

I was Ugly Once

I was ugly once.
I heard that popular girl say it.
Crooked teeth.
Acne prone.
Cheap clothes barely hangin' on
to sixteen-year-old bones.

She and her friends laughed as I walked by.
With their designer rags and beauty shop dos,
holding physiques made for social media views.

Cleavage exceeding,
grown and sexy hips,
skin-tight clothes,
fuchsia painted lips.

They had their choice of the popular guys,
the ones that “ugly” girls sneak a peek at
out of the corner of sad eyes.

And I spent way too much time not looking at me,
even though my mirror reflected individuality.

I envied that popular girl who gave out popular love, until life
changed her story: pregnant, struggling with drugs.

Then true love found me,
and I was quick to forget that once I was ugly
and that girl, once popular, said it.