

January 11, 2019

Dear Abdullah Shoaib,

Walking through the hallways of the school, I hear self-destructing comments all the time. Damn, I wish I could look like her. Whether it's how they compare themselves to others better looking than them or gossip about another girl's ugly outfit. Sometimes the physical pain we endure isn't as strong as the pain we give ourselves on a daily basis. The pain I feel emotionally when I think of myself as I look into a mirror of the familiar reflection looking back at me. My stomach is getting too big; I need to eat less. My thighs are too thick ah. Why does my smile bring out my double chin if I laughing too hard? Even though I feel this way, I still go out with friends with a smile on my face. I may end up with 300 or more photos because we take photos on every adventure we take. To keep my fake social status up, I enter the editing app downloaded on my phone. I fix all the little imperfections that I notice. Finally its ready to be posted on Instagram. If it doesn't get enough likes in an hour, I will delete it because it must be too ugly or dumb.

So many celebrities, like the Kardashians, pop up on our feed. They are the image of beauty. She looks absolutely beautiful, I wish I could be like her. Between classes phones are on and everyone scrolls down through Instagram. I compare myself to others all the time, but who doesn't? Although, one day scrolling through Instagram, I come across your poem, *Pretty Ugly*. I honestly can say that th words hit me like a bullet train. Reading the complete truth behind the poem, I could deeply related to the pain when I thought of myself. The pain feeling like I'm not good enough for anyone.

“I am not good enough to be loved
And I am in no position to believe that
Beauty does exist within me.”

My eyebrows won't grow in. My arms are a little chubby. My hair has an awkward curl at the ends. Ugly. I do hate myself sometimes. Sometimes I thought that a boy may never like me. I reach the end, feeling every word and emotion. Goosebumps run across my whole body from the chilling feeling that someone else feels the same way. Finally, as I reach the end, I see, “now read bottom up.” I do as it says hoping to find more truth behind these words, and my whole perspective changed. Your poem would gradually change my life in the next three years.

“Beauty does exist within me
And I am in no position to believe that
I am not good enough to be loved”

It blew my mind how looking at things the other way around can bring so much happiness into your life than pain. I finally can look at myself differently in the mirror now. You have beautiful eyes. You are not fat at all. You will find someone that will love you; just wait for the right person. I now keep all these thoughts in my mind, rather than the demons that were

once habiting there before. I now can go out and truly enjoy life with friends. Occasionally I wear a crop top and feeling 100% confident. I can take selfies and be happy with my smile. No longer I feel the pain of insecurity about my appearance every second. Social media is a huge influence but it will not phase me if I don't have Kendall Jenner's lips or Selena Gomez's perfect body. I've come a long way and glowed up throughout the years learning to love all my imperfections. Been quite a journey but I'm happier now after reading that poem. Thank you for changing my perspective- its changed my life for the better.

Sincerely,

Morgan Meissner