

Mirror

Everyday,
I force myself to look in the mirror.

Sometimes I smile,
I think I am pretty,
I am happy with who I see,
and maybe even proud of her.

But most of the time,
I cry.
I see the tears forming in my eyes,
I see them falling,
I see the hurt in my own eyes.

The hurt of seeing me, ugly me.
The hurt of not liking me.
The hurt of being me.

Scars

I have scars,
and I love them.
They are made by me.
Created with my knife.

It is a mirror of my hurt,
it reflects on my skin.

Sometimes they make me insecure.
But most of the time, I am grateful.
To have scars and live,
instead of being dead.

I tried to kill myself,
but because of my scars,
I am alive today.

I don't hurt myself anymore.
The scars give me strength,
the knowledge,
that I survived.

And I will be *surviving*.

Love quietly

Most people say:
Love loudly,
let them know it,
let them feel it.

But when the time isn't right,
love *quietly*.
Help them,
listen to them
and just be there for them.

Love quietly.
Until they feel it.
Until they know it.

And if the time is right,
love loudly.
Because that is a *privilege*.