

# MARY LANZER

## My Journey

They said my brain was wired wrong,  
Different circuits, not so strong.  
Epilepsy's lightning storms,  
ADHD's scattered norms.  
Learning paths that twist and turn,  
Making knowledge hard to learn.

California Lutheran halls  
Echoed with my stumbles, falls.  
Film and TV—my dream to chase,  
But seizures put me in my place.  
Thoughts like fireworks in the night,  
Focus slipping out of sight.

"You can't direct," they'd sometimes say,  
"Your mind will wander far away.  
The flickering lights might trigger pain,  
The long hours—can you sustain?"  
Their doubts like shadows followed me,  
Questioning what I could be.

But in these challenges, I found  
A vision others hadn't bound.  
My camera captures what I see—  
The world through eyes that dance too free.  
I notice details others miss,  
Finding beauty in the abyss.

My edits jump and splice and weave,  
Creating stories they believe.  
My brain that sparks in different ways  
Now crafts the tales that earn their praise.  
My weakness became my strange gift—  
A perspective that gives my work lift.

The concrete paths I couldn't walk  
Became the gardens where I talk  
Through images that speak my truth,  
Showing strength found in my youth.  
What doctors labeled as a flaw  
Became the lens through which I saw.

The meds that keep my brain in line  
Now help me focus, help me shine.  
The therapy that taught me tools  
Transformed to artistic rules.  
My difference is my signature style,  
Making my journey all worthwhile.

So if you face a broken road,  
Or carry what seems a heavy load,  
Remember how my story goes—  
From cracked concrete can grow a rose.  
The very wounds that cut us deep  
Can plant the dreams we're meant to keep.

Now I thrive behind the lens,  
Making films with college friends.  
My documentaries reveal  
The beauty that others feel.  
Through weakness, I found my power,  
Blooming like a stubborn flower.