

Journey

He loved himself

He hates himself

He was confident

He's afraid of all

He liked his hair

He hates his hair

He talked so much

He is so quiet

He laughed all day

He cries all night

His voice so joyful

It's quiet now and anxious

The days were bright

The are now so dreary

It's not how it was someday

It's not getting better

Day by day

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