The Curl

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The Curse

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THE CURSE

I stand alone
There are others around me
But I stand alone
Many know my name, see me as friend, but don’t see me
I stand alone.
This is my curse
I cannot join the others in this dance called “life”
For I am afraid of life
Afraid of pain
Afraid to love
This fear seals me off from others
I do not understand why I have this fear, so I cannot fight it
I must stay here, away from others, in the back of my mind
My true self rests deep down in the prisons of the mind
What the others see of me is untrue
I put on a happy face to blend in, but I am not happy
I need to break the curse to be truly happy.
My fears are the curse
They keep me alone; in the company of others

— John P. Parungao

Sister

I knew you once (or so I thought)
before the blonde in a bottle
chained-smoking
black-eyed
impostor
set in to take your place

Gone, is the innocent girl you once were
Now,
I hear about your late nights and illustrious affairs
with a continuous chain of good-for-nothin boys

I wonder sometimes
where you are
And why and how did you turn into something
that I find so easy to hate?

— Lisa Kreutter