



Kingdom Reality
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the first thing to catch people's eyes
are the sharp swords of eyeliner
painted across my face at every sunrise,
like a warrior ready to take on
thousands of scaly dragons

it imprints fear upon others,
leaving them speechless

i come across as a queen
trampling over everyone
in my path,
throwing any words of negativity
behind my back

however,
these are lies printed on sheets of old paper
sent out to the people
to read while savoring the last bit
of their morning coffee

*i am none of those things
even if some days i wish i was.*

i wear eyeliner because it's something
i attempted during times of illness
to get my mind off the stormy fog
that faded out the good in the world

addiction followed
and without it,
looking into a mirror and seeing



the same person became almost impossible
it's now a permanent tattoo
that has engulfed my thoughts on my own beauty

i am not a queen,
just the daughter of one
who fears taking the throne every day,
hope suffocates me
begging for a catastrophe to forbid

the reality of that chair of power.

yet, guilt lives stomach
feasting on every thought that enters my mind
while i hold my stomach with stained tears
even with no physical pain present.

but it's not painless,
my brain attempts to stab
at my open wounds
and some days it succeeds
while others i beat the beast
that is my own self.