

Behind My Skin

Lilly Westlund

This person,
this labeling thing,
how do you know it's me?

I could be a star,
a burning flame not yet doused,
but you wouldn't know,
because you don't know what I am on the inside.

Hiding behind this curtain,
who knows when I'll open up.
It surely isn't now.

I'll peek out to give you a glimpse,
I see labels ready to be placed,
so I pull the curtains and back away,
away from labeling the inside.

I'm not what you see on the outside,
short, skinny, emotionless.
The outside is so heartless,
why not look on the inside?

On the inside I'm more than a shadow,
more than the sun's interpretation.
On the inside I'm more than just black,
I'm white, grey, blue--a rainbow just waiting to be explored.

The inside is what matters most,
not the interpretation of an appearance,
but who I am past that.