

How Long Can I be Enough
Noor N
Old Donation School, 8th Grade

I was a toy and you were my maker
You brought me back to life
So I sat quiet as you brushed my hair
Dressed me in clothes two sizes too tight

I would put on a smile when I was too tired
And no longer wanted to play
Because who wants a toy that you couldn't enjoy
At all hours of the day?

You used me till I was broken and wilted
Not new, or pretty, or small.
When she came in, she was a perfect thing
soon I meant nothing at all

Because who wants to play with damaged goods
When you could have something classy and clean?
Why play with a toy that is frayed at the edge
When you had a shiny new figurine

