

The Words I Contain

by Meredith Byrne

You said:

Annoying.

Loud.

Talkative.

As if my voice was a flaw, not a
force.

You called me:

Try-hard.

Spaz.

Dramatic.

As if motion and effort were
crimes.

Attention-seeking.

Spacey.

Careless.

Lazy.

Oblivious.

Each word, a dart.

Thrown to define and confine.

You told me what I was,

And I believed you.

Until the noise of your words
became the track in my head.

And I processed it.

Line after line.

Bug after bug, until

CRASH.

Reboot:

Words matter.

Words have always

mattered.

Past tongues carved them

into stone,

sang them to the skies,

feared to speak them

aloud

unless the moon was

listening.

Because words are power.

What we speak.

How we speak.

How we think.

How we frame the world,

name ourselves,

make meaning from mess.

They're the syntax of
self.

The source code of soul.

And I have patched the
system.

I found the glitch.

Surprise! (No surprise.)

It was you.

So to:

Disordered. Disabled.

Reckless. Rude.

I reply—I am not a mistake.

To:

Pick-me. Disorganized. Hot
mess. Failure.

I answer—I am something new..

To:

Snowflake. Motor-mouth.

Scatterbrain, Freak.

I say—I am a storm.

A symphony.

A galaxy, not contained by
your glossary.

I've deleted your code.

Wiped it clean.

Installed my own OS.

Runs on

Passion.

Curiosity.

Resilience.

And a wildly overpowered
vocabulary.

So try me.

Try to out-word me.

Try to out-think me.

Try to out-feel me.

And be advised:

I was never broken.

I was mislabeled.

I don't fit in because I fit
beyond.

I am different.

I am not for everyone.

And that

Is my design.

I like being me

And all the words I contain.

