

Untitled
By Strawberry Gallagher

My thoughts were always traveling 100 miles per hour
as my moods were fluctuating at a mile a minute
but despite that,
through the turbulence and instability,
I always reached my destination

It was hard to exist in a colony
when all I knew
was fear and doubt,
never knowing what the next day entailed
or knowing nurture from another,
wondering why I was not worth sustaining

Expected to fail,
the forecast alerted downfall
My adversity did not lead to catastrophe
but
to the advancement of my existence

Stigma says my wings are defected but
I could have never soared so high without them

Who knew that
alcoholic pedigree
and a lineage of mental illness,
including my own,
could pave way for success?

Nobody believed I could become a swan
in a world of pigeons