

Puberty

Some mornings I wake up,
Looking at the mirror to see a random bump,
On my nose, chin and forehead,
Painful and very red,
The little bumps I'd never had before,
Coming above my skin to declare war,
They appear so suddenly,
And no matter what I do, they stay infinitely,

I look at the reflections,
Seeing all my imperfections,
They tell me this is for everyone,
But I don't see them in anyone,

Some evenings I lie,
An overwhelming feeling of wanting to cry,
Then anger swooshes over me,
Like a tsunami washing a city,

I tell myself not to cry,
For main characters never cry,
But then I ask myself,
Questions about oneself,

I doubt myself and my story,
Fearing my fears for I wish to be without worry,
They tell me this is normal,
But I feel some feelings are abnormal,

Some days I feel as if this phase would never end,
An annoying cut that refuses to mend,
A good word for it is irritating,
Tiring and maddening,

Infuriating and provoking,
It plays with my thoughts like a cat with a string,
My mood changes back and forth,
Mostly unpleasant and devoid of warmth,

Responsibilities seems to weigh a ton,
Decisions far from fun,
They tell me it's what you go through,
But I wish it wasn't true,

This phase is like a bit of rust,
On a perfect silver ring,
Like a brown, dead branch,
On a plentiful, evergreen tree,
You wish it wasn't there,
For it's like a bit of rot,
Tainting a part of your life.

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