

You Say I'm a Waste of Space, But I'm Really Just a Waste of Time
By: Rebecca C. Lofgren

Who is that I saw in a glimpse?
She almost looked pretty but I'm not so convinced.
Her eyes hold many secrets, seems like it's been a while.
She hides all her pain and tears behind a fake plastic smile.

The longer I stare the more the beauty peels away.
She has many imperfections, she is kind of disgusting but I just have to stay.
Who does she think she is kidding? Her self proclaimed confidence is insane.
She looks almost dead inside, you could hardly call her vain.

But it is that smile, that stupid pathetic smile...
I feel some acid in my throat, as my stomach fills with bile.
You're not happy, you can't be. You're so absurdly pathetic.
Why can't you say what you really mean, use your voice be dramatic.

Who am I kidding, no one at all.
I wish I was that skinny and that tall.
I wish I had that beautiful fake smile.
I wish I had her confident courageous style.

I want to be that girl I saw in a glimpse.
I wish I could be that blindly convinced.
I see her every day. She is always near.
God, why can't I just be the girl I see in the mirror?

Bio: Rebecca C. Lofgren is an artist and author of gothic and obscure writings. She is best known for her "[Book of Dreams](#)," a complete collection of her most recent works of short stories, poetry, and artwork, which focuses on love, death, immortality, existentialism, and the human condition.