

I think I hate myself less now.
I put a lot of work and time into it,
A few too many risky haircuts and useless acne treatments late,
But I made a good start.

I like my hair.
I don't know why it takes so much courage to say,
But I like my art.
I think I can draw and write and paint okay.
I like my fashion sense,
Even if it earns me long stares on the street.
I like my eyes.
They're hidden behind glasses, but colorful.
I like my body.
I know what it's been through.
I like my voice.
It gives me the power to stand up for myself.
I like my face,
Acne scarred as it comes.
I like myself.
As hard as it is to say,
I like myself.

I am still not much of a bragger,
And just thinking about that list is exhausting.
It is so tiring to hate yourself less.
People always tell you to "love yourself",
But I can barely drag myself out of bed.
And that list ignores all the things that I hate, like
My teeth,
My scars,
My chest,
My bony legs,
My weak arms,
My anxiety and depression,
My social disgraces and ineptitude,
My strong sense of constant inadequacy.

I think it is a lot to ask of me to like a person like that,
But I can certainly try to hate them less.