

The Mall

Teenagers loiter outside the mall.
The light from inside pollutes the quiet town.
The steps and chatter from the stores shatters the hushed atmosphere,
fulfilled souls walk out after their endless amounts of purchases.
Thunder strikes near by,
it's rage seeming everlasting.

The flickering of fluorescent lights burn overhead,
and the relentless flashing of the white lightning is seen.
Brightly colored lighting from the food court draws you in for snacks.
Blue light from phones fill the tired eyes.

Obnoxious laughter bounces off the walls,
gossip being shared within minutes.
Begging children ask their moms for pretzels,
the ring from the cash register reverberates throughout the endless halls.
The jingle for the little store down the hall rings in my ears,
advertisements are heard around each corner.
Empty souls mumble as they wander,
insults are tossed around like child's play.

Does everyone observe others like I do?
Is everyone feeling as self conscience as me?
Why is everyone judging each other?
Am I a bad person?
Do people really think what they say?
Why does it feel like everyone is judging me?
Why does it feel like everyone is looking?
How can everyone look so perfect?

My stomach churns as I make eye contact,
words fumble as I try to talk.
Saddened by the feeling of consent judgment,
hurt by the words of others.
Perplexed by the unnecessary hate everywhere.
Vulnerable to the stares of models surrounding me,
trapped by the unreachable beauty standards.

Being human means caring about what others think.

By Ellie May