

Inside Story

They saw her in the library
Discarded on a chair
And her glossy, shiny cover
Made them notice she was there

They picked her up and held her
For a minute, maybe three
And they said she was exquisite
The most beautiful they'd seen

They thought not of her pages
Simply stared at her in awe
Then they put her on the bookshelf
As they headed out the door

So they never knew the words she chose
To mark her journey's start
And they didn't read the reams and reams
Of kindness at her heart

They didn't read the things she hid
In pages left untouched
Or the hellos and goodbyes she'd said
To people that she loved

They didn't read the chapters
Where she set herself apart
And they never read the lines she wrote
Of how they'd played their part

They didn't turn the pages
On her struggles and her strengths
And they missed the ripped-up paper
Where she'd torn herself to shreds

They never read the parts
About the places she had been
Or the people she had helped
Or all the wonders she had seen

So when anybody asked them
What it was that she was like
They realised they had no idea
What she was like inside

See, they'd told her she was beautiful
Because of how she looked
But they'd just admired her cover
And they'd never read her book

