"The Fall Before The Rise"

Tilted head,
puckered lips,
slick hair,
cocked hips.

Tight jeans,
high pony,
nails done,
voice like honey.

The type to say,
"Bow down to me."

She is a sweet summer night's melody,
a symbol of regality.

She walks like a model,
and speaks with the eloquence of a pageant queen.

But when she returns to the confines of her room,
she sits in front of the vanity,
sitting,
wondering.

she is not who she seems.

She asks,
"Is this really who I've become?"

Cheeks puffed,
eyes swollen,
dry hair,
rough skin.

Oh,
how the mighty have fallen.

She squints,
she waves,
she stretches her arms,
and I follow each movement.

Chapped lips open to speak,
but cobwebs and dust fall out.

Is this really who I've become?

They say to look a little deeper,
that the surface does not matter,

But all I see are pits of shadow,
lacking luster they once had.

so i searched,
and searched,
and searched.

and i have found something more.

i found a sliver of light,
making its way
from the crack
on the mask
that i have put up.

i found a sliver of hope,
illuminating the darkest parts
of my thoughts.

i found a sliver of fond happiness,
peeking through my eyes
and searching the stacks of photographs,
reminiscing the girl i used to be.

then i realized

how far i've come.

i don't need perfection.
i don't need to have this fake façade.
i don't need to hide what i hate about myself.

i must learn to embrace my flaws,
to enjoy my life as i only have one.

yes, this is who i am.

and it's okay.

in time, i will learn to accept myself.

i am human.

i am alive,
and i am breathing.

i feel emotions,
and i value social interaction.

i find comfort
in the presence of my family and friends.

i am imperfect,
and that's alright.

This is the fall before the rise.