

The One; Olga Klymenko

She was sculpted, a Greek Goddess in everyone's mind
Carved from the ashes of her broken soul yet to be sold
A masterpiece, the priceless sought after jewel

Slithering evil within her friends yanked her into their cave
Every drop of sweat that rolled down their faces was the cause of her blood and tears
They pinned her to a pedestal as she was dressed with the finest jewels
But, all their hard work had gone to waste and she was the one to blame

She shed their gold-laced dresses off her body, scales made from make-believe
Only her rice paper skin would show and that would be a mistake

She fed them her tears in return for their fake pity
And they exchanged each other's sorrows to gossip and laugh at
They formed their own kingdoms while stumbling over the poor
And they stopped shedding each other's blood when they were caught in the attention of the public

She was told to look in mirrors, to see what she had been chiseled into, someone she ought not to be
They injected her with wicked elements that scraped off her last pinch of peace
Her skin bled black ink, but in daylight, it was purely invisible underneath the powder and shields

They strapped her down to a glass throne, a crown shoved on her head
With the fine cut diamonds that dug deep into her scalp, she bled without making a sound
She wiped the tears off her face before her captors could hold her chin straight up
And constructed a vile plan to bring the entire population to their knees

She was known to be The One
The missing piece of a puzzle that could never be solved
They shoved her in every crook and edge but she could never find a way to fit

In the end,

She was the one who caused change

She was the one who fixed what was broken

She was the one who found peace in everything wrong

And she,
She was the one who everyone feared later on,

Because she became the one who she was meant to find later back.