

I Am Spartacus

I'm so high up, when I look down all I see are little dots.
It's hard up here, mistakes don't happen, perfection just is.
One wrong move and it's all over,
there is no do-over according to excellence.
I sit on the stool while Mr. Perfect
placed the thorn-crown labeled dunce on my head.
While Mrs. Perfect teaches me how to be a lady,
Sitting, just doing whatever I'm told,
Not living, just there.
Wanting so badly not to care, but I can't help it, I do.
And, in one instant, I've been knocked down.
Because I realize I am not perfect; that no one is.
My epiphany.
A slap on the wrist and soft blows to my soul
when I realize my beliefs.
They're not ready, I'm too radical, I'm too rebellious,
I'm not keeping up with the Jones'.
With my short hair, my boyish look, and my riotgrrl music.
It is unacceptable and I'm told I must change and conform
for the sake of society.
To be the one who saves them all.
For to save society,
I must become an ignorant, arrogant, idiotic, bigot.
Just like, you, perfect people.
Because I am your savior.
But I'm not.
I am Spartacus for all the flawed.