

I am not better than you.

I gave myself a carrot because I needed the reminder but I am not better than you. Nothing I have done and accomplished is because of my efforts alone.

People who hate me are also the same as those who have founded me. They despise my existence, so much so that solitary confinement is their last resort. But in the solitude, I found solace. I realized that, though they may hate me and hate that I now have a place in their memories, those same memories are why I am here today. I have experienced and learned from all of them.

My role models who inspired me to leap, have now clipped my wings to prevent a life of Icarus. The teachers who taught me to write more critically, now hate me for my opinions I have written and shared. My previous relationships that taught me basic life skills and lessons, now choose to apply those lessons in their harshest manner. Friends who helped me become the man I am today; hate the man they see. Family members who once granted me eternal amnesty, have now established superiority over my past confessions.

Once the prideful lion, clouded by selfish intent and purpose, I humble myself as the carrot. Producing words full of trite, but hardly ever right, I can no longer fight with might. I cannot force you, but insist you. I pray they don't see me as trying to be better than them, but instead, for them. I am just a carrot.

Grace is temporary when dealing with the finality of life. We create ends to existence in order to find comfort in forgetting it ever happened. My love is boundless for you, and will always welcome you. Please never mistake this as me being better than you. We are we, no better, no worse.