

Rejected

By Robin Lipinski

Sliding hands together, preparing for this day.
Realizing I've found my true place, as I have seen societies reflection.
I like it here, snug and warm, rejected by my peers.
It really truly is lovely to be rejected.
No tears, no expectations, nothing but a cyber desert.
Take heart you high school children of rejection, dressed in black with spikes in your ears.
Take heart, take pride in your rejection, hell even light a smoke, there is no one to judge or disrespect you.
We can sit and laugh with our acne scars, looking out, seeing their perfection.
So come on and join the club as you and I are the next generation.

The End