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BROWN GIRL IN A WHITE DRESS

Nitika Desai

Every other morning,
I would wonder why I even woke up.
Living in a dream is so much easier-
Full of fairies, angels and white.

But my reality is dark,
Confined to my brown body.
So, I would always wear a white dress-
I was a brown girl in a white dress.

Before seeing the mirror,
I would hurry and put the dress on.
It covered me from head to toe-
That gave a confidence I didn't earlier know.

But soon, that wasn't enough,
I still didn't feel pure.
So, I admitted myself for a surgery-
To change my colour completely.

While I waited for my turn,
I saw a brown girl in a brown dress walk out of the clinic,
My heart skipped a beat for I knew her-
She used to be a white girl in a white dress.

And then it hit me,
Nobody is beautiful for societies standards.
True beauty is only locked in the heart-
But I couldn't discover mine since I tried to unlock it with somebody else's key.

While I had this epiphany,
The surgeon had been calling out my name repeatedly.
I ignored his calls and dashed back home-
For I had something I needed to do.

I tore my white dress and ripped it to shreds,
I then shoved it in the fireplace.
Watching it burn gave me a solace I hadn't ever known-
I wasn't a colour anymore, I was me.