

Abigail Farley “Identity”

*Let them be as roses,
real and authentic,
roses are the real them.*

*While I am like a fake flower,
picked at and critiquing my every flaw,
making me be what everyone wants.*

*They melt me down like clay,
shaping me into what they see fit
so I sow and sow the labels they have for me.
Turning it into a mask I am forced to wear,
skin once soft and smooth now picked and scratched at,
now forgetting who I really am.*

*So I fight trying to find myself
carefully unsowing the mask, leaving little bits behind,
skin now tough as leather, covered in scars,
fighting to be free,
but they keep picking, keeping the parts they like,
swapping the “bad” for what they think is good.*

*Let them be as roses,
while I am like a fake flower.
Covering the parts they seem unfit, and flawed,
hoping to be good enough for someone’s cruel hands.*