

To whoever may read it,

I send my dearest gratitude and love to everyone i know,
Whether i have hated you or have loved you,

It is with my deepest apologies, that if I may have hurt someone.
I am tired, And the only people with me are the only people i've been with,
My father is in heaven, while my brother is in training camp.

The people I was with in my old school are gone, new people not aware of what I
truly am makes it hurt, because they cannot understand me.
Can someone understand me? A question lingers in my mind.

I have a loving family, while they do not understand me, I still forgive them, but I
cannot handle everything all at once, and I despise myself for that.

I am not as strong as a rock, not as intelligent as Diogenes,
Not as kind as St. Francis of Asissi, not as helpful as a saint,
Not as sweet as a rose, not as warm as a blanket,
Just simply what I am, and I hate that, Sorry.

Wherever I may go, I cannot find myself,
I cannot find a place where I can fit,

But I think if I go to heaven, I can see people I have longed to see, my father, my
cousin, my grandmother, and to see God.

I think i'm better off gone, if i cannot make a change in myself,
How can I even make a change in the world? Sorry.

I have not followed what i should've had.,
And that I have not pleased your expectations,
I have wasted your wishes and prayers.

It is with my whole heart to say,
I'm sorry.

Thank you,

Vito

