

SONNET 1

When gazing in the glass, I shy away,
Afraid of all the flaws it might reveal.
Yet mirrors lie, or so I hear them say—
Reflections blur the scars I've yet to heal.
But what if I look deeper than the skin,
Beyond the lines that time and trials have worn?
Perhaps I'll find some strength beneath the din,
A heart that dares to mend though it's been torn.
I ask myself, "Can you learn to forgive
The parts of you that seem too raw, too rough?"
In every breath, a chance for me to live,
A gift I'm learning to say is enough.
Though mirrors flash my fears back at my sight,
I choose to see myself in kinder light.

S O N N E T 2

I plant within my heart a quiet seed,
A fragile hope that blooms with time and care.
In every season, watering the need
For roots to thrive and petals bright to wear.
At first, I feared the garden would not grow,
The soil too harsh, the sunlight far too faint.
But slowly, stems rose up from earth below,
Each tender leaf a mark of no restraint.
Each thorn, each branch, a testament of worth,
For beauty springs where once I thought was none.
This garden's soil I tend with patient mirth,
Its blossoms proof of battles lost and won.
And so, with gentle hands, I nurture me,
A bloom that lives with strength and clarity.

S O N N E T 3

In silence, I sit with my weary soul,
Where thoughts run wild and echoes softly sound.
I gather broken pieces to be whole,
And lift the dreams once lost but newly found.
How often do I hush the voice inside,
Afraid to hear its whispers clear and true?
Yet there, within, where tender fears reside,
I find the strength to start my life anew.
To love oneself is not a loud refrain,
But gentle as a sigh upon the breeze.
In quiet moments, healing lifts the pain,
Releasing wounds to set my spirit free.
Here, wrapped in calm, I make my sweet amends,
And find that self-love waits as my own friend.