

The HOWL

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Under

Tegan Cook

I live under an ultraviolet light, a constant invisible ink pen,
one where my insecurities and flaws shine brighter than the qualities I admire.
It enhances every detail, every mark I thought was hidden,
and puts it on a pedestal for the entire world to see.

I live under a spotlight, with a constant audience awaiting my every move,
one that notices my mistakes and freezes more than they see my success.
They follow me everywhere I go, some hoping for my downfall,
and throw roses at my feet when I take my final bow.

I live under a mask, a constant cover-up glued to my face,
one that keeps me nice and warm but leaves others cold.
It rests on my face, tucking in the blemishes and imperfections,
and it always has a pretty smile on its face.

I used to live under a rock, hidden away from the rest of the world,
one that kept me from seeing and hearing the things I wanted to.
They used to tell me it was beautiful, that people would love when I came out of my shell,
but now I know the truth, and I am not so clueless anymore.