“Go home and write

A page tonight

And let that page come out of you

Then, it will be true”

A page from me

My identity

What makes me unique and different

But also what makes me like everyone else

Maybe I’m overthinking it

My personality may not be that deep

I grew up on the streets of roc like most other people I meet

I go to school then go home

My life just seems bleak

I look into my race

Both sides of me

The white side, the black side

And everything in between

I look at the parts i like

My black side mostly

Ranging from the food, my features and traditions older than me

But also my white side

I can’t not claim it forever

I have to acknowledge the italian and polish in me

No matter how much i don't want to

If i’m writing about my identity it has to be every part of me

Every part

The good and the bad

And as much as I hate to admit it

That means the things I don’t like too

This is what will make my page true