

### Look Through Her

Little doll, pretty in the center of the light.  
The most perfect thing to look at.  
You know the amount of people who despise you.  
Nobody can handle the fame just rubbing off of you.

You're not able to shame us,  
we try, we persevere through the trials we have to pass to be noticed.  
You won't be able to reap our mind to change us,  
we decide who we are and how we use it.  
We are the blood and body that keeps us attached,  
if we have lost one we are nothing.

Can you stop just for one second little doll,  
Just stop from hunting more desperation.  
The spotlight and makeup you have,  
won't be enough for my head to just understand why you do this.

I don't like to do this.  
No being judged,  
if I would look at others, all I'd see is broken mirrors.  
Every mirror has your own seed of insecurities and fears of yourself.

If you'd listen to me!  
It wouldn't matter,  
I bet you, you would fix them in the end  
to make them have a better reflection of yourself.  
Go ahead, keep on lying to yourself,  
little doll.

### These Are My Words

He sits there at night.  
It's him writing on his book,  
letters, drawings, words spitting  
out of his mouth, an unstoppable gust of air  
filling that one book entirely.

But it isn't how he looks and how he wears  
two worn out shoes, both different socks,  
Wearing cargo shorts, and a sweatshirt.

It would be his next decision on how he uses these words.  
For his hope, courage, or depression.  
They just seem to seep into his hands,  
why is this man have such powerful words  
that doesn't crush my whole soul and body to keep me from my next phase.

He walks to me.  
Every slightest movement he makes a surge of emotion bursts into the air,  
It's soft and cuddly, but strong and invincible.  
"Hello he says"  
I stand there in immediate shock,  
stuttering my words, so hard to speak to him.

He declared himself a poet.  
I'd thought poetry was full of happiness and rhymes.  
He replies to entirely to my whole life span.  
He says that poems don't all have to be all sweet and kind,  
he says they could talk about emotions and personal lives.

He told me,  
these are the kind of ideas that actually give words power.  
They help create a force in such a way  
to bring waterfalls to people's faces.  
Making this poem worthy of everyone.  
These words that we create,  
has our own destiny to put power into them.

I smile back at him and wave goodbye.