UGLY beauties:

There is a secret, guarded by artists, poets, musicians, and those alike.
If you look hard enough, in the feather soft golden grove where ideas are born,
Drowning in shimmering lakes of ruby blood and buried beneath cages of bones,
This unutterable whisper, that only exists amongst *us*.

This secret is cushioned in the rich red velvet
That artists carve from the tongues in their throats.

It is wrapped in marbled white and red ribbons curling from the hands that poets hide behind backs,
made of bitten crescent-moon fingernails and the bloody skin torn from fingertips.

And it is placed in a box of pristine white,
forged from the bones musicians rip from their own spines to beat their drums with.

We'll pry off our skin, and use the blood to paint the sunsets you hang on your walls.

We'll rip our hair from the roots, and use it to bind the books you treasure most in your library.

We'll choke on the vocal cords ripped from our necks, then plunge them into your ears
as you sit shoulder to shoulder with static statues in an automobile museum.

We will take all our Pain, our Sickness, our Deaths,
And make them look *beautiful*.

We don't need to try very hard to avert your eyes from the ugly truths behind each masterpiece.
You do that to yourselves.
You see something *pretty* and trick your own feeble minds into ignoring all the Gore.

We sell off our hearts to glutinous fingers, stained green from the money they hoard,
Desperate to get a glimpse! Of the seductive pain, aesthetic torture, in art.

We listen to the stories of your hardships, troubles, *traumas*,
Grin, as we spin them into gold,

And **you**,
You stupid, mindless, *Fools*,

You laugh and clap with joy no matter how many times you see the same tricks.
You believe it *Every. Single. Time.*

We take the clay of your innocent little minds, mould it into your pretty pink brains that

all the pain you feel,
The screams and fear and anger and sadness and hatred and hopeless frail helplessness is
'*Worth it'*,

We'll make you believe Somebody, *Somewhere*,
Will look at **you**:

Shattered porcelain doll, bones on fire,
Sunset blood-red tears you drown in,

And *still* call **you** a work of art?

The secret we prize so very, *Very* dearly: *We are all liars.*

And no matter how many sensational showpiece gems and jewels we bring into the world,
They ***never*** love you.
They never ***love*** you.
They never love ***You***.

They'll buy your traumas, Tell you how *beautiful* your worst parts – memories, thoughts – are,
And still call you "*ugly*" when you whisper your precious, most intimate secrets into the dark of their bedrooms.

They want the finished piece:
The 'grand' mural, the 'award-winning' novel, the 'trendy' album,

But they'll leave the
Pieces of you - Your artistic medium, your ugly, horrid, gory leftovers -
In a jungle of inky bloody tangled veins on the floor of your studio.

Anything to stop *Ugly Us*
From tainting *Our Ugliest Beauties.*