In Comparison

I sit in a chair
while relating to children’s
stories, with soft covers
and big print

It reminds me of my life
simple yet big enough for
anyone to understand
Jealous like a grade school
Girl, unable to voice my
Frustration, as the smallest
Relationship turns to gold
In my mind
While I muster up the
courage to be myself for one
day

yet

I can’t help but wonder
If people I think I know
Are insightful ~ or just plain
Clever
If they have mastered the art
Of impressing me, or if all is
displayed to those who wait and
watch
with hesitancy for the perfect
implication of themselves in
those they hold in high regard

The truth is, I can’t tell
and it drives me to another chair
unlike a child’s story
Where I sit by myself to reflect
On life ~ without simplicity
and large print
Roping real troubles and a dark
past

Never a childhood
But I see my chair from this view
And surprisingly enough
I relate to children’s stories
Simple, yet big enough
To understand