

## Toothpicks

I felt the toothpicks mocking me

From their round jar in the cabinet

Reminding me of my faults

Reminding me of the day....

*You're so skinny*, they'd say

A phrase you'd think was a compliment

A phrase that every girl supposedly

Wanted to hear

So yes, they'd tell me

*Skinny, toothpick, twig, pole, stick*

But it was not a blessing

No, it was a curse

To be likened to the toothpicks

Scorning me in their little vessel

Tiny and terribly breakable

Is that what I wanted to be?

The TV and magazine

They show *skinny, twig, tiny*

They show it as reality and

What it should be

But that is not so

That false hope, those lies

Are not who I am

Are not my fellow brothers and sisters

For my fellow brothers and sisters

Are the epitome of beauty, inside

And out and the TV and magazines

Need to do a different sort of editing

And so I smile at the toothpicks

Still attempting to deride me

In their little jar

Tiny and remarkably breakable

I shut the cabinet door

For though I may seem to them

A companion, I am not

I may be *twig, stick, skinny*

I may look tiny and

Sometimes, I may feel tiny

And although you may think it

I am not easily breakable.