

Screens

A light in the darkness illuminates the way:
“I’m not addicted, I swear,” I say.
But yet, I just can’t turn away.
Spending seconds, minutes, hours, days.

And all the time I spend, I look
At girls with lives and bodies from books.
Every time I see
The one I’ll never be,
I try to follow but always fail
Methods, with no avail,
Destroying my self-esteem
To become what I dream
To achieve.

Who knew something so small could make you feel small, too?
They say “trust the process” but I’m done trying through.
Diets, makeup, workout routines,
Everything from the other side of the screen –
Like a mirror that seems
To reflect the dreams
Of every single teen.

And at myself, I couldn’t not stare,
At insecurities shining with a glare
That shocked their eyes;
I heard their cries,
That we’re too normal, too plain,
Unable to attain
The standard of perfection in every direction:
Faces, bodies filled with injection,
Academic achievements, no fear of rejection.
The traits I want in my own reflection.

And so I dream
Of a life
Beyond the screen.