

Je m'aime

How graceful and elegant
Those petite ballerinas are,
Twirling and dancing
On the vast stage.
When I grow up,
I would like to be
just as beautiful.

How pretty and cool
Those popular girls are,
With so many friends
And so much glory.
When I grow up,
I want to be
Just as beautiful.

How sweet and charismatic
Those actors and actresses are,
Endorsing a cosmetics brand
And smiling like angels.

When I grow up,

I have to be
just as beautiful.

How tall and skinny
Those fashion models are,
Walking along a runway
And strutting in expensive clothes.

When I grow up,

I need to be
just as beautiful.

How sunken and empty
My reflection is,
Staring back at me
From the water in the toilet.

I am all grown up.

Am I beautiful yet?

How strong and proud

My body feels
As I enjoy my meals

And walk with my chin held high.

It has been three years,

And I have learned

What beautiful means.

How empowered and magnificent

Those businesswomen are,

Building their own companies

And founding their own futures.

They are

Just as beautiful

As those ballerinas.

How brave and hardworking

My mother is,

Caring for two children

While carrying two jobs.

She is

Just as beautiful

As those actresses.

How resilient and powerful

I am,

 Patiently loving myself

And patiently teaching myself

 That like those popular girls,

And like those fashion models,

 I have always been

 beautiful.