Forces

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A Verse Portrait

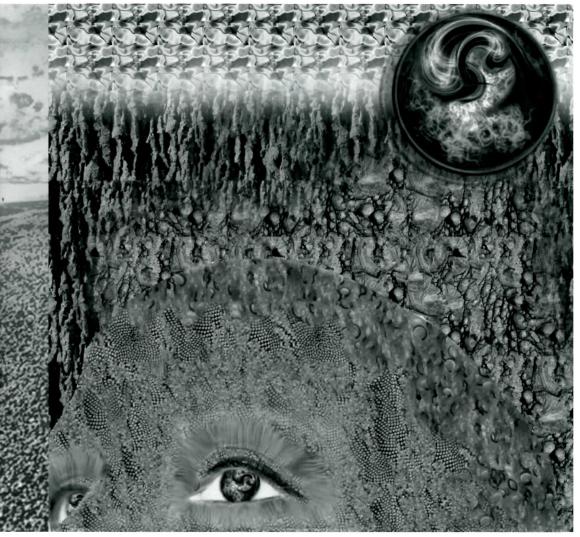
Matt Jones

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Scales by Misty Boldish

she looks like her convictions her hair is stained with strands of pink she draws the night around her eyes her

music her actions are almost as loud as her laughter rolling

image is the echo of so much alternative

on the floor she is living disregard but really like so many others she feels so much that she

must turn away to something else and tell herself it's not important a broken home has turned her

away from god one reason is as good as the other she

does her work reluctantly and revels in the act of motion dancing is her

church where she worships the body that others admire

whereby they become unworthy and neither one shall ever know the reason

why

Matt Jones