

## 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.