

High School

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Twelve years old, I suddenly felt the world look at me
My bones, every inch of my body, size ten
Size three, no size made me happy
Seventeen, same thing, just wishing I was anyone but me

Nineteen, I'm still waiting for the day
I don't hate myself for what I ate
Numbers change but I look the same
They say one day, you'll grow old and it'll go away

I thought all of this ended in high school
I thought I wouldn't I feel the way I do
Everyday I wish that I could be someone new
I've never looked in the mirror and saw what I wanted to

It's impossible to be what I want myself to be
How will I ever be happy?
How will I ever love me?

I thought all of this ended in high school
But I was wrong 'cause I feel the way I did and the way I do
Everyday I wish that I could be someone new
I've never looked in the mirror and saw what I wanted to