You’re so Stereotypical
I say that this is about stereotypes, but rally it’s about misunderstandings, prejudice, and how ignorant it is to do these things. This is about being yourself despite how people look at you.
They Call Us the Bad Seed
This is my essay on how people stereotype goths and emo kids. We are people. That’s the message. This piece was written to help breed understanding. Hopefully my opinion can shed some light on the sub culture. Maybe if people can see through the eyes of one of us than they can not judge us as harshly.

- They call us the bad seed. Emo kids and Goths are the labels that we willing accept. It is my belief that we are the same as everyone else. Clothes mean nothing. Race means nothing. Gender means nothing. Age means nothing. Emotions are not governed by the colors that you like or by the image that you portray.
Crayons.
Stereotyping each person into a color. They are that color and their personality reflects that. I came up with my own system of what colors mean. A work in progress.
Sitting alone in a deafening silence, Walls of canary yellow staring back at you, The color bleeding into your skin, Everything so deadly silent, Ghastly roar of a pen drop quiet, A sonic boom shatters thought, Rips ear drums to bloody shreds, Brings forth unvolunteered tears, BOOM….BOOM…BOOM…, Heart missing every other beat, The constant screaming of a dripping facet, Chair legs shriek on a concrete floor, Red shoes shuffle over the white desert of rock, Each step an earth quaking thud, Vibrations though finger tips, Fist clench and unclench, A mirror on the wall sees more ways than two, A distorted image meet with loathing, Instead of apathy, A force like an anvil, A collision like cars, Shards undistinguished from tears drops, Different angles with the same image, Mused hair the shade of fudge, -not too dark and rich, Eyes more ice than organ, A complexion more creamy than milk, An expression of pure rebellion, The after thought of emotion, The cut that never heals, A soundless voice that says no words, All the things that can’t be said, The cut runs deeper than can be seen, As real as bruises on knuckles, The shadowed existence, Teenage angst
This piece is about a teenager who unleashes all their bottled up anger. It is stereotypical in itself. It is what most people view as a stereotypical teenager.
No one cares any more, It is not what’s taught, What good little robots we are, Industry, Economy, Consumerism, Each child branded at birth, No choice in the matter, But they don’t care, A micro chip cannot feel, But who are we kidding, War, Disease, Famine, Plague, They’re not just far off things, How long before they infest this soil, I’ll stress the “this”, For it is not ours, Slipped from our hands long ago, It is theirs, The men in black suits, No longer a nation of the free, “One nation under God with, Enslavement for all”, But no one cares, Not in our programming to care, Children starve, Women are beaten, But no one cares, Capitalism, Capitalism, Communism, Burn the books, Burn the art, No one will care, Cuz we won’t give the opportunity, They’ll run our factories, And our mills, Build our banks, Increase our wealth, And die penniless in the dirt, For here in America, No one will care, Feed them their propaganda flakes, On how much better it is here, So that we can have, More laborers, In this free country, Of ours
This poem is about how the government seeks to control every aspect of our lives. They want to turn us into what they believe we should be. It’s about the government turning us into a stereotype.
Perfection made flesh, flawless skin and sparkling eyes, teeth, not a faction crooked, slim and beautiful, in that lifeless way, wire meets terminal, fuse meets fuse, there is just a circuit board where your heart should be, smile when asked, laugh when programmed

A dry humorless octave, supposedly relaxing, fingers so cold, could be grim without his robe, a skeleton of metal, why create a daughter, why create a wife, when joy is not achieved, I pity them, those sterile puppets, who feel no pain, and learn no love.
This poem is about the being perfect. It’s the stereotypical perfect person meets cassie’s pessimism. I show how perfection isn’t everything, and how it is better to just be real.
The oppression of woman. Contains stereotypes of what people think that women should be. Each line has a different meaning.
The serpent holds the apple
graffiti on black tile
neon pink pumps 1 size 2 small
12 reasons to just do it
Shrouded in a cloud of conversation
Half of every other sentence
Good intentions
Are normally bad ideas
Obnoxiously lime lipstick
An ego made of granite
Stone buildings offer no shelter
Clouds that abused purple grey
A touch makes the bruise deepen
Orange shades on a black night
Plastic toys that line our hallways
Arm candy, but never the candy
Why not just walk straight lines
Circular reasoning makes more sense
White counters remain white
Smoke makes your skin glow
Sparrows require nests
Hands remain in back pockets
The deafening fizz of an open can
Mohawks are nice, only in rainbow
Chairs squeak while benches groan
Prism lights play on glasses
A garden maze with no exit
Wailing screams—a siren’s pitch
Maroon beads in diamond shapes
One piano chord is out of tune
Wires that gap an inch apart
Plants will wilt
Hours crawl slower than days