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Untitled

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Little Girl

I couldn't sleep! Restless and crippled, I sat in the cozy prison which was my room. As I watched the gray smoke rise from my cigarette and muster by the fan, I realized why sleep wasn't coming. It was the pain that kept me awake. People can be so cruel and vicious to one another, always trying to show their superiority. Maybe that's just human nature, I really don't know. But if it is, why? Again, I don't know.

I stared at the person sitting across from me, staring back at me with a blank expression. I tried to recognize the figure but somehow I couldn't. A complete stranger, so new to me. Where did she come from? No, the reflection I saw did not look like me at all. The mirror image was false. It couldn't possibly be me! The little girl who stared back me looked so young, without make-up, her hair all messy and she looked scared to death of something. She seemed lost and bewildered. Smoking her cigarette, she glanced up at me to reveal the rivers of tears pouring down her naked face. No, it was not me. It couldn't have been. I'm a lot stronger than that. What was it

that she was so scared of? What could have possibly caused her so much pain? I couldn't figure it out.

I finally walked away from the mirror, I could not stand to look at her. It made me feel weak. I walked down the hallway and into the kitchen to make myself a cup of tea, I wanted to forget. As I watched the water boil, suddenly her image appeared in my head, it would not stop haunting me. That look on her face, the pain in her eyes, the face seemed so hopeless and innocent. My heart started to ache, it suddenly all came back to me. I now knew who she was and where she came from. Rivers of tears started to pour down my own face, and I cried, I cried for every person in this cruel, evil world, who was treated this way...

By: Kat Zeman



Photo By: Gina Arnieri