

Ideal

<p>Pulling the blade away with every exhale, Seemed to be the only way I could catch another breath. I pressed deep, 'til it bled, Watched it run 'til there was nothing left.</p> <p>And when I held myself close to feel the pain, I thought it was the closest thing I'd ever get to love. I wasn't sure who I was.</p> <p>My insecurities were peer made and parent made, I knew. They were society made, and became self-made, I know it. But you're taught it tough it out, Perseverance means not being able to show it.</p> <p>And gasping for air, I suffered behind closed doors. Being alone in a crowded room, You know how that goes.</p> <p>Because if society defines normal, And although they don't tell you how to feel. Keeping my pain quiet, Appeared to be the most ideal.</p> <p>...and so I fit the mold.</p> <p>And I; Although I've never been "morbidity obese", But with a bigger stomach and rounder cheeks;</p> <p>I got written off.</p> <p>Like somewhere there's an attraction scale and as you get you weight plummets down and- You somehow go from average to astounding, Which was easy to believe with so many thin girls surrounding.</p> <p>I was never pretty in my own eyes, & because I never truly accepted my size, I started using dietary pills the way doctors would advise...against.</p> <p>And I never recognized the danger, Because to me it wasn't real. And although I hated the way they made me feel, I would've done anything to look ideal.</p> <p>...attempting to fit that mold</p> <p>And with every norm, I began to think that I should. Even when my heart didn't agree, My mind felt pulled.</p> <p>Until I pulled and pulled, to defy circumstance, I broke the mold and decided to take a chance; ...to be me.</p> <p>And it turns out, I like that girl.</p>	<p>So now when I look in the mirror, I love myself sincerely. The world thought it had me, And I admit nearly. But now I speak so loud, even the pits of my heart have hear it clearly.</p> <p>You are fearfully and wonderfully made.</p> <p>Ideal is a standard, Of excellence and perfection. But your worth isn't measured by others attention.</p> <p>Or TV. Or magazines. Or opinions. Or society. Look in the mirror repeat after me.</p> <p>My heart beat tells me; I am beautiful. I am strong. Trying to fit the mold is where I went wrong.</p> <p>I believe in my inner beauty, & I shine on the outside to, forget what others have said, what do you mean to you?</p> <p>It's not thinking outside the box, It's realizing the box no longer exists. And if you can hear me at this point, Then baby girl read my lips.</p> <p>Ideal is a façade. Nothing about it is real. Stop comparing your behind the scenes, To everyone's highlight reels.</p> <p>You are amazing. Who are they to tell you otherwise? Who are they to torment, to tease, to criticize? It's all lies.</p> <p>Tell yourself, I believe in me, & this one is a must. Because if you can't go off your own words, Then who else can you trust.</p> <p>Continue to love who you are, & feel how you feel. Who defines your ideal? ...I mean if given the option, I'd rather be real.</p> <p>I deal is opinionated, And whose opinion determines where you fall. So looking back at it, I don't want to be ideal at all...</p> <p>And so I broke the mold.</p>
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Poem written by:

Ally Are

*"I want to thank the Morris Education Foundation for the opportunity to share this,
if you were touched my this piece feel free to pass it along. Thank you"*