

Outsider

I had a home,

Once.

A place where I was *just me*

And others were *just like me*.

But now, **I stand out.**

Everything is different,

And people think I don't notice

The strange looks they give

That mark me as an

Outsider.

(Unless they want me to notice and *leave* --

And I almost say, "*I wish I could*").

I have some friends here;

We laugh a little, but

I always laugh last

(The curse of a new language).

But I learned new words today,

And I will learn more tomorrow.

After all, they say

"Children easily adapt."

... Maybe someday, I will.