

How Old am I? Kira F. 15-19 Age Group Overall Winner

I should know my age, after all it's just a simple number. But throughout the years it has blurred, And my knowledge has fallen into slumber. Why, you may ask. Why can't you do what's such an easy task? Just count your years, even your birthdays. How many have you had? It can't be that hard to say. Well that may be true, but it's also a lie. My age isn't a number, any more than the earth is the sky. My age is my life, the lives I have lived. And surely I have experienced more than should be expected of any kid. So what am I asking? What's there to tell? If I have already decided, then I must know well. But I don't. I still just don't know. Society has confused me more than I could ever tell. Their rules are twisted, and I must confess, The more I learn, I know even less. I'm too young to do drugs, that is true. But why can I watch drugs turn my mother blue? How is that fair for a child to see? How does that make sense for what my age should be. I'm considered a minor, so a minor I must be... But if that is true, then why did he touch me when I was three? He was an adult, who loved to steal childhoods, Took my innocence, and my view on evil and good. So after all of that, am I still a little girl? The rules in place send my mind in a whirl. I am too young to decide on who I love, A phase that will soon be completely rid of. But I am old enough to choose, as long as it's a man. And I fear what will happen if I try to take a stand. I cannot adopt a child, I'm too immature. But if I get pregnant it's a burden I'm forced to endure. It does not matter if it was pushed upon me, They may not believe me when I say I did so plea.



So tell me. Tell me my age. Show me my confines, the bars of my cage. You have already chosen, so please do tell what's it to be. Put me into the box of which I will never be free. Say I'm a child, with the heart of an adult. Then deny me my rights, and break me as a result.