

Beauty

Beauty tastes like the salty tears that run down your cheeks when you're told it's not good enough.

Beauty smells like burnt hair under a curling iron that gets hotter and hotter until you get the job done.

Beauty looks like photo-shopped standards that keep getting raised.

Beauty feels like waiting for a compliment that never really comes.

Beauty sounds like the cries of a girl who can't reach the standards given.

Beauty is deep blue that shines in your eyes; it moves to you or from you while whispering lies.