

No One

Like a rose growing out of concrete

I'm standing alone in a vast society of unknowns

No one knows why I'm here, nor do they care

No one else knows what it's like to be out casted

I'm like the little rose stuck in the concrete

I'm waiting to be accepted. Loved. Seen.

Why don't you see me

I'm the rose that someone planted

I'm the rose that somebody wanted to see grow

No one knows what it's like to be faced with a different reality than what I dream

No one knows what it's like to be stomped on, and to rise without a helping hand

But I do

I refuse to let them kick me down, because I am the rose that someone wanted to see grow.