

Barbie

I am not just a Barbie doll.
I may look the part
Blonde hair
Green eyes
Long legs
Made up face
Smallish waist
But I'm not.

This head of mine is not hollow.

The dumb blonde jokes are cute at first but when the laughter fades and it stings a little...the worst.

People call me doll face as a compliment...sweet, but I feel defeat as they fail to see anything else deep. Shallow is what they think but I am capable of the beyond surface level thinking and I too have opinions that matter. God forbid that I speak up in class and actually pass with flying colors because I'm not supposed to fly. My wings have been clipped by the doubts of first glances as judgments are passed without chances...chances to prove that a pretty face can have a brain that reasons and craves knowledge.

I am not perfect. I don't live in a dream house...my dreams are too big for that.

I do not come in a box...prepackaged with limitations and with ties around my wrists to prevent me from reaching for something greater than the walls surrounding me. I'm not looking for a Ken to step in with perfect hair and fancy clothes to wear and share...not a fake man with a fake tan or money in hand. He is hollow too. I am not a toy. To ease your boredom or to pick up when it's convenient. I will not let people play with me or my emotions or go through the motions any longer...dress me up and I'll play the part but then my heart is torn apart and all that's left is the dark... hollow...plastic. No more.

It's dark here. People put me in storage when they no longer want me...I've been used and abused and bruised in ways that don't heal quickly. The people that once loved to stroke my hair...pick what I wear...and stop to stare got tired and left. I've been grown out of...the doubts about myself come flooding in as I begin to ponder...why...Outward beauty is nice...but it would suffice for someone to see past the features that won't last. See my mind and the thoughts that float endlessly through it about my aspirations and dreams without limitations. My soul that sings and clings to Christ tightly...nightly I ponder this thought. What if someone actually looked inside to uncover this? Would they see me?

