

Melody

We are worn out like the strings on my father's guitar,
thin and fraying so close to breaking but still we strum,
a fretful melody,
in minor key,
there is no room for a harmony and definitely no room for reject notes.
No room for reject people either.

But how do you classify a reject,
someone you allow yourself to respect less,
someone who doesn't belong.

In music it's simple,
you can pick out notes that aren't on key by just listening,
you group them meticulously as you arrange your symphony as you
elegantly create a masterpiece.

But what is a masterpiece when people come into play?
How do you tell the difference between a masterpiece and a mess waiting
to be made?
How do you test somebody with only what your eyes can see?
Do you just get one of those feelings on the inside?
Do you hear rumors from your friends and you immediately think you must
abide by their opinion as if they were laws.
Maybe you just get bad vibes or don't like the way they look walk or talk.
But no matter how you come to this conclusion I promise you,

YOU ARE WRONG!

You are under the idealistic illusion that some people truly don't belong. Even in the definition of the word community it states "a group of people living in the same place or having a particular characteristic in COMMON" but if we are always expected to be pulled together by our similarities how are we supposed to understand and respect differences?

the closest we have ever gotten to even acknowledging them is with stereotypes,

that never add up quite right,

the ones you first hear on the playground in elementary school

when you first learn people can be cruel.

When your mom cradled you in her arms and whispered sweet promises of tomorrow,

A tomorrow that still hasn't come.

A tomorrow that generations and generations have dreamed of.

A tomorrow that will remain a dream.

A broken dream at that,

but it takes us back,

back to reality,

back to the minor key,

back to the fact that there is no room for me or anybody who dares to believe that our differences are our destiny,

that our differences will shape a community of misfits.

Back to the reality that misfits are all people are and can ever be,
nobody fits perfectly you are not a human shaped puzzle piece.

You are not a music note either,

you don't have to be on key constantly fitting in perfectly with the other
well tuned notes.

You don't need to be anything,

there are no exact rules for existing,

except for laws set aside by countries to keep people 'safe'

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