

Pseudo Smile

by Amanda Houghton

Crying, crying alone.  
Crying in the night.  
Tears soak the pillow.  
I fear the loneliness.  
And I fear the fear.  
Who will hear the nightly crying?

Smiling, smiling in a crowd.  
I show a pseudo smile to the sun.  
The energy I have is that of despair and denial.  
Showing the world my armor.  
But I fear the armor is brittle.  
Who will know I'm alone in a crowd?