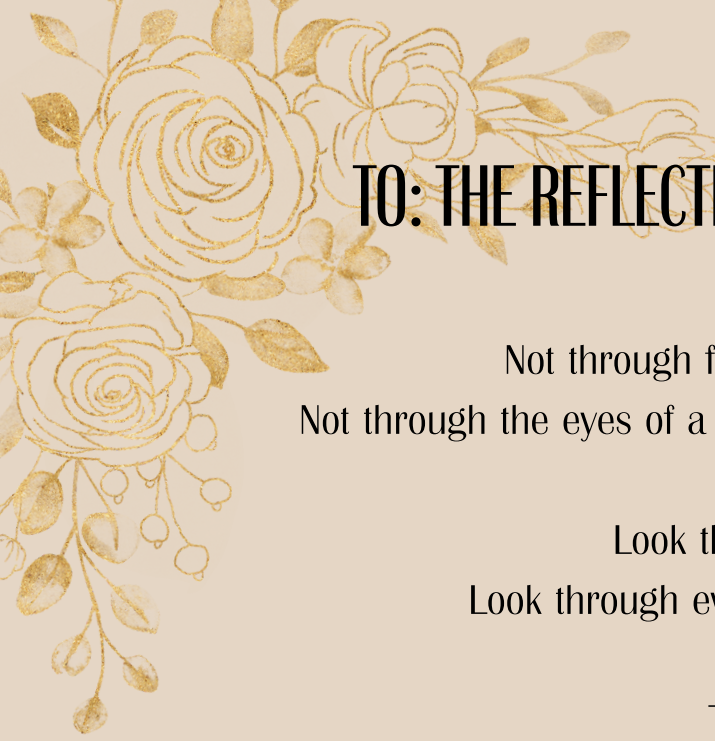




TO: THE REFLECTION I STRUGGLE TO LOVE

Not through filters. Not through fear.
Not through the eyes of a world that profits from your shame.

Look through softness.
Look through everything you've survived.

This body?
It has carried you through seasons that would've broken glass.
Through silence, through judgment, through the quiet ache of wanting to feel enough.

And still - here you are. Still standing. Still golden. Still enough.

You don't owe anyone beauty.
But you do deserve peace.
Peace with your reflection.
Peace with the way your arms hold.
Peace with the way your belly softens when you laugh.
Peace with every part of you that the world tried to make you hate.

The truth is:
You were never hard to look at.
You just needed to be seen with love.

And that's what we see now.

**You were never hard to love. Just taught to
doubt it.**

Wura Ewa

