Pointy Face Corrido

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Ashmeeta Prasad

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Pointy face, thick eyebrows
She was walking with people she knew but felt like she was alone
But the thing was, she knew why
She looked different
She wasn’t like the people that she saw around her,
Being the minority in this city
“Not right,” that’s what they said

But who can she turn to? No one, no one looks like her
She has herself to turn to for help
She doesn’t know if she can, can she?

But she’s growing up, old enough to grow into her features and face
Slowly but sure she sees this change in her
She becomes confident, and people don’t like it
“You’re not normal”
She begins not to notice as much as in the past
Instead of walking like an outsider, she embraced walking on

But who can she turn to? No one, no one looks like her
What can she turn to? She has herself to turn to for help
She can do it, she knows she can

She walks on, it’s too late for them
She now knows what she looks like
They cannot stop her
She doesn’t care

But who can she turn to? She looks at herself
What can she turn to? She has herself to turn to for help
She can do it, she knows she can, she can
And she did