

The Competition

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Passing through crowded hallways—don't make eye contact.

Act as if nothing can touch you—and maybe it can't.

Everyone has something—something they can't or don't want to admit—

Some obstacle between them and the finish line.

Because it really is a race, or at least a competition.

All eyes on you as you maneuver through life.

Grades and sports—everyone measures us against each other.

Even if those things don't really matter to you; they matter to someone else.

Someone else who will tell you that you aren't good enough, or smart enough,

or attractive enough.

But those people who are judging me—they don't know what I went through

to get to the starting line—all those things I won't tell.

Does anyone care about my race? About my obstacles?

Or am I just a measure for someone else?

A way to feel good about themselves because they're better than I am?

I wonder what obstacles they face—but I don't wonder enough to ask.

I just pass them in the hall without making contact—no real contact.

Those labels—loser, jock, geek—don't really explain anyone—not really.

I can't touch their reality and they'll never understand mine.

Because life is rough—for all of us—even the ones who look so put together—

how do they make it through the pain? How do they handle the conflict?

What kind of person do they become when life shows its true colors?

That's all that matters—and no one's really watching that.