



To that little girl who could only ever have the same colour dummy,

I see you.

To that little girl whose tears began streaming down her face because she couldn't get her words out,

I see you.

To that little girl who was so deathly afraid of being excluded, who screamed until she knew what "didn't matter",

I see you.

To that little girl who believed the lies that she was simply "overdramatic" for needing her socks to sit just right,

I see you.

To that little girl who was told every day that she was "stupid" by her teachers,

I see you.

To that little girl who stayed quiet at family events in fear of being called a "brat" yet again,

I see you.

To that little girl who put all her efforts into studying because it was the only thing that she knew she could get right,

I see you.

To that little girl who sat alone during every lunch, wishing she could be "normal",

I see you.

To that little girl who stayed up every night googling "how to be liked",

I see you.

To that little girl who trusted the words of everyone around her, only to be blamed for their lies,

I see you.

To that little girl who was conditioned to believe she had no reason to stress,

I see you.

To that little girl who had no identity outside of what she had crafted from others',

I see you.

I mourn you every day, for the restrictive norms of this world have corroded away your confidence.

I see you.

I'm sorry for dulling the shine of your unique mind, for trying to fit you into a mould that was never built for you.

Because those villainous opinions made by others were never incited by behaviours created of your own volition, nor has your existence ever been too much.

I can now assure you that your actions weren't made of manipulation, but rather simple desperation, and that your cries weren't futile.

One day you will soon see that you were never broken, that you didn't need to be fixed.

I wish I could have held you while you cried, because I know that, despite your happy demeanour, you were simply a little girl yearning to be loved for who you are.

I'm sorry for shutting you away, but you're still inside of me, somewhere, So, let me just say...

To that little girl who performed her "scarecrow dance" in front of everyone she could,

I love you.

To that little girl who lined up her toys in the hallway and collected all that she could,

I love you.

To that little girl who would tell everyone every fact she had recently learnt,

I love you.

To that little girl with bright eyes who had so much to say all the time,

I love you.

To that little girl who would jump and spin, bursting with excitement,

I love you.

To that little girl who posted every day on her fan account,

I love you.

To that little girl who believed everyone is inherently good,

I love you.

To that little girl who would dress up and perform every chance that she could,

I love you.

To that little girl who cared so deeply about the things she enjoyed,

I love you.

To that little girl who continued trying even when everything was against her,

I love you.

To that little girl who began to nurture herself and respect her own needs,

I love you.

To that little girl who finally got to know and express her authentic self,

I love you.

To that little girl...

I love you.

Your childhood may have not been easy, but from now on I will give you the compassion and care you have always deserved.

I am so proud of you, for your existence was forced to be met with perseverance, but you made it to this moment, a moment where I can tell you, there is so much beauty within your mind. A moment when I can promise that little girl, I will never let shame burden that magic again. Because little girl,

I see you, and I love you.

The rest of the world was BLACK and WHITE.