two years following someone else's route

I live three lives just trying to belong to one
A school boy
Aspiring gangster
And a loving son

What the f*ck
I felt stuck between stereotypes
Girls and late nights
And trying to hide it all from my mon and still do right

Or at least give the appearance of a citizen
And save face when confronted with dismay about my actions and temperament
I was too much for myself

That bad thing
I didn't realize that harsh fact 'til I was sitting in a cell
Even then still following the trend it was hard to withdraw
'Cause if anything I just want some friends
That's all
One to say how I was doing and mean it
Just 'cause it's me

To put me first for no reason
Show love with no incentive
To give me a place in their heart that wasn't driven by a fact that couldn't change our relation

I wasn't even sure if I had it
It took a while to find it
Like paperwork in an old dusty cabinet
Man, I had to dig deep

I was taking deep excavation of a site that hosted dozens of egos
Just to find me
And I was feeble and small
A baby

Bewilderingly searching through what I once considered life
It was crazy how fragile I'd become
It was apparent that I turned into a nobody
But a shell of someone

I felt sick
And I didn't wanna be someone else's fix
While simultaneously being viewed as a misfit even in my own pics
And at that moment
I had vivid clarity of my disparity

If I wanted some control I had to take it
I struggled to take the reins of a running wild life
I found out it wasn't hard to confront things head on taking charge
'Cause you have to embrace the pain

And Karma being the ref of your life can turn things the other way
So I discovered being alone was okay
With my new sense of confidence I noticed how people start to gravitate
And if they don't that's fine, too

I understand now that everything ain't for everybody
And every person ain't for you
And every house is not a home
So if you feel out of place being in a foreign space it doesn't mean that you're wrong

So my passion for interaction may be strong
But I'll never let someone else tell me where I belong