

High School is when guys noticed me
I lost my baby-fat
learned how to do makeup
but, no matter how I dressed or how many
times their eyes fell to my chest
Their eyes always *stayed* on my prettier, *slimmer* friends
So I got quiet
prettier
lost more weight
The hunger in my stomach became a *comfort* rather than a
pain
“*you’re so pretty*” he says but i know he means *you’re pretty enough*
Not pretty enough to love, no, never to love
But i cherish the words because I never know when they will stop
“*I love you*” he types with fingers he’s copy and pasted to so many other girls
But I cherish the attention because I never know when it will stop
I have butterflies on the drive to his house, cheeks flushed, a smile won’t leave
my face
I’ve convinced myself he likes me
“*This time is different, I swear*”
“*you’re so hot*” he says looking down at me but he’s not really *looking*. I want to
plead and cry out
“ *Call me anything but hot, pretty, beautiful*”
I linger numbly at the door as I leave, mulling him over
It’s the last time it always is
he doesn’t even en glance my way as i leave
I’m driving
My fake smile turns into real tears
I look into the rear-view mirror I no longer see a girl who is pretty enough
I see an ugly girl, a girl who’s beautiful parts fell to this floor with her clothes
I am no longer pretty enough