She doesn't know she's beautiful

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She doesn't know she's beautiful
Mom always said
“It’s what’s on the inside
that counts.”
But all she hears is:
Eat right.
Diet.
Exercise.

“Beauty is in the eye
of the beholder.”
Society is the judge.
She comes home
from school
with tears
soiling her clothes.
Her thick legs on
tiny ankles
make her
almost bowlegged.
Her braces shine
like the train tracks
next door.
And the large scar
on her forehead
from falling off her bike
three years ago
shines like freshly polished wood.

She sits down
covering her face,
remembering the taunts
and whispers
on the way home from school.
She knew she looked stupid
when she started to sprint home.
She couldn’t take it anymore.
She wipes her face,  
stands up.  
She doesn’t care if she’s “ugly.”  
She grabs a magazine,  
swings her feet up  
on the wooden rocking chair  
in the backyard.  
Her favorite place  
to relax and read.

If beauty is only skin deep  
what about the  
models on the cover  
of every magazine?  
The perfect plastic bodies.  
Straight white teeth.  
Highlighted hair.  
Tall.  
So skinny  
you can almost  
see bone.

She whips the magazine  
at the freshly cut lawn  
while new tears fall  
creating a puddle in her lap.  
She looks at the  
woman staring back  
at her from the cover  
of Cosmo.  
Every blemish  
buffed out.  
Every imperfection  
gone unnoticed.