

THE WEED: A SELF- PORTRAIT

**For the Rollins College
Grounds Team**

Gavin Clark

POETRY

You don't belong here.
Amid the lush green.
Among the pink and white blossoms,
Stealing nutrients from the soil and
water from the roots of those
who flourish.
You are a trespasser
among rightful things,
things of beauty.
You,
you are
ugly.
Thin and prickly.
Morning dew drips like
feverish dreams from
your climbing vine
as you reach
for the sky.
As
you try
to hide.
Blend in.
You.
The Mimic.
The Imposter.
Here among halls and
gardens built for future titans.
What is it you think you can be
as you stalk and spread
in the shadows?
Can you be
anything
other
than
a
weed?

I am a senior in the psychology department here at Rollins and also a full-time facilities employee on the grounds. I am 46, married with two little boys at home, and have returned to school to begin a new career as a social worker. Although I don't see myself as a poet, I wrote this poem last spring for my Intro to Creative Writing class and I thought it described me pretty well. Everybody has doubts and thought distortions about their worth or place in the world which inhibit us from really blossoming. This represents my attempt to reconcile my thorns - my own feelings of being an impostor within this academic community - with my own growth as an individual and actualizing my dreams of helping to build a better world for our children. Just like a weed is only a weed by name, you don't have to fit the mold to be beautiful, blossom, and grow in your own way.