

Perspective Despair
By Katalin Patnaik

You all must care
I have to share
What a nightmare
Became of my hair
My roots are all bare
I climb up the stairs
My muscles will tear
My patience will tear
My fave jeans will tear
Clothes shops are rare
And I can just stare
How does the square
Hole gape at me where
The button was there
This is not fair
This is not fair
I'm locked in despair.

Meanwhile in a different lair.

No one to care
No one will share
This awful nightmare
By chunks of my hair
Dragged up the stairs
His knuckles are bare
I see my clothes tear
I hear my skin tear
I feel my heart tear
Mercy is rare
And I can just stare
But don't look him square
In the eye where
His triumph is there
This is not fair
This is not fair
I'm locked in despair.