

Shiny

Poetry • Abbey Morelli

I'm not a shiny person
I'm nickel and clay
dull on the surface
duller as you dig
gloomy and grey
whisking away with
each faked persona
and cracking under gazes
of gloaters and overly
animated boasters
oblivious that their
words might make
themselves glow
but their insides
aren't pretty.
They're tin foil
and fool's gold and fake
filaments of crackling sun.
They're Venus,
too hot to be genuine
too hot to last long—
They'll burst