

*I Am Not Thalia*

I am not Thalia. My smiles, jokes, and laughs are merely the mask she holds. She and I are in different universes with our humors.

She seems to find the good in everyone. Flourishing in optimism.

I find that everyone acts like they care about me, yet they compare me to her. It seems that I revel in cynicism, or whatever the viewers of this perceived comedy known as my life call realism.

I am not Thalia. I can never be Thalia. I can never recite an idyllic poem blinded by festivities. Her Sheppard's staff would burn at the touch of me.

I wear corthurnus boots and carry a sword. I am more like Thalia's sister in the end.

I am Melpomene, a modern tragedy wearing the stolen mask of comedy.