

A Poem  
Emily Ryan

Hiding in a dark secluded room,

I ponder, the years past.

The question is not what's different.

What has changed?

It is who's different.

Who has changed?

As time goes on it's clear to see,

I am not who I used to be.

For the better, or for the worse,

I know now,

I'm on a different course.

So I search for that friend,

Who will be with me 'til the end.

Helpful, caring and kind,

I know,

I won't ever be left behind.