

"unfinished"

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### Unfinished

I am a story still being written,  
ink smudged by the weight of my past,  
pages torn by hands that never cared  
to read beyond the cover.

I have been a question mark,  
curled and uncertain,  
a comma, caught between  
who I was and who I could be.

They tried to write my ending,  
pressed periods where I wasn't done,  
scribbled doubt in the margins of my dreams,  
but they forgot—

I hold the pen.

I will carve my name into tomorrow,  
etch my voice into the wind,  
turn every scar into poetry,  
and every whisper into a roar.

I am not a tragedy.  
I am not a footnote.  
I am not done.

I am unfinished—  
and **unstoppable.**