

# Hollow

Turnover

I look into eyes, but I can't tell if they're mine.  
The words coming off my tongue feel like delicately polished,  
practiced lines.

In my head I know my face,  
but I haven't shown it for so long now,  
that I might now know how.  
Every day I'm someone else, someone different,  
but I swear that you could never tell that I'm hollow.

I'm hollow. I fill the emptiness with things that aren't real,  
to see if I can feel less hollow,  
but I know it's only temporary. It's temporary.

In my head I know my face,  
but I haven't shown it for so long now,  
that I might now know how.  
Every day I'm someone else, someone different,  
but I swear that you could never tell that I'm hollow.