

How to float

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She is drowning,
Life being the deep-sea overwhelming.
She for one, a wavelet dancing to a song
A song sung in disparate situational keys.
Luring her into *this never-ending wondrous blue*
The promise of never end seemed all too perfect; so, she floats.

How would she know?
Who would she tell?
Her birth givers - as she calls them - that seemingly would never get over that fact
The fact they had birthed a female child instead of a male child.
Sinking again, she is.
The promise of never end was all too accepting; so, she floats.

How would she know?
Who would she tell?
Her friends that are nothing but a façade to her and themselves
Using her deficiency as promotion for their images
Subaqueous, she is.
The promise of never end was all too picture-perfect; so, she floats.

How would she know?
Who would she tell?
The teacher that would treat her,

As well as one is trained to.

Proving several stigmas that postulated

She was the outcast.

Deluged, she is,

The promise of never end was all too calming; so, she floats.

Redemption

A call she could not make.

Pariah

A curse she could not break.

Swamped, she is.

The promise of never end was all too detailed; alas, she stays.