

## **I'm Not Who You Think I Am**

I've been lying to you  
for almost 70 years  
I've told you I'm nice  
Or at least promised to try to be nice  
I've snuffed out my sparkly flame to fit what I think you'll like.  
I can't do it anymore. I'm done.  
It's time to pull  
my skinny ragged self out of my own belly  
where I've held her in chains -  
yes, those chains that wake me in the night  
With rattling hurting aching suffocation.  
But she's not dead  
She is rising.  
Eye of the Tiger. Oh yeah.  
She's not nice. Nope. She's mad.  
She's seen it all, pretending to be asleep, trying to sleep.

Ask her what she knows.  
Ask her who she is  
Under the soft flesh of her self-induced coma.  
Ask her what's under the layers of Nice  
Ask her about the clenched jaws, the fat, the roiling gut.

Ask me who I am, again and again.  
Breathe life back into my lungs;  
It might not be too late - but time is fleeing  
Don't waste it now,  
Don't go back to sleep.  
Find those sparks and fan them into flames  
For god's sake, fan them!  
They may devour you, burn your edges, but  
Let me tell you who I am  
Let me be wild, outrageous.  
Let me dance - for god's sake let me dance  
before it's too late.  
Let my song become my wail of rage.  
Let me tell my truth.  
Let me change the world.