

Loved ones tell stories about me to me,  
But I already know what it's like to die,  
And to pluck at my ghost's sad eternal.  
I wrote an apology on the mirror,

And one forget-me-not to yours truly.  
Another ideal sculpted frame

To Love  
To Want  
To Fear  
To Blame

We all hate to look,  
We all love to picture.  
Alone we seek shadows to hide in,  
As statues mark these days.

I know nothing of delicacy blossoming beneath flesh  
Tickle my fancy with visions of "Perfection,"  
On infinite wings I fly from affection.  
Syllables, images, deny self-worth;

The pain of convention.  
There's a desire to validate this body.  
There's a need to eradicate this paradigm.