

Individuality

By Joshua Fox

So very many people,
We can always see,
Meshed and molded altogether,
In what we call humanity.
I'm told that I can't stand out,
That I'll never hold the key,
While others demand I know my place,
As if reciting some heavenly decree.
They herd us into groups,
Label us for similarity,
And yet still have the gall to tell us,
That we can keep our individuality.
But I care not what they say,
No matter who they be,
For while they may find countless similar,
There's only one of me.