My fur

By Keevin “Derek Dire” Childers

Born and raised under a cross

Being told that to be different is to be lost

Having a closed mind full of secret dreams

Dreams of being different and being loved

But those dreams so wrong they seem

As life goes on I have a longing

To have a group, a pack, a family

Were I feel I’m belonging

I learn I am not alone

Other like me make me joyous

I know now being different is in my bones

I’m not alone!

I shall trade one family

For another

One with mothers, father’s sisters and brothers

I have a new life a new home

A life in my fur is were I rome