

Sarah Abrams  
Where I'm From  
Poetry

## **The Duck Metaphor**

It's called the duck metaphor  
A duck looks graceful while swimming in a pond  
But underneath, is struggling to stay afloat.  
I guess ducks have learned to hide what's really on the inside.

Maybe ducks want someone to see them from the other side  
Maybe the pond is a place to hide away and stay confined  
Inside the pond is darker, yet that's where the truth shall be  
And isn't it sad that this is our reality?

I wonder if ducks want to be seen as they are or if they prefer the mask  
As a mask becomes a face and maintaining that face is a new task.  
We all cry, we all sob, we all run, and we all hide  
Just hoping to escape what's under the pond, on the inside.

Both struggling to keep feelings inside and trapped within  
Both scared to tell society the places they have been  
Never looking to show the world what lies beyond their face  
Afraid for people to judge them and their place.

Humans and ducks alike, both fighting to hide the pain beneath  
Because haven't you felt sorrow, but smiled through your teeth?  
But the duck on the water will just keep swimming anyway  
As all of the humans, oblivious of the truth, will continue to look away.

## **Starstruck**

I often wonder what it feels like  
To see what the stars have seen  
Through all the darkness  
And the plague  
And the death  
And somehow they still shine.

You once told me  
That stars were like scars  
Band-aids plastered over  
A bleeding sky  
Only glowing  
From a distance

Our relationship is toxic  
From a distance we are glowing stars  
The world sees us as something  
That will always shine

But up close we are bruised  
We are broken, barely hanging on.  
We are woven together by stories  
Which name our broken nature  
“Constellations”

And although we are light years away  
This empty mass we call the universe  
Will still shine.

## **The Mirror**

Another day, another reflection  
The face I show the world and my other dimension  
Consumed by the idea that there's more inside of me  
I step through the mirror into reality.

My mind, an abstract stream of letters in my head  
Jumbled words in water becoming hard to tread  
Disconnected like a pair of misnumbered dice  
A future with no order, a future I sacrifice.

Holding onto the rock in the middle of a cliff  
Not letting pain destroy me, but holding onto it.  
Ambition like an animal trying to escape the cage  
The world is a globe in my hands, awaiting better days.

*Until I face the mirror again.*

Another day, a different reflection,  
Hoping someone notices as I change dimensions.  
Living life searching for what feels like forever  
A constant quest to put myself back together.

Ready to conquer the world everyday,  
Afraid of what's to come, I smile anyway.  
Losing track of time as it eats away at me  
Who am I if I can never be free?

Beliefs kept inside to impress the few  
Shaping opinions to be the same as theirs, too  
And when I find it impossible to be trapped inside alone  
I step back through the mirror to a world I call my own.

## **Hanging By A Thread**

In isolation, I am a transparent ghost  
Plastered with tape over my voice and mind  
The ground below me is about to snap  
Racing to catch up with time

The line between my shield and sword  
Thins until it inevitably disappears  
All the feelings I bottle up  
Explode throughout the years

I look up to society  
Humans locking inner feelings inside  
All hanging by a thread  
Masking problems with makeup and pride

I see the way we hide pain with smiles  
And hugs with drugs to deceive  
The light draws us in, but it's merely a lie  
It becomes harder for us to leave.

I see the reflection as the rain hits the ground.  
The umbrellas shield truth from hitting skin  
A subtle game of hide and seek  
Treating life the way it's always been

I am a ticking time bomb  
Waiting inside until I can be set free  
Counting the seconds until I snap  
Removing the facade of who I've been trying to be

So I wait for my cue as I'm hanging by a thread  
Waiting for the scissor which will cut me apart  
If only releasing all my feelings  
Would destroy me before I destroy my heart.

***But until then I'm just left hanging***

*By*

*a*

*Thread.*