

Junior Division (16-20), Poetry

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Guilty Pleasure

Disgust eats away at every inch of my bones,
For everything from my laughter to my tears.
The way I dress and how I talk,
I can't help but loathe it all.
And I like myself, that's the worst part.
I look in the mirror and I smile and I *like myself*.
But only in the way of a guilty pleasure.
A joy you keep all to yourself,
That you do not speak aloud because you know it to be wrong.
I walk with a friend, pristine and pretty.
She knows people, laughs like they do.
Talks. Lives. *Shines* in the spotlight.
I fail to wrap my head around how her stomach doesn't turn
Just at being seen with me—
This wretched *thing* trying to be a girl.
I exist around her and for a moment I almost seem to glow,
But only because the lights' rays go through me.
They blind me, render me invisible, do the world a favour and burn out my tongue.
I cower, surrendering to the cavelike darkness of my room.
Perfect for a creature;
A wretched creature *trying* to be a girl.
It's become a sort of background noise:
The shame, fear, disgust.
The quiet but persistent sound of life.
But sometimes, when I'm alone after a long night of pretend,
It blares.
Blares and blares and blares
Deafening and unrelenting, like a siren in my skull.
Shame. Fear. Disgust. **Truth.**
The truth of it all is what hurts most.
And I am alone. And I am quiet.
And I like myself.
That's the worst part.