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Hidden Interior

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Hidden Interior

Sarah Moore

What do you see when you look at me?
Do you see the pain I've felt?
The true fear I experienced
Or how my life has changed?

No

You judge.
You judge with eyes cold as ice
Piercing me like needles,
Stripping me naked
Until there is no protection.

I hear the whispers as I walk by.
I recognize the scrutinizing stares.
To you, I am no longer human but a story.
An outsider.
New gossip.
I've become "that girl" who you hear about
But that would never happen to you

What do you see when you look at me?
Do you see how alone I am?
The empty ache inside
Or how I will never be the same

No

You call me lucky
But little do you know
I'd be better off dead.
Because maybe then
I would fly free!
And be safe from this hell
You've created inside me.