

# Perfectly Packaged

*Jana Sopf*

In cling film's sterile embrace,  
A Barbie parked in place.  
Plastic perfection,  
Promising success in flawless projection.  
Belonging, it seems, is a numbers game,  
Measured in kilos, the weight of shame.  
Sizes a marker of identity,  
Measurements sketch who we're meant to be.

Yet within this foam-bound shell,  
Lies a question of how we dwell.  
Do we fit into the molds prescribed,  
Or find our truth in what's inside?

Beyond the numbers, beyond the scale,  
Is a story, a voice, a tale.  
Of dreams unmeasured, joy unbound,  
Truth in whispers of silence found.

Her gaze is fixed, her gaze is bright,  
A mirror of societal plight.  
But beneath the polyvinyl glow,  
Lies a yearning, a need to know.

In a world of styrofoam and sheen,  
We try to find our place in the unseen, serene.  
Perfect body, success guaranteed?  
Or a call to be freed?