

## **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.

I try to stop the voices.

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?