

I pinch the folds of my skin; society wants a small body...I'll never be able to win.

I'm not enough.

I hide my stomach under baggy clothes; those smaller jeans are almost right under my nose.

I'm not enough.

I cover the zits on my face like scars; don't look at them; stay afar.

I'm not enough.

I dump my cash into buying products for the perfect glow; how other girls get it I'll never know.

I'm not enough.

I smother lip gloss to plump my lips, all the while wishing for curvier hips.

I'm not enough.

My self-love is left battered and scarred, and I'm getting tired of having to try so hard.

I'm not enou...

But is it my fault? Is it me who has to change? Could it be just the message engraved in my brain?

I'm not...

Maybe the things I hate don't have to be prickly thorns, but things I accept and live with instead of scorn.

I'm...

Could it be that the perfect girls I see online, aren't the only definition of what beauty is divine?

I...

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So what, I have a round stomach, zits on my face, no perfect glow, and don't rush to plump my lips in haste.

Because I'm still...

Enough

