

# IT'S FUNNY, RIGHT?

Toby

Do you know what is like  
to not be your own body?  
To be betrayed  
by your own flesh and mind?  
It sounds silly,  
It's funny, right?

It is truly an inhuman experience  
despite it being only  
Known to be experienced  
by humans.  
It feels unreal,  
It's funny, right?

I could not describe it accurately.  
And even if I did  
It would sound as if  
my words were laced with lies  
When in fact they were flooded  
with raw, unfiltered, human emotion.  
Although humans are most  
known to lie;  
It is seen all throughout history,  
It's funny, right?



It's engraved in my bones  
and yet if I broke every single one of them  
It would not show  
On any X-ray.  
It is buried deep in my heart  
and yet my ventricles carry my blood  
and not my truth.  
It is written in the stars  
and yet you could study  
Every star map in creation  
And you would not find  
A single constellation  
Proving me right.  
It tastes of deceit,  
It's funny, right?

The idea of being  
free from the shackles  
that is my vessel is like  
A Phoenix waking up  
And rising from ashes,  
Like waking up from a bad  
dream as a child and embracing  
Your parents once more,  
Like the smell of rain  
Lingering in the air after  
a storm.  
I yearn eternally for the scent of  
Escape if the smell of it  
Leads to the taste of my freedom.  
It smells good,  
It's funny, right?



I have very little to say now,  
but before I say farewell,  
I would like to point out one thing.  
Did you notice that on  
Every second to last line  
I mention one of the five senses?  
I would like to add one more  
for the sake of being certain.  
Despite nothing and no one believing it,  
I know who I am,  
It's funny, right?

