

To: You.

Limitations aren't set by other people. They are set by us. We know our own limits. This is what we tell ourselves. We tell ourselves this because of the things happening to us, or before us. Our circumstances. Truth is we are not where we are because of other people or the things they might of done to us. We are where we are because of the things we do to our own selves. For instead of rising after an abuse we sink ourselves deeper due to our own self pity. We pity ourselves. Therefore breaking our self esteem, self courage; our self worth. The abuser doesn't damage us. We damage ourselves by believing our circumstances are stronger than our will.

No. Our will comes from our Creator. He granted us the will to survive. The will to live. The will to fight. And that will remains with us. In us. That will will not leave us no matter what. It will remain there. Underneath that self-pity, self hatred, underneath that shattered self esteem. I'm not saying forget. No. One can never forget. But dig. Pull all of those things by the root. They're dead anyway. The only thing nourishing that self hatred is your tears. Like wild thorns they're choking out your beauty. Like thorny bushes piercing every piece of your soul. Choking out the beautiful roses struggling to bloom; struggling to breathe. But I urge you to have the same tenacity dandelions have. With the

beauty of roses adorning La Virgencitas feet.

It's easy to tell yourself I hate you. It is hard as hell to admit to yourself you truly don't. You spend your time trying to convince yourself that the world is a better place without you when it truly isn't. It's not. It won't be. One piece of the puzzle missing will only expose the ugliness of the cardboard beneath. You are beautiful. Always have been and always will be. Inside and out. Even though only your outside beauty is showing because your inside beauty aches right now. I know you will find the strenght to make them equal once again. Back to how they use to be. How you use to be. Inside and out. Equally beautiful. You, a complete woman of soul, flesh and bones, of mind. You, the one I remember. Always smiling, laughing at how ugly life can be. You. I remember.

Don't know what happened. Or how it happened. I just know your eyes stopped smiling one day. I know that your soul faded slowly. I know that you stopped seeing yourself beautiful. But you are. Always have been and always will be.

Sincerely,

From: Me