

BEAUTIFUL SCARS

Sacred Remembering

I used to hide my () from others
From myself, () the mirror
From the stories I () about who I was
I thought () meant unmarked, untouched, unhurt
But I () wrong
Beautiful means () went through it
And you () still here
Standing, breathing
Soft () to feel and strong enough to stay

There are () I wouldn't talk about
Chapters I kept ()
There are () of myself I buried in the silence () knows
There are losses () rewrote me in a () I still read
There are wounds that () me open
And let in () I'd need

I carried () like clothing
I wore it ()
I thought the () places
Were the () I'd have to pay
For being in this () life
For () the things I got wrong
I didn't know the cracks were () the beauty came along

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But every () is a story of a woman who survived
Every wound is a () that she kept herself alive
Every hard and heavy () was a teacher in disguise
I am not defined by (), I'm defined by how I rise
Beautiful scars, each () a testament

Beautiful (), each one heaven-sent
To shape me and to () me into someone I could not have been
Without the breaking, () the aching, without the lessons in
between

Beautiful scars, they're a part of my ()
Beautiful scars, they're a part of my ()
My life is beautiful () of what I've been through
Not in () of it, because of it
Beautiful scars

The relationship that () me, taught me what I will not take
The season of the (), taught me what I will create
The friendship that () me, taught me who I need to keep
The nights I cried without knowing why () me how to be more
deep
The year that felt like failure () the muscle I use now
The moment I considered () up and didn't
Showed me how strong I actually am beneath the () and doubt
The beautiful was always in the (), not the outcome

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I forgive the () that hurt me
I forgive the ones () didn't know
I forgive the younger version who had nowhere () to go
I forgive myself for () when I should have walked away
I forgive myself for leaving () I should have found a way to stay
Every scar has () a doorway, every () has been a seat
Every loss has made me () of recognizing what I need
I am not a broken woman trying to () herself together
I'm a whole and () woman who has simply learned what matters
My scars are not my (), my scars are my credentials
They say I went through () and came () with something
essential
They say I loved and () and opened up again
They say I fell a thousand () and found the strength to stand

Beautiful scars ... My beautiful scars
You are not (), you are marked
And marks are beautiful when you () to see them
As the story of a () who made it through

dreamstime.