

## Soul to Bloom

When it's dark, the room is the way it once was.  
When I close my eyes the world stops spinning,  
if only for the seconds they stay together

I want to stop her.

I imagine it all happening  
and I imagine how it must feel to step in,  
to stop the earth in full tilt  
and keep her there  
so that I have a new perspective.

I beg her to please stay  
so that I can take her place,  
so that I may be outside looking in.  
A new point of view is what I so desperately seek  
so I'm not starring through the glass,  
looking blankly at my reflection  
reaching out and feeling the bare, cold emptiness that is myself.  
Feeling the shell like incasing that is my skin and bones,  
so fragile, and delicate like a bulb  
yet strong (or daring) enough to push through the dirt and soil

How hard it is for a soul to bloom,  
when the sun no longer shines for you.  
My heart sinks every night  
but with every sunrise its lifted up again  
and I try, for you.

When you left you took so much more of me than you can know.  
No amount of orange plastic pill bottles can represent  
No hiding spots can hide from me what you hid from yourself  
No scars can heal,  
no memories will fade  
and no grudge may be settled  
but I would go it all again, for you.

I would take every hit,  
endure every car accident,  
tip toe around your hair pin trigger  
and take the lit cigarette from your unconscious mouth  
everyday  
for the rest of my life  
if only it meant that I could spend it  
with you.

## A Slam on Standards

For the expression, "You are beautiful- *for a fat girl.*"  
For the 20 paged articles on losing weight and not a line for loving yourself  
For all the ways we are "lifted up,"  
are we, together, crashing down.

For the cookie-cutter mold of what a woman "should" fit  
For the young girls, now refusing to eat  
For confidence now being overcome by the self-conscious  
are we beginning to forget.

If beauty hides beneath the surface how can what is true  
be discovered?  
We are hidden, 10,000 leagues beneath the sea  
crushed by double standards, deafened by critique  
disguised with our "beauty" how-to's  
code named as  
**curvy**, FLAT thick, thin, *hourglass thigh gap*-  
We are twisted and contorted into society's image.

For this, **true** beauty comes in second place.  
For this looking at a mirror-  
looking at a magazine-  
looking at  
an empty plate  
strikes guilt within.

My peers are more concerned with whether my thighs touch  
then they are with what touches me, in life.

For this I am told that no one will ever touch me with love because for this-  
**For all of this,  
I am not enough.**