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The One Who Reached From a Different Angle

Sarah Arndt

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The One Who Reached From a Different Angle

In the forest, yet standing alone;
Only one, in a crowd of others;
Yet different, among those the same:

They are all like different trees,
Growing all alike.

I grow from a different seed,
A stranger to the others.
They, who grow like the Alder
Straight and tall.
But it is them
Who look all the same.

No! I will be like the one
who is different.
For I too, reach for the light
but from a different angle.

And if I grow to be gnarled
and different,
There may be some who walk by
and scowl at the way I am.

As they walk on,
Past the forest,
For all the beautiful trees there were,
Guess who will be remembered.

Sarah Arndt, Age 12