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Ace Boggess

Self-Esteem

Not the chilly mirror self; it's colder still.
Freckles dot your doubt-face.
Hope? Get rid of it early—mean-
spirited child that taunts & takes your toys.
Try hardest to disbelieve
lies you tell yourself about yourself.
So many cruelties shrink you
or shrink-wrap until you cannot breathe.
Self-esteem has its god-side, too:
do more, go further, drink marrow
from the bones of your tormentors.
Let's be rock stars together
in this in-between space
where grave & clouds shake hands.
It's finding a balance, comfort,
though more times than not, we can't.
You know, don't you, as do I?
We've punched ourselves in the silver eye
until our hurt reflections turned away.