My Name is Madison and Yours Probably Is Too

My name is Madison,
bet you haven’t heard that one before.
Madison means “son of Matthew”
when really it should mean “daughter of everyone”.
So what’s it mean to be named Madison on the off chance that you’re not?

It means that you know at least six other people who share your name
and you are probably friends with three of them.
It means never turning around when your name is called
because you know you’re not popular enough for them to actually mean you.
It means hearing someone ask “Which Madison?”
and hearing someone else answer “The blond one”.
And as if it couldn’t get any worse,
they still don’t know which one.
It means searching for what makes you stand out
a lot earlier than everyone else
as you automatically lack the uniqueness many are born with.
It means a sub asks the class if all the Madisons are here
and just like that you become a group instead of a person.

So, would I change my name, my first form of identity?
No, I would not.
I am not basic even though my name may be.
I may have been forced into a group, but aren’t we all?
Changing my name won’t change me.
So, to all you Madisons out there
(and there certainly are a lot),
you are not basic just because your name is.
Next time you find yourself trapped in the prison that is your identity,
Remember that the cage that confines us
does not define us.
We are what makes us feel free.