

“IDENTITY”

Author Unknown

He always wanted to explain things.
But no one cared.
So he drew.
Sometimes he would draw and it wasn't anything.
He wanted to carve it in stone or write it in the sky.
And it would be only him and the sky
And all the things inside him that needed saying.
And it was after that he drew the picture.
It was a beautiful picture.
He kept it under his pillow and would let no one see it.
And he would look at it every night and think about it.
And when it was dark, and his eyes were closed, he could see it.
And it was all of him.
And he loved it.
When he started school he brought it with him.
Not to show anyone, but just to have it with him like a friend.
It was funny about school.
He sat in a square, brown desk
Like all other square, brown desks
And he thought it should be red.
And his room was a square, brown room, like all the other rooms.
And it was tight and close.
And stiff.
He hated to hold the pencil and chalk,
With his arm stiff and his feet flat on the floor,
Stiff.
With the teacher watching and watching.
The teacher came and spoke to him.
She told him to wear a tie like all the other boys.
He said he didn't like them.
She said it didn't matter.
And after that they drew,
And he drew yellow and it was the way he felt about morning.
And it was beautiful
The teacher came and smiled at him.
“What's this?” she said, “Why don't you draw something like
Ken's drawing?”

Isn't that beautiful?"
After that his mother bought him a tie.
And he always drew airplanes and rocket ships like everyone else.
And he threw the old picture away.
And when he lay alone looking at the sky,
It was big and blue and all of everything.
But he wasn't anymore.
He was square inside
And brown,
And his hands were stiff,
And he was like everyone else,
And the thing inside him that needed saying didn't need it
 Anymore.
It had stopped pushing.
It was crushed.
Stiff
Like everything else.

---written by a high school senior
two weeks before killing himself.