Toxic

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Recommended Citation
Available at: https://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool_litmag/vol11/iss1/85

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Rena Behar

Think, as it seeps through your veins
‘What do they have that I don’t?’
‘Why can’t that be me?’

You’re turning green, darling
Any minute now you’re going to be eaten up from inside
Can you hear them whispering yet?

Pretty baby, they’ve got nothing on you
Or at least that’s what you tell yourself
When the voices in the back of your mind won’t go away

Don’t listen to the devil in your ear
The one that says they’re better, prettier
That he loves her more than he loves you

Come now, don’t be silly
Of course you aren’t unloved, unwanted, unappreciated
Just because no one’s fawning over you

You’ll start to dissolve any minute now
As soon as the venom start to take effect
And no one is going to mourn your death, you silly, pretty child