

Stitched Up

I'm beautiful, I have to be,
I'm drowning in praises
but drugged by the lies
I look at myself and I realise
my body's sculpted painfully
my face misshapen carefully
distorted and moulded
I'm contorted and folded into the box
Locked in by the lies
Bars on my eyes.

And the box has eight corners
each one with a point, sharpened by traumas
gnawing the cloth that heightens our longing for wealth and belongings
and the fabric is fraying
misconceptions are fading
it asks us to look
'til we've understood
the realities of all we see;
that truth is blocked deceptively.

Every direction we look
is another point of contention
a debate of intention
boxed in with biases
crises boiling
fabric tearing
and I'm contorted inside
distorted with threads of lies
used to sew up the cloth before we realise
they stitched a story of beauty over a tale of pain
covering frayed holes again and again
veiling our vision, they made us confuse
the fake for the truths.

But still I am stuck
forced into the box
tucked tight in the locks
and I don't know why
I don't try to get out
why I struggle and doubt
want to sit safe inside
to be told I look good...
So, what should I do?

cause beholding the holes
and the tears in the thread
scares my perceptions
regresses intentions
'til my eyes are forced back to the label
and still I'm unable
to see

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Inspiration: *Opulence* by Georgina Davy (the entire series: images & titles)

