

Lipstick on a Pig

Rachel Held

My stomach is always full of dread
Envy is all I can feel.
I look at girls who are pretty,
And I think, why not me?
Maybe it's my curly hair that is frizzy
Or my arms that jiggle.
Maybe it's my thin lips
And my annoying voice.

I try to put on makeup,
but I can't hide it.
It's all I see and feel.
The one day I felt decent, I heard it.
Lipstick on a Pig.
I'd never heard that one before,
but I instantly knew what they meant.

Maybe if I don't eat
Maybe if I get new clothes
Maybe if I get different makeup
Maybe if I hide how I feel, no one will notice

Maybe one day I will be able to look at myself in the mirror.
I've been on a diet since I was ten years old
I've tried different clothes and styles
I've gotten different makeup
I've hidden how I feel
I'm still me.

All I feel is hunger.
All I want is to be pretty.
All I need is to be loved.
But who can love a pig?

I've tried everything.
I learned how to change myself.
I learned how to act like someone I'm not.
I did what I was told.

I put lipstick on a pig me.

Rachel Held is a sophomore at the University of North Dakota majoring in English and minoring in journalism. She hopes to be a published novelist in her future. Rachel enjoys writing poetry along with journalistic stories and fiction. In her free time she enjoys reading thriller/mystery fiction and watching old movies, for example, *The Blob* (1958).