

TRUE BEAUTY

Innocence and purity
So beautiful.
What makes it so beautiful
That no outward adornment
Could ever add to its beauty?
True beauty
Sees oneself unflawed,
Confidently loving and respecting oneself.
Placing value on their uniqueness
Setting them apart
From conformity
With a quiet strength that is enduring.
Untainted by the superficial
Not contaminated by
Impure thoughts or desires.
True beauty
Seeks not the approval
Of flawed mankind.
Whose ideal is warped by sin
Not recognizing real worth.
True beauty
Remains unsoiled
Discerning truth,
Standing for righteousness,
Not surrendering
To the lies of comparison.
True beauty
Has no need for boasting.
She stands quietly
Wondering why
All eyes are watching.
Truth be told,
This beauty is so desirable
There is an adversary hungry to destroy it
Coexisting with a desire to preserve it.
This adversary entangles innocence,
No one wants to be alone.
He knows
She will not come willingly

TRUE BEAUTY

If he does not disguise himself,
Covered up in lies.
True beauty
Knows the scars and trials of life
Only add to her beauty.
She stands as a pillar
Her strength shown
It was not weakened.
The obscurities of fallen man
Seek to destroy it
While those who value its worth
Stand guard to protect this treasure.
True beauty.

I AM PERFECT

O I am perfect.
Not because
I have not sinned
Nor made a mistake
A time or two.
Not because
I never made
A bad decision or choice.
But because,
God made me
And in His image no less.
O I am perfect.
Not because
I have not
A wrinkle, blemish or scar.
Not because
My weight agrees with my height
Nor my thighs
Without cellulite.
But because,
God made me
In His likeness no less.
O I am perfect.
Not because
My hair is straight or curly
Blonde, brown or red
Without gray.
Not because
My eyes and skin
Match a certain color.
But because,
He made me
As He saw me in His thoughts.
O I am perfect.
Not because
My dress size is small.

I AM PERFECT

Not because
I stand elite
With a high IQ
Above status quo.
But because,
God made me
Before I even had a form.
The Creator paused
To take a look
And with a sigh,
“My masterpiece.”
O I am perfect
To the One
Who crafted me by hand.
I need not change one thing.
I need not conform
To the adversary’s vision.
I am perfect
The way I was made.

I AM NOT NOBODY

I am not nobody
I am a chosen somebody.
Chosen from the ordinary
To be extraordinary.
Inferior by the world's view,
Priceless in the hands of God.

No, I am not nobody
I am a chosen somebody.

I am neither
Wise or powerful,
Influential or royal descent.

So I was chosen
To shame the wise
The strong and elite
Of this world.

I was chosen
For my lowliness
And all I am not,
To nullify the things that are.
Silencing the boasts of man,
Proving his insufficiency.

See, I am not nobody
I am a chosen somebody,
That great and mighty things
Will be done through me.

Not nobody,
A chosen somebody.

I'M NOT WHO I WAS

The struggle is real to be identified for who I am, not who I was. When will people look beyond my past to see who I am today? When will people allow me to live unchained to my past? When will I stop identifying with my past and accept who I am today? When will I believe, I'm not who I was? When faced with a challenge, will I revert to who I was or will I believe in who I am now? Not all people tie me to my past. They knew me not before the person I am today. They see me as I am and know not the person of past. Sometimes, these people know me better than I know myself. They see me unconditional, no past to impede their thoughts of who I am today. They understand we all have a past because they too have one. These are my people, they see me the way I see them. They encourage who I am today and do not hinder me with the past. There are those who followed me from past to present. Those who stood when I could not and were the voice when I could not speak. They walked me from past to present and encourage who I am today. They do not bring up history or lay stumbling blocks at my feet. These too are my people. Those others that tagged along from past to present, they carry all the rubbish. Our paths seldom cross, but when they do, they start unpacking. They are stuck in a place long gone and cannot see today. These are the ones that make my struggle so real. These are the ones that cause me to struggle with self and doubt who I am today. This struggle is paralyzing and haunts my thoughts. It leaves me in limbo, downcast, too afraid to trust in who I am now. These are not my people! But, for you people, if I could be who I am today by changing my past, I would. But the past is simply a learning tool. It can define no one, it has no claim on anyone. It can only help shape who we are today. Therefore, I will celebrate who I am today and cherish what was learned from the past, not defined, but emerge stronger, wiser and empowered.