

# Excelsior

*I was born in a pink dress  
already having a name on*

I was told how to be  
a good girl  
and who I should become  
I was told not to speak up  
otherwise I would have seemed  
too proud  
too vivacious  
to be a girl

I began to be afraid  
of my own voice  
to not even dare to  
raise my hand in class  
or to whisper something  
to my friend next to me

I had to beg my father to have  
an affectionate relationship  
with me  
because dads are  
not  
the ones supposed to reassure  
and hug you tight  
when you feel down

At the age of twelve  
I was oversexualized  
as my breast was there  
to attract boys  
my bottom was there  
to be grabbed  
my legs to always be shaved  
and my belly to be flat

Wandering on a  
never-ending road  
to this manufactured beauty  
that does not exist  
I degraded myself into smallness  
enhancing self-abuse  
as something normal

I was not asked for  
consent  
at the age of fifteen  
when he  
inappropriately  
touched me  
I have been pushed so far  
from myself  
and I have been trying  
to find my way back  
ever since

I have lived too much  
to go on  
quietly  
Let me shout everything I crave  
Let me be free  
Let me be me

*I was born ordinary  
but I raised myself unique*