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Trapped

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TRAPPED

Rebecca Andersen

This is every day,
It has become routine for me.
They ask, I give,
(But I want more.)

The crowd of people don’t phase me.
A man approaches me,
The usual, but who is this man?
(I am in my own world, alone.)

My feet are aching,
I would rather be somewhere else,
But I am a woman,
(I have to stand here.)

I am decoratively dressed,
But this isn’t by choice.
I am supposed to blend in,
(But I can’t.)

It would be nice to be one of them.
No worries.
What if they stood where I was?
(Would they understand? I don’t think so.)

I want to get out,
But the hour has not come.
The people in front of me do not know the time,
(Yet I count the seconds.)

They live the life,
That is my dream.
The glamour of the night,
(I watch behind this cage.)

This life I cannot live,
Is shadowed by this mask.
Why can’t I just escape,
(This is my life forsaken.)