

Lucy.

- Good opening sentence, short structure is effective.

Lucy Taylor was not your average idea of beauty.

She was not beautiful because she had glowing skin, butterscotch hair, a chocolate button nose and a sparkling smile.

↳ Watch overwriting - not too many metaphors!

No, Lucy Taylor was far more than that.

She was perfect in the way that her blue eyes gleamed with dreams and ambitions far more vast than the ocean.

Avoid clichés.

She was perfect in the way that her laugh was so sweet, it could melt through the earth's atmosphere and drift into outer space.

She was beautiful because of the way she thought and in the way she spoke. Sweet and kind, like cotton candy clouds drifting through a velvet sky.

→ Again, overwritten? Also, awkward metaphor.

She was beautiful in the way that a single touch, as simple as a brush of an arm, could be both as gentle as a single drop of rain, yet as powerful as a fully fledged storm.

Lucy was not beautiful because she could be a model in a magazine. Her beauty was not something that could simply be captured in a single, two dimension, materialistic photograph.

↳ Nice development of concept.

She was beautiful like a piece of rare art work; the more you look at it, the more time you spend thinking about it, the more unexpected depth, meaning, and beauty can be found in each and every painted stroke.

Lucy was perfect to me. Every atom of me loves every atom of her.

But now she is gone.

|| Effective concrete structure in enjambment!

→ Flip of structure + perspective is great!

I wish I was beautiful.

My skin is greasy and coated in makeup. My hair is like straw, starved from years of coating it in bleach. My nose is flat and large against my face, and my smile is dull and fake.

↳ This is more believable. Better descriptive

My eyes feel dead. An empty blue, flooded with an ocean of wasted ambition and dreams that I never had it in me to chase.

My laugh is so obnoxious and loud, the stars in outer space probably wish for me to be quiet.

- awkward sentence structure

My thoughts and the way I speak are rotten and hollow, like bitter, grumbling clouds in a grey sky.

Some of these metaphors don't work in the inverted form.

And my touch is clumsy and meaningless. Knocking people about like rain falling on bodies as they run for cover. Cold and unwanted.

I can't even bring myself to stand in front of a mirror. Even photoshop couldn't help this mess.

↳ Good line!

There is nothing complex or interesting about me. The more you look at me, the more you'll see that all I am is a little broken girl hiding behind a painted mask.

Who could ever love the girl with the dead smile and the hate that is rotting her from the inside out. (?)

And that is why I have to go.

↳ Why no capital?

Ke person would be more effective if maintained on one idea.