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I Am

Kyra Alway

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I am

Kyra Alway

I am a question, a promise
A certainty of accomplishment
A “you will be successful”
I am the smartest in the room
I am the mental math, the six-year-old who calculated the tip
I am “mature for your age” and a “future honors student”

I am pressured, I am small
I was so focused on who to become
I don't know who I am anymore.
I am “pretty”, I am “beautiful”
I am a bird on display
With my fake shiny feathers and my lovely little song

But I am underneath that image,
my song is only a voice box
Repeating the same lost tune
Can you hear me?

I want a voice
To say
“I CRY”, “I LIVE”
“I AM HUMAN”, “LET ME BE”
And I am finding it
My arms are growing
My feathers now wings
I am an answer.