I am who I am

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I am who I am.
I am my mother’s daughter,
Anyone can guess.
The face she has is mine as well.
Except for the gray-blue eyes,
She gave me the mysterious brown,
As if she knew the troubles they would hide.

I am who I am.
At times it can be more a curse than a gift.
Punishment should not have come because of a face I did not choose.

I am who I am.
She had the courage to escape the abuse.
She never knew I became her substitute,
All because the face I have is hers as well.

I am who I am.
With a mind much unbalanced,
Due to the things I saw, heard, and felt.
My emotions, always very sensitive.
Sadness seems to be a part of my soul.

I am who I am.
I seem to need so very much,
But I never dared to ask.
There are words I need to hear.
Words I never asked for.

I am who I am.
I am my mother’s daughter.
Who she is, is much of who I am.
To make her proud is all I want,
It is all I need to hear.

I am who I am.