

Beauty?

Beauty?
What exactly is it?
A pretty face?
The perfect body?
How could you not want that?

People comment
“What a beautiful girl”
But I don’t see it
I’m just me.
Nothing special, just normal
It’s easy for me to blend in.

You can open up any magazine
Or turn on any television
And you see “beauty” everywhere
it’s hard not to compare.

But anybody can be beautiful on the outside
Real beauty is on the inside
It’s harder to see
Maybe that’s what they mean
When they make those comments about me
Maybe I’m beautiful on the inside.

Beauty?
What exactly is it?
A pretty face?
The perfect body?
That’s not the kind of beauty I want.