Flesh Prison
Britney Marshall

Prison bars, 
coarse and rough. 
Covered up by elegance, 
refined for the world, 
yet never enough.

Nails like knives. 
Scratching, 
scratching so hard.

Solitary confinement. 
All alone yet surrounded by so many. 
I hear them all: 
Mom; Dad; 
best friend; stranger.

They talk to me. 
They tell me who to be. 
They tell me how to be.

When will I ever just get to be? 
Why can’t I just be?