

Mrs. Mitchell said,

*Go home and write
a page tonight.
And let that page come out of you—
Then, it will be true.*

Well, I am Marshadron Hollis.

I go by Mar.

I live in Thomasville.

I have all my life.

I am 18.

Barely an adult.

But all of this doesn't show.

The mar I know.

I know a mar,

Pompous like a prince.

An infallible god who

Could do no wrong.

His voice is rich,

And his walk,

full of swagger.

But this still fails to show

The mar that you or I know.

I know a mar,

Shy and reserved

Silent as a stone.

I have fears, insecurities

I cry when I'm hurt,

I am alone,

And I fear it

I'm human after all,

Aren't I?

But there's something more,

A mar you can't ignore

I know a mar,
bold , fun loving
Boisterous and loud
Full of vigor and spirit
Extroverted and fun.
I'm creative and comical
And rarely ever serious
I'm obnoxious and truly
A mar of my own heart
Now I can show,
The mar that we know

We know a mar,
Simple and complex,
Known, but mysterious.
Quiet as a mouse,
With the heart of a lion.
He's colorfully dull
And wondrously normal
Of course I am human,
With fears and whatnot
But I'm also a man,
Who rises to the top.
May this truly show
The Mar I know.