

<poem>

<stanza>

Every picture the same as the last
Black hair over one, the other
eye is big wide open innocent-only-not
looking up at everyone (no one)
Still can't tell the boys from the girls
(there are no adults here)
I pose for the webcam to look: deep emotional tragic interesting
It's only because I want to (I'm lying.)

</stanza>

<interlude>

Impulsive and au natural, thoughts shoved into being
*My parents hate me, everyone hates me, I want to escape.
They don't understand, they can't understand!
Why me? Why can't they just mind their own business?*
Making sense one day, ignored and confused forever after
*I can't live without him I think I'm going to die.
I love him, he loves me, I know it. He kisses me and tells me so.
But he kisses her and tells her that too.
I read it on her blog.*
Or heaven on earth, guaranteed never-ending (high school)
*We are going to be together forever, he'll never leave me.
I promised him and he promised me. I bought a ring, he's too shy.
I think. (I think.)*

</interlude>

<stanza>

Look at me watch me
I'll catch your eye with flashy glitter or sad little cartoons
Red on black unreadable but you *have*
to read it I need you
to read it and comment
on my life as I see it
I need you to agree
with me
or else
I'll hate you too
I don't plan to live
past 20 years,
anymore and I'll be old and ugly (have to be responsible for me)
What do you think of that?

</stanza>

<title>

My name is
Heart Soul Angel Demon White Black Princess Angry Queen Damned of Darkness (Perfect)
My name is (what I think you want to hear).

</title>

<truth>

This is not my space
This is me-for-you space

</truth>

</poem>