Embrace.

Hey,

How long has it been since you have embraced yourself?

Tell me about how you feel, and not how the world makes you feel.

Next time someone points at the pimples embellished on your face

and call them as scars,

tell them they are the beauty patches of the moon.

Next time someone points at the wavy hair on your legs,

tell them it grows unlike their very own mentality.

Next time someone points at the clothing fashion of yours,

tell them you were born naked, to dress the way you want to.

Next time someone points at the glorious mess you are,

 tell them you are made of flaws stitched with good intentions.

You're not a canvas, you're a painting yourself.

You're not the drops of rain, you form the entire ocean itself.