TRUE COLOURS

*-Claire Noble*

For days endless, she crawled through the barks,

trying to ignore all the negative talks,

“A worm” they had called her,

a disgrace to society, not an honour;

Life had never been easy for her kind,

to their needs, the world had been blind;

Many had their lives stomped out,

not all her ancestors got a chance to sprout;

But now, she knew was free,

to her troubles, the world would see;

Yet not all still accepted her kin,

to them, she was doing a great sin;

But she didn't care, not anymore,

these were the people now getting ignored;

Maybe, they, like her, needed some space,

stay in their cocoon, get the pessimism erased;

And just like she did, be reborn,

with the doubts and negativity gone;

And accept the difference with an open heart,

never late, to make a fresh start;

 Showing her true colours, she spread her wings wide,

in her, there was nothing but joy and pride.