

Radab Naveed

Shadow

There is a shadow that follows me around.
I don't know when it appeared;
I think it's something I just found
In my head,
Or maybe it rests near my ear.
It's good at demotivating me, never lets out a cheer.
At times, I'd even find comfort in its words,
Even if they'll cut as much as swords.
Yet I'll believe it,
I'll think it is right.
Sometimes, though,
I'll try to get it out of my way,
Tell it: "Shut it!
For what do you want me to pay?
For the person I couldn't be
Or what I could've become?
Why is what I am just never good enough?"
I am sorry,
I am sorry for being me.
But there are people who will accept me for who I am supposed to be.
Someday,
I'll prove you wrong,
Be it through poetry, a book, or a song.
I know I'll never look at the mirror and be satisfied,
Though would it hurt to see from another side?
Someday,
And you'll see
That maybe
I'll be enough for me.