

Sofia Monteleone

Age: 17, Grade: 12

School Name: Indian Springs School, Pelham, AL

Educator: James Griffin

Category: Poetry

For Want of Love

I want somebody to love me
Like the sun on a perfect day
To love every detail others fail to notice
The freckle in the center of my lip
The tiny scar above my eye
The softness of my hair
And the way it turns auburn in the light

Like the moon at its fullest and brightest
Impossible to capture in picture,
I want to live only in their memory
When my eyes shift from green to brown
The way my hair might curl just right
How the tops of my cheeks bloom rosy in the cold
How my nose rounds ever so slightly at the end

My laugh flitters across the room like a creaking door
But I hope to them it sounds like ringing bells
My skin looks pale and pasty in the summer sun
But I hope to them it looks like gleaming ivory
My fingers might be picked and the polish might be scratched
But I hope to them they see a reason to share a color

I want somebody to love me
With abandon and without conditions
I want them to laugh at my bedhead
How my hair curls up to the sky
I want to cry about the fat that builds under my chin
And them kiss me anyway

I am pretty
I am beautiful
I am ugly
I am disgusting

And even when they see me
How could they ever really
When the mirror is caked in mist
That's not me
That's not *me*
You don't know me
You can't love me
I will never be good enough

Tell me, when will I ever be good enough
For somebody to love me
Perhaps like the sun on a perfect day