

I wrote this poem about how from afar everyone looks extremely perfect and happy (on social media etc). However, when you look closer at how the person actually feels, you can see how unhappy and insecure they are.

Alone

Her face, a beautiful scar,
Weeping with the pain of her tomorrow.
Her today.
Her everyday.
For she looks up at the stars and cannot see what you see.
Cannot see what I see.
Cannot see what we see.

For she is alone.

The villain in her own history,
pained to say what she cannot speak,
pained to write what she only can weep,
She lives in silence.
Rewarding others with the life that isn't hers,
Telling herself "help will come tomorrow",
Ignoring the fact it never came before.

For she is alone.

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