

Your Smile Never Ceases to Exist as Part of Who You Are

Remember way back when your smile was your calling card?
When you smiled for more than happy?
When you smiled when were embarrassed?
When you smiled through a lie?
When you liked to smile?
When you used your teeth for more than chewing?

Remember when you were always on?
Then, you wanted to dim the lights a little.
Attention felt like unattainable high expectations.
Then, you reverted back to wallflower.
You were on vacation when you were present,
and no one knew but you.
Silence was a place of comfort.

Then, you crossed a threshold
when people started ending sentences
in conversations with you with question marks
that would never have had question marks in writing.
Then, you stopped going barefoot around family
due to the myriad broken eggshells
they left on the ground
because it became mandatory
to walk on eggshells in your presence.

You felt hobbled by the unwritten rule that
everyone else is allowed to stand up for themselves
but you must sit in the corner like Dennis The Menace
as punishment for breathing.

But, when you breathed you existed.
Sometimes, the act of existence
is a form of standing up for yourself
even if you are unaware.
Unwritten rules are unwritten
and thusly incapable of being set in stone.
The only things that are truly set in stone
is that every human is composed of blood skin and bones,
and every single person decides how to use their teeth.