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## A Girl With Scars

My mother's words are a silent reminder.  
They ring in the back of my head:  
*"You can do this; you are beautiful; let them see your imperfections."*

I wake up.  
I look at the clothes I had laid out on my bed;  
A long-sleeved shirt, pants, shoes, and a hoodie.  
*Can I do this?*

I swap out the shirt for a tank top,  
the pants for shorts.  
I decide, no hoodie for today.  
*Can I do this?*

I walk to the bathroom.  
I look at my reflection.  
*Can I do this?*

I grab the makeup from the counter.  
I unscrew the top and lift it to my arm.  
*Can I really do this?*

In one swoop, it can cover it.  
Obscure it.  
Disguise it.  
Hide it.  
Pretend it doesn't exist.  
*Can I do this?*

I look at the concealer;  
It would be so easy.  
I set it back down,  
And walk out the door.

*I can do this.*