

Accepting My Brain

I'm not that smart,
My grades have been telling me this for years.
If I claim to know,
Why does the fact that I'm not smart bring me to tears?

Tests are hard,
Homework is too.
I get stuck on questions and equations just like glue,
I'm not that smart.

On my tests I croak,
I suddenly become a nervous wreck.
My friends they joke,
I'm not that smart.

I may not be smart,
When I get home from school and start to draw I seem to find,
I like to draw, I like to sing.
I struggle in school but art's my thing.

My brain may lack,
But I've got a knack,
It's undenied, I try so hard.
I do not slack.

I try my best and that's enough,
I know that sometimes school is tough.
It might be tough, but it's for sure,
My love for art is the cure.

I'm not that smart,
My grades have been telling me this for years.
But there's other things that make the sky less gray,
I'm not that smart,
But that's okay.