

“Made Up”

Blot concealer gently onto your skin

Use the thick, wet drops to cover those flaws

Blemishes, bruises, they all vanish

Blush is a must, but don't add too much

Pink powder that adds color to your pasty face

Smile and slim your face with contouring

Slide the slippery lipstick slowly out of its tube

Match the color to your mood

Spread it onto your lips generously, delicately

Deep red for the intimidation factor

Even though you are the one intimidated

Pink to seem gentle, warm, welcoming

Take the eyeliner and stroke your eyelids

Draw two ebony curved wings with the pen

Repeat the process until you deem it perfect

Coat your eyelashes with sticky mascara

Spread them apart, eradicate the chunks and clumps

Blink cutely with your now brightened eyes

Look at your reflection and what you've done

Reflect on the covered flaws that were visible before

Force that plastic smile and march out the door

"The Voice"

The sound of laughter makes the feeling hit me like a truck.
They're laughing at me, they have to be!
Or at least that's what the voice in my head insists.

When I speak, I internally flinch.
They're going to judge me.
They're rolling their eyes at me.
They snicker and wonder why I spoke.
I simply must be the joke!

The feeling gnaws at me,
Rips my remaining confidence to shreds.
It chews up my hope and spits it out.

Rationality deafened by the screeching voice
I fight it with all my might but it swallows my light

I don't want this.
I don't want to be afraid but
They hate me, *they hate me!*

When it goes well and I feel pleased,
The voice in my head screams at me,
"Do you *honestly* think they like you?
Do you?"

If they smile, they're pretending.
If there's kindness in their eyes, it's out of pity.
If they're quiet, they're annoyed.

The voice never shuts up!
It's constantly telling me how much I fucked up.
I shrivel up in terror; they hate me!
They're judging me.
They're sick of me.
And I'll never be free because the voice *never* shuts up.

"Enough"

Why can't I be enough?

I can make your heart soar

I can make your face warm

I can make your insides clench around my fingers

Why can't I be enough?

I gave you my heart and all of my affections

I gave you my time and unlimited patience

I gave you kindness and undivided attention

Why can't I be enough?

You took off your ring and pushed her out of your bed

Some nights you fell asleep soundly entwined with me instead

You lied to her to love me again and again yet somehow I feel misled

So many times all you did was make me wish I was dead

Why can't I be enough?

"You're too young."

"I'm not ready."

"We wouldn't work."

Why can't I be enough?

I'm enough when we embrace, away from the world

I'm enough when your thumb strokes mine, hands locked together

I'm enough when my face is buried in you.

I'm enough when you're holding me tightly, never wanting to let me go

I'm enough when we're sweating between the sheets

I'm enough when you plant gentle pecks on my cheeks

But I'm not enough because you won't let go of her

I'm not enough because I'm still in the shadows

I'm not enough because you flinch when I touch you in public

I'm not enough because against all of your love for me, you choose her

Why can't I be enough?

"Erase Me"

What would I give to be erased? Everything.

I would love to be nothing, I would love to feel nothing.

I would give everything to be nothing.

For her memories to be erased, for his, for all of theirs.

Six feet under isn't enough.

Erase me.

No sedation can numb this pain.

No liquor can ease my strain.

Not even when I sleep will my thoughts rest.

My internal monologue is forever a scream

Waiting to wrench itself from my chest.

Erase me.

Shut me down. Power me off.

Smash my hard drive into nothingness.

I'm begging. Please.

Erase me.

"It gets better." Fuck off!

"You can only go up from here." Fuck off!

"Life is worth it." *Fuck off!*

I don't want to hear it anymore.

Erase me.

I keep getting up

The more I get up, the harder I fall.

And all the earth's oceans crash down

I plea, I weep, I try to swim

But in the end, maybe I'm just meant to drown