

Innocence

by Michelle Glas

If I've lost myself once

I've lost myself three times.

Give and take, the perfection

Expected and maintained.

I am a disillusioned queen

A Betty Crocker teen dream

Of sanity and prim pink.

Coffee and cream swirls

Of white tainted frosting.

Colors no longer black and white

But gray, gray, grays.

A snowy television screen.

Who to be?

Barbie and the Brady Bunch

Win again, in fear of being the one

Who was lost in the crowd.

Too afraid to be the mundane

And cliché girl of seventeen.

I've gained the title of a clean

Empty slate. Stainless steel.

To shatter the clear glass

Would be to splinter me.

Puzzle pieces of extreme

Complex fractions of reality.