



Not What it Seems

Reflections, mirrors, water, glass
All show me one thing in common
I find myself trapped in emotion while looking
My face, my features, my true self
Whether it's a monster, angel, devil
Old, young, small, tall
Whether I'm mad, sad
or happy
Emotions compiling
Heaping onto one another
Showing me who I truly am becoming
Who I was, will be, and am
Souls reflecting who I am morphing into
Whether it's a monster, angel, devil
Old, young, small, tall
Whether I'm mad, sad
or happy
Looking through eyes
Finding my true self
Seeing my bright, bubbly self others see
Feeling the depressed, acrimonious side I feel
Choosing which side to show, which to hide
Feeling bubbles being burst, sunshine shining inside me
Myself bringing out the side I don't want to reveal
Whether it's a monster, angel, devil
Old, young, small, tall
Whether I'm mad, sad
or happy

Whether I'm fragile as a soul, fierce as emotions, strong as a warrior
weak as tears, broken as a heart, mended as a quilt

The windows to the soul

never do show

what I feel

Its what's inside that matters, they say

So, if I'm broken, is that beautiful?

When I'm weak, is that appealing?

When I'm bitter, is that breath-taking?

If so, why does the world not know my name?

Never judge a book by its cover, they say

So, the sparkling outside of me is not true?

Beauty is in the eye of the beholder

It truly is

The personality inside and outside differ

To truly know what I'm made of, you have to look within me

To truly know what I'm made of, I have to look within me

In this topic, they think, to look within is to find happiness

For me, you find sadness

They think to look within is to find strength

For me, you find weakness

They think to look within they find a fierce tiger

For me, you find a mewling kitten

Opposites are what make me up

Whether it's a monster, angel, devil

Old, young, small, tall

Whether I'm mad, sad

or happy

I try to be happy, I truly do, but saying is easier than doing

I try to get over it, and I truly try, but sometimes,

I can't be helped, sometimes, I can't be saved

Maybe looking within is the only way to save me,
The only way to understand me
So, as a final wrap up, I wish to say
I will hopefully live as I am for another day
And will change my feeling, little by little
Until I feel that its okay to have feelings
Until it's okay to feel
Because feeling is what makes us humans
Feeling is what makes us unique
I wouldn't care about what other people thought of me
I wouldn't be insecure, feeble, or brittle
I would be strong, even on the inside
I would change myself
I would be braver, tougher, and will be the same on the inside
I would be strong on the inside and outside, not just as what people see me
But what I feel too, how I react
I will change, but until then, I feel this
You should look within everyone to find their true self
You should know what they're going through
You should have a glimpse of their feelings
Before you judge them based on the outside
Thank you