

Honorable Mention: Poetry

Student Choice Award

"Mirror"

By Andrea Davenport

You don't see me.

To you, I am only an ugly reflection

of the inflection of your projection,

and no matter how many times you tell me I'm beautiful

I know the truth

because the truth is you don't see me.

To you, I am only an existence

a presence of interdependence, no subsistence and little resistance.

To you, I am the picture of silence.

To you, I am willingly used, willing to be abused, to be bruised

to let my love infuse your perfectly pigmented satin skin.

Skin that I'll never have.

But you don't see the tears I cried for you

when you decided my home was your source of pain.

But what about my pain?

Why weren't you hurt?

Why weren't you there

when I was stabbed in my eyes, my thighs, my lungs?

When loaded guns were shoved into my arms and I was told to shoot?

Knowing full well that I wouldn't hurt you?

Why don't you recognize

that I need you to mortalize

the lament that's bestialized inside my unhallowed heart?

Why don't you just open your eyes?

Do you like to be sexualized?

Do you mistake objectification for love and adoration?

Because it is not my affection you desire.

It's the sounds of try her, tie her, defile her

That you aspire to hear melting in your ears.

Better than my tears I suppose.

And look, I know I'm just collateral damage,

a misstep to manage in your rampage and I know you ...

I know you.

But I also know that if you actually cared you wouldn't let me settle
to the supple sandy bottom of my well of wasted water.

Water I spent for you.

You don't see it.

You don't see how I wither under your glare in the mirror

You don't see how I seek your approval, hide from your accusal

Yearn for my removal from my body.

I mean your body.

Your water. Your desire your guns your love your silence.

Your reflection.

I yearn for my removal from your reflection.

I need a reprieve, let me grieve.

Just let me leave.