

whole

by samira saleh

**I wish women had bigger trouser pockets
I wish I could dance as well as procrastinate
I wish I had superpowers
That I could outline my uncertainties with the right
brushes
That my smile could broaden the way you can bleach
it nowadays
To get rid of all the negativity just by photoshopping
it away
That when a difficulty arises I could simply flush to
the end when everything has resolved itself**

**I am that maverick who every day tries to free
herself from the faulty conditioning that we all grew
up with, that was imposed on us and that we often
internalized
I try to free myself from the boxes and rules imposed
from above and try to fight for me and everyone else
to be unapologetically themselves**

**I acknowledge the ease with which we want to color
ourselves grey, cut ourselves into pieces to fit into
society's small box**

**But no matter how hard I try, I can't get my skin
white enough, my hips and my ass narrow enough.
My hair not blonde enough, my eyes not light enough,
despite the cheap color lenses**

I don't subscribe to your European standards of beauty anymore

I try and decolonize my standards every time I bathe myself in self-loathing whenever a mainstream chain store doesn't carry my clothing size

I wish I stopped giving even a hair's worth to what people think of me, but I'm just not that badass and confident yet

The more I learn, the more I understand why with every new flaw I want to spend money "fixing" them

You know, I just wish I realized there's no point in trying to make yourself smaller than you are...

Often you can't muffle your own sunrays and therefore it's not your fault who feels blinded by them

I wish sometimes I wasn't so insecure about being awkwardly long, fat and curvy

I wish I could accept me in my size 46, tall AND curvy

Fat AND beautiful

Fierce AND funny

Sometimes ugly and see the beauty in it

Talented with just not enough fucks to give

Voluptuous and speaks her mind and shoulders back

and head straight and chin forward and walking

over people's ignorance in ten inches of heels and

ambitious enough to prove them all wrong

I'm starting to take up as much space as I want

I'm not asking permission to speak, I just talk

I'm not asking permission to be anymore, I just am

Because we're already whole

Already enough

**I'll jump, I'll run, I'll scream, I'll laugh, I'll cry as
elegant, as beautiful, as ugly as I want**

**I don't break and deform myself anymore to make
others feel easier**

**We women are not inanimate dolls who will be put
forward or back to your liking**

**We're not the toxic words directed at us to get our
attention on the street**

Or that tell us we're not enough, never enough

Not without the right body, partner, children, career...

**I am more than enough; I repeat to myself again when
while writing this poem I am overwhelmed by the
imposter syndrome where I ask myself what the use of
this even is**

**I am more than enough; I repeat for myself after finally
giving up the decade old gym membership together with
that cursed new year's resolution where just a "little"
self-discipline and zucchini pasta will finally make me
whole**

I am more than enough, I decide

**No more arguing with myself, no more confronting
internal conflicts on my own and pretending to the
outside world that I have it all under control**

**No more running away from what terrifies me until a
virus with a crown brings me the introspection, time and
space to heal**

Although the world still remains fucked for anyone who falls outside the norm, I give up drinking that poison that promises that after a simple purchase, mind shift or the right motivation to finally change myself... I will be whole I already am