Mine Enemy, Status Quo

I know mine enemy; he is Status Quo.

The normal, the regular, who go with the flow:

Without hesitation they follow the rest

In the delusion that their path is the best.

They pass me by with not even a look

Because I dare to think or read a book

And dress how I feel, maybe a bit odder

And this makes me to them nothing but fodder.

Because I choose a different way to live

No end of grief to me they give:

Pranks and jokes, in whispers or aloud,

Treating others like filth must make them proud.

Yet I refuse to give in to the masses,

I'll be the four eyes, the one who wears glasses,

I'll be the one who asks questions in classes

I'll be the one whom everyone harasses.

I will not give in, I refuse to fail;

Though insults and slanders they may hail

I'll stand strong and keep my ground,

And of "freakdom" I'll wear the crown.

I don't ask you to join me, but only to think.

All of you who are standing on that brink

Look at the people who are slaves to popularity:

In that life is there a person? Nay, of a verity

They are but shells of what humans should be.

Now look to the "freaks", are we not free

To pursue what is human: namely, individuality,

Or, if we are more daring, even spirituality?

Combining these two vital aspects of man

They hold the key to virtue as much as any can.

So consider today if you want to be complete,

Or with all the mindless and nameless to compete

For a vainglorious title of belonging,

Which to yourself is wronging

Because it does not fill you to full capacity

And takes away from you the very voracity

To improve and distinguish yourself from others.

Popularity takes things good to man and smothers

Them so neither do they grow nor do they show.

Now look again at those called freaks, and lo

They appear more human, more full, going against the flow

For our number one enemy is the repressor, Status Quo.