Two-part Poetry collection: To be seen is …

- to be judged.
- an achievement.

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To be seen is to be judged.

Walk, strut, stride,
My Docs stomp proudly and a few heads turn.
Ignore, chat, vibe,
My eyes catch another's, and another's.
Flutter, blink, rub,
My makeup elicits glances, and smirks.
Swish, twirl, spin,
My skirt flies happily in my trails, and cackle scratches me.
Pull, stretch, snap,
My top is low-cut and a million iris' attack me.
Flick, toss, tuck,
My hair bounces and becomes fire.
Tick, slide, click,
My earphones snuggle in and my melodies play like film.
Tug, pull, stretch,
My tights lose their grip and people are walking too close.
Ow, that, hurts,
My bra strap has been noticed.

In my walk along the sea,
I am a lighthouse.

To be seen is an achievement.

Walk, strut, stride,

My Docs tread like slippers and I'm a ghost.

Ignore, chat, vibe,

My eyes try to catch, but no one takes.

Flutter, blink, rub,

My makeup is overshadowed in a sea of talent.

Swish, twirl, spin,

My skirt sits as the wind blows it around.

Tap, press, snap,

My crop top reveals me, and no one sees.

Flick, toss, tuck,

My hair bounces and remains hair.

Tick, slide, click,

My earphones simply sit, not a note to be made.

Tug, pull, stretch,

My fishnets wear me as if they were plain t-shirts.

Gone, faded, invisible,

My bra is on show.

In my walk along the sea,

I am nought but a pebble.