

Perfect Little Things

Y103b

Scrolling on her phone,
Seeing little Miss Perfect.
Skin as clear as glass,
Paper-thin body like a shadow thrown by a street lamp,
Millions of followers like moths to a light,
Popular.
But behind the forced smile always in place, Gucci bags and designer dogs,
Lies a barren girl lost in her own world,
Suffering from years of abuse, neglect and photoshop insanity.
She wishes for less followers,
And parents who were more present,
They're buying her gold mines,
Materialistic perceptions that will soon disappear,
Just like her.
And her perfect little things.