

Beauty That Washes Down the Drain

by Jay Fisher

I want the tears to run, and fall down my plain face. Smearing the paint I delicately applied. I clearly remember the process, I brushed and smeared the reds and browns over my face, hoping to fix my insecurities. But I am not easily fixed. As I pulled and tore apart my soul, my friend stooped in the doorway of the bathroom. A sad smile pulled on her lips, her gray eyes full of pain. Oh, her gray eyes, were so dark and deep. I feel myself falling into them. Disappear into the gray abyss. As I lose myself, I realize that I lost myself long ago. The second I wished on a star, proclaiming that fitting in was more important than my heart. I traded my heart for blind acceptance, my talent for fake friends, and my innocence for itchy beauty. The kind of beauty that washes away down the drain along with my makeup, the small insecurities I cover with foundation. The lipstick for the deep longing to be loved. The blush for wishing for the happiness everyone else seems to have. The eye shadow for all that I gave up. And for what? I sold my soul for what? To disappear into the crowd? To be a clone of DNA that doesn't seem as precious anymore? To be a creature of deception and pain? That is what I thought I wanted. But tonight I make a new wish upon a star. I want to stick out of the crowd like a sore thumb. I want to be rejected and hated, so that maybe, possibly, I could love myself.