

I have to be perfect.

Fore that's what I'm told.

I can not be to big but I can not be to small I have to be perfect.

Everything has to be perfect.

My lips: soft, pink, and full.

Not small but not big.

Instead perfect like they say.

My hair: it's to long, it's to short, to brown, to blonde, to thick, to thin.

It can't be like it is.

It has to be perfect.

My face: symmetrical.

Not to much because that's "weird".

No freckles.

More freckles.

Dimples or none.

Eyelashes: long, dark, full.

Perfect.

Like everything else has to be.

My eyes: brown, blue, green.

Not bright but not overpowering.

Instead perfect.

The word they all expect me to be.

Except that word is a fairytale and I'm nothing more then real.

Perfectly perfect.

That's what they expect.

How do you get that?

Where does it come from?

No flaws.

No marks.

No scrapes.

No scratches.

I have to be perfect.

Fore that's what I'm told.

But is that me?

Or the story they sold?