**Hardships of a Genius Child**

No one loves a genius child
they say his imagination runs too wild,
they say his head is too far in the clouds,
they say his creativity should be more mild.

He hears many sighs perceives many scowls
and even though he endures it erodes his smile.
But does that mean he should throw in the towel,
and forget the gift with which he was endowed?

Or should he proceed and turn his back to the crowd?
That's arduous when the pre-show voices he hears so loud.

People guarding their opinions so their ego is more proud,
yet he still drives hard when the ref won't call the foul,
and still he rises as a phoenix from the ash pile;
His end product is fertile as the basin of the Nile,
Kings they fear him, as if he was their green mile.

That fear turns to hate as they ridicule his style,
try to hold him beneath in the bottom percentile,
the kind of oppression that makes even us sinners say wow.

How can they treat another being as nothing but a tile?
Trample over his spirit as if it was nothing but an aisle?
Thirsty for his blood they're vampires on the prowl,
so he has to separate be something like an isle.

They show no love to the acclaimed genius child,
but what saves him is his vision the vision of an owl.
He sheds light in the night they can't understand how,
though his darkest hour is upon him he won't give up now.

Still no one loves his genius, the heart of the genius child.
Don't fret just pray, soon his genius will be crowned.