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Allegory

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Allegory

Natalie Martinez

Behind that wall she hides, afraid that I will read her mind,
That someday, some thought may slip away,
But, what she doesn't know –
Through that crystal cube, I can see her still, how she lives, how she
dreams, how she spends her day.

She knows not that I can see right through her simpleton mind, read her,
hear, feel the blood gushing through her veins.
Whenever I talk to her, she runs away,
But, she doesn't know I can see her anyway.

She hides from me, she hides from them, she hides from herself, the
value of the truth,
Its essence she prevents from entering her make-believe world,
She opens not her door to strangers,
For truth is one as well,

How can one live a lie is far beyond my comprehension,
Ask her, maybe she'll tell you.
Even, if you're lucky, she'll explain why she runs from life,
Why she hides and bows her head.

I tried once, long ago; she stood and looked past me, no expression, no
voice,
I tried again and then gave up, she's in the black hole of life itself.
Sometimes, when you live life to its fullest, any small mistake might take
away all happiness,
And cause you to shrink and shy away.

Ask her, maybe you should
She'll run away and you'll see no more of her,
I watch her from my window every day, calm, alone, monotonous
And ask myself why must she make her life a hell.

Yet, this young child is nothing but my neighbor, a girl so bored and
dumb

It pains me to see her,
She sits all day, her eyes staring at the screen in front,
Absorbing thoughts not of her own, getting dumber than before.