

NAMI NJ Dara Axelrod Expressive Arts 2018 Mental Health Poetry Contest - 7th Place

My Freedom Songs

By Nicole Spector

It's a nightmare.
People who stop and stare
We were all there.
Struggling to be fair.

Fire and gold.
It's what we're told.
They want our soul to be young but old. They want us to be hot but cold.

I can remember a time when I was so afraid. Afraid to come out, afraid to be brave. My family was out while I was in a cave. Love and affection was all I craved.

I've gotten used to staying strong.
So that my life will move along.
It allows me to keep going on.
So I can keep coming on.

This is for those who took their lives. Don't worry, just give it time.
Don't be like them, you'll be fine.
Be yourself, don't walk the line.

I'll break down the wall.
I'll be running down the hall.
You will hear the call.
You won't make me fall.

So what if I'm not perfect.
I don't care, 'cause I'm worth it.