

A Wrong Heart

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819 Words

Light flickers at the end of a tunnel

What kind of tunnel?

A tunnel of hope,

A tunnel of trust,

A tunnel of respect and love and nourishment.

The light is fading from every aspect of it and in its place is a baby.

A baby **girl**.

The baby wails as it is brought into the world, a force of discomfort that no one knows;

All but a few would understand the newborn;

As it was going to be taking the world by its horns.

It began to grow up, falling in love at first sight;

A young boy, in Kindergarten, that she loved with all her might.

She swooned over the boy as she chased after him each day,

Her thoughts were flickers of fading light, her eyes mirrors that knew every sight.

By first grade she felt off.

Something is wrong.

She couldn't explain,

But she didn't feel like mom.

By second grade she knew fear,

A feeling no kid should have to hear.

She still wished she was the same;

For she knew she wouldn't be sane.

By third grade she was too curious,

Drowning in a flight of secrets.
Her heart heavy, she accessed the web,
And found the word she taught herself to dread.
By fourth grade she wanted to hide
Any aspect that might give away her lie.
She masked her name,
Made up new lies;
But deep down
She knew she couldn't keep it inside.
By fifth she was breaking;
Her heart a tattered mess;
Her brain a beehive
Of scattered hopes and distress.
She gave up on any remain of secrecy
And came undone;
As she stared into the mirror, she only broke more;
For the boy inside of her, was starting to bore.
Bore of what, you may ask?
Bore of the secrecy, the lies, the masks.
He came to school the next day, his heart torn.
He wouldn't pass as a man, he knew that,
But had hoped that people would turn.
By halfway through he came out,

A mess of fury and shout.
People paid no attention, at least at first;
Before he stayed, and things only got worse.
Home was never a place he looked forward to,
Each day he only got more and more fearful.
By sixth he was fighting himself,
A mess of hyperactivity.
He tried so many times,
To drown his misery.
For good, or for short? The world may never know.
He would only cry, feeling nothing but hollow.
His spirits as tattered as the skin on his arms,
His legs would be next, although he showed calm.
And so he was finally brought to attention,
A scattering mess of lies;
He can't tell left from right, or keep up the disguise.
His body breaking, his mind shaking,
He tried and tried and cried.
He got through summer like a dull bullet,
One he wished he could have forever in a minute.
Soon summer was over, and he was in seventh.
A grade he had dreaded,
A place he thought with shame.

He never felt at peace,

Constantly shifting

In waves of emotion,

He was failing.

And now here he is,

Having tried a death wish only a couple weeks ago,

Tired and drained,

And never hopeful.

He sits, writing endless stories

of sadness and disease

He's tried to see the light in things that he may have once seen

His home was a war ground~~warground~~ of peace and serenity,

His mother a monster

Who only lied about sympathy

His father a trying man

Who turned a blind eye to most things at hand

His own faults were at stake,

His bones too thick

And his feelings were faked

But are masked behind a cloud of hate

A hate of living, having to deal

With different people, he thought with repeal.

He thought himself a **boy**, for what else could he be?

He felt right when he heard him, or Zach, or he.
He felt right when he was called a man, a boy, a male,
And this was the one thing he refused to fail.
So say as you might, “You can’t be a boy! You still have a girl’s clothes!”
A girl’s clothes of skin, sure,
But not the wrong heart anymore.
His soul was a broken wisp of might,
As he stared up, crying into the night.
Impersonating a wolf, perhaps,
But not as free as his walls collapsed.
His walls of sanity were surely thinning,
As he lost all hope for a new beginning.
He sits here now, his face a blank stare.
His own heart was beating, unfair.
He knew that everything was held against him,
From trying to find help to trying to escape them.
Escape what? You might ask, a scowl on your face.
Escape the memories, the torture, the pace.
The pace of foul, the pace of greed.
For he had the wrong heart in he.