

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.