



# A Regular Kid

By Jason A. Boothe

Truly, I never thought it would be like this...  
Never thought my childhood  
Would end up  
So messed up.  
It seems like this is all a dream,  
But for some reason I just never wake up.

I wonder if they know that I am  
Hurt by their stares.  
Everyday I'm on the verge of tears  
But it seems nobody cares.  
I have a pain inside that  
Nobody shares.

A lot of kids look like me  
So, mom says it's okay  
"It's just a little baby fat she says and one day it will  
go away."  
I ask her if she's sure  
And I tell her, "I'm not a baby anymore".  
"Don't cry about it", dad says  
As he hands me another slice of pizza  
The grease drips from my lips  
As I think to myself  
Why am I eating this?  
He says to me, "You're supposed to have meat on  
your bones,  
After all you're a man."  
As he says this mom hands me another soda can.

I tell them, "All the kids laugh at me  
And they call me names like  
Pillsbury Dough Boy!"  
As they poke their fingers in my tummy  
They all seem to be enjoying themselves  
But I find nothing funny.  
My self-esteem has fallen in the dirt  
It leaves me confused  
Searching for who I am  
I turn to food for comfort.  
I look at my reflection in the mirror as I eat and  
wonder  
Is this who I am?

Sometimes I think even my teacher  
Laughs at me.  
And it may sound funny  
But the truth is, if I were them  
I would probably laugh at me too  
Just as they do.

When I was a little younger  
I remember uncle J telling me that I had  
A good chance of being bigger than the other kids  
Because mom and dad are what he called "obese."  
Now that word plays over and over in my head  
And it will not cease.  
Dad tells me to be proud of myself and  
Stand up tall  
But the weight of the world is too heavy  
And it makes me fall.

So, I wish...I wish  
That could just go back.  
Back to my past.  
Back to when I was just a regular kid.  
Yeah, A Regular Kid  
Those are the words that I often miss  
Because truly  
I never thought it would be like this.