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Beauty Mark

If language did not vanish after it left the tongue
And Instead settled into skin like permanent ink
Then people might think before they speak
Not the careful words,
The ones people polish before heard
But the careless ones.
The sentences released
Because we believe they will disappear as time goes on
But what if they didn't?
What if every lie was permanently drawn on the teller
And the hurt felt by the receiver
Their scars forever engraved on their hearts
What if it scarred the perpetrators face
Then would they still be beautiful?
I wasn't
Not when your words branded doubt across my mind
Not when I replayed them
Until they sounded like truth
They sat on my skin like ink I never asked for
For a while I let them define me
Let them decide
How loudly I laughed
How and when I spoke
How small I made myself.
But ink fades when you stop tracing it
And I realized
If words could scar
They could also heal
So I chose different ones
Gentler ones
The kind that leave light
Instead of bruises

hurt lived in me but I would not let it live through me

And your cruelty became my lesson

All words linger

So let mine be soft

Let mine be careful

Let mine be honest and kind

Not polished for appearance

Every sentence settles somewhere and I refuse to be on someone else's skin

if not a beauty mark
