

The Fight Within

Born to Love
My purpose to please

Kiss the face of a child
Heal the wounds of a friend

I must have been mistaken
For I fear my master's hand

I show him love
His response is rejection

Children, they fear me
Others remain distant

My kindness is shunned
Ferocity rewarded

I yearn for acceptance
Cry for inclusion

My master shows disgust
He says I am weak

Forced to fight my brother
To kill is to please

Should I lose the next fight
In death, I will know peace

--Sharon K. Dennis