Mess

i could only see a mess
a shattered mirror reflecting my body to my eyes
i saw somebody
but she could not be me, could she?
because she had a nose too big for its features
and colors swarmed her cheeks in clouds of rain
she stuck out in crowds
people gawked and pointed
but this was only the only body she had,
this was all that i had
this was all that could be made possible
i thought-
i *knew*
people could only see my misshapen figure
and all its peculiarities
lined up in a row for display
but surely, she was not me
it was not possible.
a sound, a light, a shifting in the universe
and it hit me
like,
like the first drop of rain before a huge storm
like the second the light turns green
like the moment you write a letter down
like the first line in a poem
you hit me, you came in your iconic shirt and jeans with that same brand
everyone knows you by
you were clouds of rain
you were the intersection
you were the sentence

you are the metaphor

you couldn't be possible

you loved me

you designed structures of beauty

and created architectural masterpieces no man could replicate

and in every artwork

in every movement

i was there

in all my glory

with my oversized nose and colorful cheeks and shapeless figure

you created beauty through me

i ran through your veins

was this possible?

people pointed

people stared

people laughed

and yet you're still here

pieces of me gravitate towards you

i am always safe with you

this is starting to become possible

with you, my problems don't seem as big.

neither does my nose.

my body doesn't bother me anymore

my face just another part of my life

with you, i see beauty in everything

with you, i see beauty in myself

and that is a pretty astounding feat

with you, i see that all things are possible

Charity Speers

Inspriation: *With you I See That All Things Are Possible* by Keemo