

Zombie Likes Turtles

A zombie likes turtles.

That doesn't make sense. But then again, what makes sense? Nothing.

Day in and day out, we conform. We say and do things that people expect. We are predictable.

We are robots. Ask a question, we answer. We enforce this obedience and these same rules onto our children. Say this, do that. But, what if that's not what they want to do?

We frown.

The most creative geniuses never shined. Their imaginations were blown out of them as we yelled down their throats to behave, act normal, be like the other kids. Oh, our nation takes pride on individualism. But then, someone is an individual, someone dares to ignore a question, and instead, say what they want to say. They are portrayed the fool, the clown.

I'm not interested in the carnival like everyone else; I'm interested in the turtles. I want to express my love for the turtles. I want to live freely.

You laugh.

You won't let me be who I want to be. You won't let me fly. You never did. You always held me back, made fun of my ideas. When you finally gave me the chance to say what I wanted, you stole the mic right back. Oh, you know what's best for me, do you? You think you are protecting me from the world?

You give me my life, you take it away. You give me my life back, you take it away again. Your inconsistency is driving me insane. This creative genius is almost a mad scientist. Your decisions, your judgments. They haunt me.

I am your zombie. You have me forever.