

# **Practiced Smile**

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*Just a poem of how I feel like humans all wear a fake mask, and how I feel that most people don't really evenr know me...*

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/deathbycandycanes/41229/Practiced-Smile>

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## 1 - Practiced Smile

Vision Blurred,  
dead to all but me.  
Tears down  
upon the floor.  
Heart set on fire,  
about to burst  
in deep pain.  
But I nod  
a happy smile,  
trying to free  
myself from  
all this pain.  
My eyes give  
a deadly gaze,  
so back off,  
or I swear...  
No happiness will  
ever again  
gain entry into  
my darkened soul.  
Just leave me be.  
I hate you not,  
but I hate you  
so much now.  
My smile is one  
of practice and  
of rehearsal.  
I do not want  
you to cry for me,  
for I cry enough.  
Love me not,  
or love me so.  
I do not care