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Create an Instagram account.

It's just an app.
Nothing more than a place to chat.
It's just an app.
Keep telling yourself that.

You've opened the door to comments and likes.
A beast in disguise, deteriorating self-acceptance with swipes.
Hungry for insecurity, growling for mental instability.
The more you scroll, the more you feed the beast and its severity.

Confirm your password.

You've locked the door and must play with the beastie.
The accounts you see are more than just fake positivity.
"Be you," they say. "Be unique," the beast tempts.
You take the bait, thinking that cyber bullying and self-consciousness is exempt.

You used to see yourself as beauty,
Confidence had radiated around you daily,
You prospered from self-happiness and joy,
But became tainted by the beast's evil ploy.

Create your first post.

Your eyes become fixed no longer on self-love,
But rather on how to be like the models who are as graceful as a dove.
Your body no longer feels like a treasure.
Your weight and appearance become the only things you measure.

The beast is successful, feasting on your failure.
The world has pressured you to look up to an unreachable standard.
You have been silently begging for someone to let the beast out,
But you are the only one to conquer the beast, your own self-doubt.

You have 100 likes and comments.

You don't need TikTok to assure you of your beauty,
Accept your uniqueness and flaws as worthy.
Your true beauty comes from yourself,
Not the facade of social media that damages your mental health.

Realize that beauty comes from within,
Because you and your individuality are not a sin,
Be unique, but not because Instagram says it to you,
Do what you aspire, and recognize your value.

Delete your account?