5-1-2005

A Verse Portrait

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she looks like her convictions her hair is stained with strands of pink she draws the night around her eyes her image is the echo of so much alternative music her actions are almost as loud as her laughter rolling 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*