4-19-2016

A Letter to My Body

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Dear eyes,
When people tell you you look just like your mother’s, take it as a compliment.

Dear nose,
Just because you’re “too narrow” and “too pointy” doesn’t mean you still don’t serve your purpose.

Dear lips,
You’re no less pure now than you were 5 ½ years ago when the first of many slutty boys pushed his against you.

Dear shoulders,
Stand up straight.

Dear back,
Thanks for bearing the weight of my sins.

Dear belly,
I’m sorry for all those sit-ups. Also, you’re welcome for all those sit-ups.

Dear booty,
Thanks for doing what you do.

Dear thighs,
Some things jiggle. Don’t worry about it.

Dear feet,
Thanks for carrying me places the rest of me didn’t want to go. Also, you look hella cute in those new boots.

Dear skin,
When people ask how you got those 4 too-straight scars on your forearm, remember your blemishes are not what define you.

Dear heart,
Shut up.
Dear brain,  
Shut up.  
Dear lungs,  
Thanks for always breathing even when it feels like the hardest thing in the world.  
Dear liver,  
I’m sorry.  
Dear heart,  
We’ve had a rough go of it but I’d like to learn to trust each other again.  
Dear brain,  
Shut the fuck up.  
Dear skin,  
You don’t need to prove how broken we feel inside.