

Self Love

And I saw her, in the mirror, and I thought that she was the most beautiful human being that I have ever seen before.

Even if she has stretch marks, a soft bloated tummy, a flat chest, hairy legs and armpits, acne or pimples, scars, rolls or whatever dump that society would catalogue as an imperfection for a woman, apart from that, I really thought that she was radiating beauty by the simple way that she was standing.

I wanted to hug her, caress her, all her body, every single part that she might have thought at some point that was horrendous or disgusting, but it wasn't, and I know that sometimes I had put her in a difficult situation, probably I have made her feel dysmorphic or discomfoting with her own body, and because of my mind distorting the reality, the truth, I had been ending hurting her so bad.

I felt so miserable that I started crying in front of her, and that behaviour made me feel ashamed too, I didn't have the right to start crying when she was the only one who was carrying all the pain, but by the time she was staring at me, she opened her arms and looked at my eyes with a warm expression. I didn't refuse the opportunity, and I hugged her.

"I... I can't even say that I'm sorry 'cause I don't deserve your forgiveness" I said while she was patting my head. "It's not your fault, I know that the worst part is not trying to love someone but trying to love ourselves", she responded, and those words made me enraged. "But how can you not hate me with all the pain that I have put you through? All those physical and emotional injuries that I have caused that almost destroyed you, and you... Are you still telling me that it wasn't my fault?". She grabbed my checks and looked at me directly. "Mind... It's not your fault, I'm not saying that you shouldn't take responsibilities for what happened, but you don't have to be harsh with yourself for what the situation made you do, you were conditioned by the toxic traits that the world has taught you, you were put in a constant competition to complete someone else's expectations, and in the end of the day, you

didn't really mind all of that intrusive trash that they yelled at you", I sobbed at her. "But my words, my actions have a weight", she agreed. "It does, and as a consequence, you have to start repairing all the pieces that you had broken so we can grow up and heal together".

After her words, she kissed me and we became one again. For the first time, we were feeling full again, body and mind finally connected, finally balancing each other. I continued hugging my body and I whispered to her "I love you, myself" she let out a sweet giggle and said "I love you too, myself".