

Hostage Feelings Delilah Cardiff

People see how I betray myself, I like it that way
Black and white, obviously happy all the time
I'm always smiling
Laughing and being cheerful
I'm known as the "Always Happy Girl"
Making others' days brighter and bringing them up when they're down

I seem like I have it all
A perfect life, a perfect family, perfect grades, everything
But what is perfect? What really is perfect?
I have nothing perfect

At home, I keep everything inside to be there for my family
They need me more than I need myself
I look at myself and the chaotic blur of reds, greens, and blues I keep held up inside me
The fighting yellows and purples rustle inside of my head
I look at who I've become

And I wonder why?
Why do I have to keep myself locked up?
Why do I have to fake smiles?
Why?
Why can't I be all the colors without getting judged?

But you would never be able to tell
That's what goes through my head
Maybe I'm just so good at what I do, I guess they'll never know