

Raiya Shaw

Age: 17, Grade: 12

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Category: Poetry

Self-Love

I have always been fascinated by silhouettes,
Have loved the anonymity an outline provides.
How you could never know the identity of someone trudging down the road at the crack of dawn,
Of a bird soaring into the horizon.

So I have wished to be nameless,
A faceless figure of no faults
But it is hard to love a silhouette,
To find pure beauty within a bleak shadow.
I am learning that you cannot accept an endless, empty abyss
in the place of where a person used to be.
You cannot scratch out a name with ink in the hopes that it is swallowed whole by the page.

I am still learning how to let my name breathe,
How to be kind to my body, how to hold my face in my hands like it is something I cherish.
I am still learning how to find beauty within the lines of this silhouette,
In the cuts on my fingers,
In the scars on my knees,
In my small feet and petite frame.
Maybe one day I will call myself home,
Find comfort on my button nose or
just within my calloused palms.

I am hoping that one day,
I will love every inch of my being so deeply,
My body grows and stretches to be something beautiful,
Something radiant,
Something so much more
Than a shadow.