

MARSHALL, CHERYL KAYE

Cheryl Kaye Marshall

Age: 16, Grade: 11

Home School, Birmingham, AL

Educator: Emily Marshall

Category: Poetry

I think I'm evil

There's a part of me that's evil.
A self-sabotaging cynical part.
She likes to slowly wrap her fingers around my throat.
Squeezing,
Until my throat is closed and no air,

Enters

or

Exits

She makes my reflection a stranger.
She terrifies me sometimes.
Sometimes she just sits,
Looking innocent,
Making me think there's no way she's real.
Then her eye twitches,
And I know she's ready to scream,
"Be Perfect!!"

Sometimes I cry and sob and yell for help.
Sometimes I fight and throw punches, refusing to be devoured.
Sometimes I give up.
Sometimes I allow her to beat me.
I may calmly unwrap her fingers from my throat with no emotion,
But she doesn't leave.
She just rips out her needled knuckles and begins her next process.

Her next phase.
I wonder if she will keep me up tonight, leaving me exhausted.
Or will I sleep too hard because it's an escape,
Causing just as much exhaustion.

Fearless

Adventurous

I want to be like the heroines of my favorite stories,
Uncontainable

They float around me, telling me to
Try again.
A year ago,
I fell from my throne.
It took me a long time to get the courage to climb.
I was almost there.
Somewhere along the way, I

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I don't know how she fights with them.
She doesn't fight dirty.
She's well-rehearsed, polished, and graceful in the art of destruction.
She's perfect.

And she knows