

True Beauty
By Sharon T. Chikuta

I hide myself in mascara, blush and eye shadow/
I flip the cover of Seventeen Magazine, look in the mirror and cry
In my room enveloped with images of girls from magazines I want to be
Everyday I imitate pretty, skinny, New York girls that pass by
But like a mirror I am only but a reflection and not me.

There is an accumulating emptiness within me,
Like a gigantic worm eating my insides/
Until I am nothing but skin and bones
Depressed, scarred and dissatisfied by my appearance/
I cannot take it anymore --
How do I end the pain?
Why can't I be beautiful?

One day I see this zaftig girl, confident as can be, in the school hallway
Bold as a lion and unashamed about her appearance
I always see this girl pass by--
But I have never really noticed her until that day.

Amazed and filled with awe I say--"There is something different about you?"
She replies:
*"Everybody is unique, I know God made me like this, beautiful and unique...
God made everyone original, why die a copy? True beauty is within."*

These few words this girl has spoken--
have cured my shattered and broken soul.
I have torn down my posters of girls I wanted to be--
and I replace them with pictures of my family friends and me.
I now walk the streets bold, fearless and self confident.

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Middle School Poetry Category