This is Me

by Laura Searles

I may not have the thinnest body,

My eyes get wrinkly when I smile.

My laugh makes people turn and stare

With weird expressions for awhile.

I laugh at rain in summer,

I run around and play,

I will play with little kids outside,

And act like one all day!

My hair is never perfect,

And I don't care just the same.

My sweatshirt keeps me warm and snug.

I don't care if I look lame!

My attire consists of jeans and shirts

And dresses when I dance.

I love to sing, be silly, and act

Whenever I get the chance.

I love not wearing makeup,

So I can reach and touch my eyes,

And cover them when I'm laughing,

Or turn away and cry.

I like to watch silly movies,

Eat cookie dough and sigh,

And imagine some day my prince will come,

And we'll go on adventures far and wide.

Can't you see?

I try to be me through and through,

But sometimes catch myself,

Wishing I was someone else

And not my silly self.

My hair would be done perfectly,

With elegance and grace.

I wouldn't trip on my own two feet,

And fall down on my face.

My laugh would be soft, sweet, and low,

I'd dress with care and style,

With lots of makeup on my face,

and lipstick on my smile.

I wish I wouldn't think like that,

But however hard I try,

I just can't get "her" out of my mind,

And I can't imagine why.

So take me as I am today,

Or leave me if you want to,

But I only strive to be myself

And I'm phenomenal, through and through.