

Skin Deep

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This is a poem my friend wrote.

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Chapter 1 - Untitled

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1 - Untitled

Skin Deep

I see the people, passing me by
On top of the world, 2,000 ft high.
Unlike myself, 2,000 ft below.
No skills to practice, nor friends to show.
I seem to feel sick, sour, and sore,
cause I know I've got friends, but I know they have more
Can they, will they, Do they ever really talk to me?
Do they know when they cause me pain, can't they see?
Sure there's "hi" "sup" and "how cool"
But if they knew what I thought, they'd feel like a fool.
I know, they don't care.
I know, it's not fair.
Their language begins to seep.
They all act like they care,
but they're only skin deep.

Audrey Payne

This was written by my favorite poet. I told you before but you are my favorite poet because your poems are deep. You are also good at rhyming unlike me. I like this poem because it shows how people don't often think twice about stuff.