

It Has to Go

She glared at her twin in the glaze of the reflector.
In the glass, she used to inspect her figure and dissect her
Every curve, her every 'imperfection' that she'd been told to scold.
That girl was me at only thirteen years old:
A girl who didn't have a protector to teach her not to let these beauty standards affect her.

It is your job to be the lector.
To unsilence and shine light on all these girls who need to know we accept her.
We need to change these beauty standards under which all these girls are being controlled.
These beauty standards have to go.

Thirteen-year-old me knew how much 'Instagram,' 'TikTok,' 'SnapChat' affected her
Self-worth and her self-image in her own home, own skin, own life.
She sat slowly, absently surveying as it made a specter;
A perfect puppet of society who never went searching for what was being left unspoken, unseen, untold.
She still hadn't learned to respect herself, accept herself as her own.
She didn't know how badly she needed to resurrect herself out of that dark hole,
'Cause she hadn't realized how much it had swallowed her whole.

But I got lucky 'cause I found a teacher who preaches this truth and is helping me become a deflector
To all the hate and is teaching me to love myself despite all of who refuse to be acceptors.
Without her no one would have told me that my mold was gold
And that I should never think I have to diminish the marigold of my soul.
'Cause this false obligation of being the thinnest, prettiest, skinniest and all this other self-hector,
It has to go.