

Jeans

You found me in an aisle, unexpectedly, but it was a good sense of relieve when you had walked out those automatic sliding doors with me, It felt so nice to have found someone to take care of me. You soon wore me almost every day, you made me feel like I was the only one you needed. You fell wearing me, there was a small hole, but nothing you couldn't sew up. We kept on our journey together through the rough patches. You started seeing the worst in me, my tears, my split seams, all of my insecurities, they had become a real problem. You promised you'd have me forever, that I should be "More than good enough" which is what you told me before your first day of Senior year, but then, you used me for everything I had and only pointed out the flaws that were caused by every stupid thing you did, but I guess it was my fault, I wasn't good enough. So you got another, but still wore and used me along the way. Near the end I couldn't keep it together, the holes got bigger...and well, I fell apart, right in front of you. You saw nothing but destruction and ugliness fall out of the back pockets. Then, you threw me away, you gave up, you used me, you hurt me and you didn't care. I was your pair of jeans.

"Jeans" by Isabella Fletcher – Pontiac Township High School, Pontiac