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Beauty

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Some store bought face with a bottled blonde until I am no longer recognizable or sane because my brain is overwhelmed from the adrenaline produced by my two hour death-defying jog is beautiful.

Maybe a body that is so skinny the spinal bones jut out of the back like rocks in the ocean’s side, only to realize that the iridescent tank you bought just doesn’t fit you the way the fashionably hip sales clerk said it would.

Somewhere you may have went wrong with that dark line smothering your eyes and the clumps that overshadow your lashes until they are no longer fine extensions of your eyes but rather the glue that holds your eyes to your face.

Beauty is the expensive pair of designer jeans you bought that not only look dirty and stained but also seem to have been worn before you by someone who thought cutting holes in them was a good idea.

Can you imagine a world without Barbie and Cosmo Linger ing over as the all knowing and perfect mold Of what being a beautiful woman is only to find out That the mold doesn’t fit you or anyone you know.

Beauty isn’t bought, packaged or sold. It’s not the latest fashion trend or the to-die-for color. It is the spark that lives inside that if given the chance shines brighter than any firefly in the night. It’s a gift to those who have an opportunity to somehow glimpse it’s natural form.