

To be in Society

By Grace Shackleton

A new day begins, a new trend is set,
I try to keep up, but the expectation is never met.
Society is a gossip, a whisperer at the least,
Changing our habits, unlocking a beast.

It paints our futures with its artistic touch,
Guiding our steps, it becomes too much.
We have to be this, we have to be that,
We are too lean, too skinny, too fat.

How could a voice be so silent, yet so loud?
In this society how can we be proud?
Self-love has moved on, it's gone chasing the stars,
in its place anxiety and depression will leave their scars.

Try this new cream, and these new lotions,
We can't let them see those bad emotions.
No one will love you if you aren't to this standard,
If you show your true skin, you will be slandered.

From the clouds of judgement comes a subtle light,
Illuminating the path, guiding us through the darkest night.
We begin to re-write the pages that were once told,
We begin to change the world, which has become cold.

Against the tides of expectations, we stand tall,
Unlocking our hearts, answering the inner call.
No longer bound by society's narrow views,
We explore paths for future generations to pursue.

Far beyond these shackles that hold us down,
Through the waters of negativity that make us drown
A light is still pure, the flame cannot dim,
Move against those waters and try to swim.

Embracing those flaws that once made us hate,
Realising we are only human is our nearest fate.
To forge your own path, guided by your heart's song,
To be free in our skin, we will believe we belong.