Poem

Trapped In His Skin

A budding young boy wanders the school,
Footsteps patter to the beat of his heart.
His classmates snicker and act too cruel,
He wonders why life has fallen apart.

He is a night owl consoled by the dark.
An angry lizard with scaly disease,
A birch tree with flaking layers of bark,
A shape-shifting chameleon at unease.

Countless creams and oils provide no cure,
His bright life's fabric tearing at its seams.
While he longs to be center stage, brave and sure,
A teen superhero awaiting his dreams.

One day he says, "In the sun I feel better."
This epiphany brings light therapy.
He transforms from an active volcano,
To a sea of shining tranquility.

He smiles at me,
The trapped bird is free.

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