

## The Girl in the Bedroom Next to Mine

The girl in the bedroom next to mine  
Has become so drunk in the pleasures of imagination  
That reality has become alien  
The exhilaration of “independence”  
Continues to be the very thread she continues to grasp  
Despite it having been cut weeks ago  
By the dread of reality

The girl in the bedroom next to mine  
Has turned her insecurities into fuel  
And as the human clock methodically continues its work  
*Tick, tick, tick*  
The army of demons she has jailed in the back of her mind  
Believing that they could not harm her there  
Has formed a barrier between her and me

The girl in the bedroom next to mine  
Is a documentation  
A fragment of history  
Her skin has become a warzone  
Declaring all the battles she lost  
Her mind has become a record book  
Haunted by the faintest of mementos  
Maybe if she cut her heart open  
All of her woes would gush out

I tear my stare  
From the mirror

I once heard of a girl  
    who had a million different identities  
        and got so lost in trying to fit in molds  
            that she forgot how to be herself