

## Painting A Loss

I've grown an appetite  
for my own nails.  
My mom says stop.  
She says go get them pretty.  
She says stop being so anxious.

Every morning  
I wake up in a pool  
of self-deprecation and sadness.  
My mom says go out and run.  
She says learn to be happy.

In school  
I can't move.  
I can't think.  
I can't breathe.  
They say you're so gifted!  
Why do you waste it?  
Why are you so lazy?  
But I'm not.  
I'm tired  
from staying up all night.  
I get scared when my name  
gets announced on loudspeakers.  
I'm not gifted.  
I'm lucky.

Every afternoon  
I come home  
and I'm so...so...so

lonely?

My sister says  
that I have real friends.  
She says I should be  
grateful to have friends.  
I feel so alone everyday.

But I'm not really alone.  
I ask myself if living life  
to the fullest is really worth it?  
Or if I should run away from it?  
I look at all my friends  
with their pretty faces  
and great personalities.  
Why can't I look and feel  
good about myself?

I have a paintbrush in my hand.  
Every night, I lay in bed  
and I draw the picture.  
But for 10 years, since I lost dad  
I've been drawing a bad picture.  
I've been ruining the canvas  
every time I think I'm done.  
Every night I sit and stare and I'm...

disappointed.

What stares back is another variation  
of the same picture:  
My friends are peach tones.  
They are pastel blues and lilacs and baby pinks  
My parents, a crimson red.  
My siblings, a yale blue.  
And there I am in white.  
You can't see me.

But I'm still there.

At night, I fall asleep  
knowing that my biggest fear  
is that my picture will never be  
what everyone wants it to be...

including me.