Mismatched

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MISMATCHED

I can shave all the hair from my body
I can cover my skin all in ink
Make my face up with powders and crèmes
And wear all the fanciest things
But I’ll never be as pretty as I wished
All the art in the world is nothing
When the canvas you paint on is flawed
All the lumps, scars, and wrinkles
Show through and disrupt the façade
My voice is too thick and heavy
For the words that rest in my heart
They don’t match, they can’t carry
I am mismatched man built to bruise and beat, not to bloom
I am the soil, not the flower
What does it mean when your outside
 Doesn’t match what’s within
But you’ve identified as self for so long
That to undo would do as much damage
As to continue on as other than
I question self and labels
Because we are all more fluid than we know
Perhaps I’ll never find beauty
But I can find grace