

**broken**

She's a classic twirling sun  
with golden hair  
and lacy underwear  
that shines under the pillowed, yellow skirt that seems to dance on its own  
She's got a twinkle in her eye  
and some blush too high on her cheekbones  
there's lipstick on her teeth and a smudge on her cheek  
where the makeup met the scarred craters and the black-headed mountains  
and her eyebrows form a bridge for the microscopic specks of white dust  
that crossed the border and jumped from the table  
the moment her head bowed to the crown that ruled her life  
and gave her freedom for 20 minutes at a time  
so she could escape the torture that her circumstances handed her  
on a silver platter of lies  
She was cast aside the moment her body wasn't all that it used to be  
So many people watched diligently for a while  
just to wash her away with the next wave  
The only way she could revive the feelings  
that once encompassed her former life like a fire blanket  
(protection from the flames but keeping her in the fire)  
was to direct her life to the divine, delicate white powder  
that tore down the walls of her inner soul and rebuilt glass doors  
so that anyone could see the dying light that revolved around her heart  
*BREAKING NEWS: FORMER STAR DEALS WITH DRUG PROBLEMS*  
*what a shame*  
*she threw her life away*  
*she disappointed her fans*  
*she was fine the way she was*  
It's hard for her to deny the feelings tumbling on her insides  
because people chipped away her drying skin that was the only defense for her mind  
like it was old wall paper that needed to be replaced  
and they wondered why she wasn't content with her life  
and they cringed at the thought of joy lined up all nice and neat  
like children chasing the truck for some ice cream  
looking for their tasty treat that's cold enough to escape the heat  
when all they had to do was look in the mirror  
and see the devil's horns resting on their petite heads  
sprouting from seeds of gossip and the dirty ground of dirty minds  
and the poisoned water of life.

### Devil v. Angel

*Close your eyes*

The photo of yourself behind your eyelids  
hides the truth of your soul  
that nobody can truly see...  
the movies depict a tiny angel and devil  
crouching on your shoulders  
throwing spitballs over your crossed, lost eyes  
because they control your conscience,  
but they fight about everything  
and poor little you, stuck in between  
two divine lawyers  
who are willing to give up everything  
for a moment of glory.  
Well we choose to believe  
that we are shrouded in white  
with a healthy glow about us  
but does the angel always win?  
There's a realization that society must come to  
that burns like fireball whiskey on a musky Sunday night  
and we all just look the other way  
because even our sunglasses aren't strong enough  
to protect our eyes from this eclipse...  
what nobody can see,  
but everybody knows is there  
is the truth  
behind the TV shows and Hollywood  
the devil has a mightier sword and less cuts  
and all that gossip adds up  
3,748,597 to the devil  
989,894 to the angel  
It's close enough...  
if we weren't keeping score.

### Passing People

I am so confused by the people passing on my left and on my right  
Because they long for absolution but they indulge in the dark of the night  
If paradoxes had paper wings and could fly higher  
than the whispered dreams of innocent children to the starry sky  
They would be the fallen angels that are the people passing by  
But the people don't realize that their consciences work overtime  
to reimburse the universe for the mumbled, jumbled trouble that the people so easily provide  
when they whisper silent wishes to the lovely, starry sky  
but at the same time they mumble ugly sentences about the people passing them by  
I don't understand their minds and how they can look in the mirror and lie as they place a  
crown of deceit on their naïve, bloated brains  
and as they marvel at the beauty that they believe they see  
in the magic mirror on the wall that says what it thinks  
Until what it says is treason to the true royalty and the people passing by finally decide...  
That all they really need is a replacement for their fancy mirror and its harsh words  
that could be no clearer.

### Shrouded

To me words are like water  
And in them we can drown or float  
People love to say words that cause a whirlpool  
That even the strongest man couldn't survive  
Because these words create entertainment  
Tabloids thrive off of these whirlpools of words  
And pretend they aren't to blame  
When the strong man drowns  
And is lost forever  
Because "the big guy had it coming"  
They say the best way to deal with the whirlpool  
Is to hold your breath  
But the water always wins  
Because water is everlasting  
While breath is fleeting

And to me celebrities are treated like gods on earth  
And through them we find flaws in ourselves  
People love to compare fake features to rugged realities  
That are where true beauty lie  
Because looks are not everything and nobody is perfect  
Tabloids thrive off of these comparisons  
And pretend they aren't to blame  
When millions of teens hurt themselves  
And say goodbye to the world  
Because "I am not as beautiful as celebrities"  
They say the best way to deal with perfection  
Is to recognize your flaws  
But perfection is impossible  
Because it doesn't exist  
While flaws are inevitable

And to me words and celebrities are products of society  
And in society there is darkness  
People love to spread this hatred  
That manifests behind closed eyelids  
Because hatred temporarily fixes sadness  
Tabloids thrive off of gossip and lies  
And pretend they aren't to blame  
When society gets one step closer to the devil's lair  
And people lose sight of the light

## **A Snapshot of Society**

Because "We are all in this together"  
They say the best way to deal with darkness  
Is to light your own candle  
Because one light can still be seen even  
While the rest of the world is shrouded in death