

Frizzy hair escaping her ponytail.  
Crusted mascara staining her eye lids.  
A sweatshirt reeking of overuse.  
Enter madness. Exit beauty.

Beauty and madness  
sometimes work in synchronization,  
but for her they feuded  
leaving only the madness victorious.

We labeled her crazy,  
but not in the “fun way”.  
She used to be crazy fun—  
now she barely gets out.

She was a mad woman.  
She took dares and risks—  
She obsessed over music.  
She embraced the insane—  
And now we forget it all.

Fingernails bitten to extinction.  
Exhaustion leaving dents under her eyes.  
Her spine begging for a straightened posture.  
Tears permanently glued to her cheeks.

There he stands beautifully,  
the architect of her madness  
She reaps what he sowed.  
Her pleas became lies—  
her story became fiction.

We abandon explanation,  
and focus solely on appearances.  
Her madness disguised by our ridicule.

Beauty fades leaving only madness here.

## Reflection

My primary focus for this poem, was the idea of appearance reflecting madness. I chose a woman as the focus because women are stereotypically seen as more put together with nice hair and makeup. This poem details a woman has experienced tragedy and reflects in her appearance. Although she doesn't seem mad, like Cassandra no one believes her story.

The words crazy and fun are often associated with one another, so I chose to contrast the difference between being the fun kind of crazy and being the kind of crazy people avoid. The subject of the poem is described as wild and free, but the tragedy she experiences transforms her from crazy fun to just crazy. The central focus is her appearance because it details how she has emotionally fallen apart. Although she is not psychologically diagnosed with a mental illness; she is labeled as crazy by her peers because her story sounds made up. This is a prime example of how women can be dismissed as crazy or mad because of their emotions.

The form for the poem is normal, but I chose to change the color of the font so that it faded with every stanza. This was a way of showing how the girl's beauty faded as her madness was described. People are quicker to focus on the girl's messy appearance instead of pondering why she looks the way she does.

The speaker of the poem is a classmate who is observing the girl's downfall. She can recognize the situation for what it is, but she stands incapable of changing public perception.