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Shadow Children

An original poem

Born from fire and raised by wolves
Shadow children learn to bend the rules.
They speak in songs and rhymes and dances
And share their thoughts through single glances.

They live in the forests and rivers and coves
Of fairies and werewolves and dragons and ghosts.
They know how to prance and twirl and leap
And when to mourn and cry or weep.

They are the ones who have known the most pain
They are the ones who have nothing to gain.
Yet they are the ones who have been the most kind
Even when knowing there'll be no prize.

Spreading their wings, they hope to fly
But are doomed to fall when they have no guide.
For all the knowledge they are willing to share
No one else is willing to care.

Still their spirits never break
Their joy and smiles are never fake.
Cause those whose pasts have not been the nicest
Always tend to smile the brightest.

The bonds they share are always the strongest
And friendships always last the longest.
They seek out those who understand what they are
And the others who carry the deepest scars.

They are rarely seen playing alone
For wherever their friends are is where they call home.
They travel in groups to keep each other strong
And they are never seen in one place for too long.

They see everything has beauty and promise
And see the small details most people miss.
Their ability to see light in the darkest of times
Is what gives them their open hearts and open minds

They know when to blend in or to stand out
And that it's not always best to follow the crowd.
They know they are outcasts and that they are different
And that not everyone is willing to accept it.

They treat everybody as equals and allies
Making sure to see all of them through the same eyes.
They forgive mistakes and forget the past
And are not known to hold any grudges that last.

They go on to be artists, creators, inventors
While all staying dreamers, believers, acceptors.
They keep pushing forward, no limit in mind
And always make sure to shoot for the sky

They thirst for adventure, they search for a thrill
And if challenged to try something new, they will.
They brave open waters and sail through strong tides
And they push themselves through gray, stormy skies.

Shadow children come in all sizes and shapes
And all colors, backgrounds, cultures and names.
But at the same time, they still share the same life,
They face the same fears and gaze at the same sky.

So once you have seen one, they'll all look familiar
Despite that they may not seem all that similar.
And if you have met one, perhaps it is fate.
Not just anyone sees where a Shadow Child plays.

Or perhaps you yourself are a Shadow Child too
Though the only one who can know that is you.
With obstacles in your way, and the courage to face it
Anyone is a Shadow Child, if they just embrace it