

April Creative Writing Contest

Marleigh MacLaren

Mr. Duggan

They are flawed

Walking as if they are weightless and free

Whereas deep down, under the mask

Regret, mistakes, and dark times lay

These actions shine through her eyes each day

She does not forgive those who have sinned

Their choices stab and wounds bleed thick, red blood

Although all the same air they share, she is different, isn't she?

As she sits on her lonesome throne, her grudges in hand

She thinks that forgiveness must come easy to them, to accept others, to have friends

Maybe this is how they stand tall

Maybe she too is flawed after all