

3c - DNA

DNA

Fathers share fifty percent
Mothers share the other fifty
Children are just the product of
Being so similar yet fighting to be different

The irony of loathing what you are
And what you are destined to become
Because everyone becomes their parents

Trying not to act like him
When your actions mock his spite
Trying not to sound like her
When her voice echoes through your ears

The isolation of never knowing any differently
Trying to find something you've never known
Because their reflections in me is all you get to see