

The Problem

by Lillith Maria

My poem that sorta describes my life.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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I'm the problem with my family.
I'm the trouble they can't get rid of.
I'm the one who argues.
I'm the one who screams.
I'm the one who can't fit
into the neat box that's their life.
I don't want to be like them.
I can't live like that.
Can't they see I'm more than their puppet?
I want to live my life the way I like it.
They can't control me. I won't let them.
This is my life. I am myself.
They don't listen anymore.
They don't even try to understand.
My sister is the perfect daughter,
and I'm the troubled girl.
I'm the problem.

It's the role I was given.

I'm proud of it.

I take it eagerly now.

I do my best to live up to the name.

I am the problem,

and I'm staying.

You can't get rid of me now.