

all i wanted~

all i ever wanted
was to be one of *those girls*,
you know them -
lululemon tights, straight hair, white vans, a smirk on their beautiful, cruel faces,
the prettiest girls, the funniest girls,
the skinniest girls, who wrapped the boys around their fingers, the girls who did each others'
makeup and had hordes of friends and drank white venti mocha lattes, with no milk, one sugar,
please.
and i find myself drawn to *those girls*,
strangely,
turning myself into one of them,
until i've wasted a birthday present on those cursed lululemons,
until my feet freeze in those white vans,
abandoning my warm, fuzzy tights and monstrous boots for beauty,
to fit into the synchronized legions of *those girls*,
i hide my love of everything other, but i still know,
inside, that to be one of *those girls* you can't-
those girls don't have to hide anything
but now, it's fine-
because i've become both-
skinny and lululemon-ified,
yet i've learned to put both my previous self and my lululemon self together-
i look the part but i'll never be the part
so i will never be *that girl*,
but i've accepted that.