

Late, but I finally understand it

She's beautiful, isn't she? Those were the first words that passed through my ears when I first saw her. That little thing only weighed 3 kilograms and measured 50 centimeters, but I felt like they just placed the whole world above my chest. She had a lot of hair, but unlike her parents, she had strawberry blonde hair. Such a beautiful color that goes perfectly with those big dark green eyes, just like mine. Harmony was written all over her face. That sentence was indeed true, I could confidently say that I would never have imagined falling in love that quickly with someone's beauty, I guess that is what's so-called pure love. But seeing how her face resembled mine so perfectly made me change my perspective of myself.

I remember the times when I didn't know what beauty meant, or should I say, what beauty according to society meant. I was naive at the time, and I wasn't aware of the cruelty that lives and reproduces amongst us. People started to make fun of my features, and I didn't understand why. For me, my face was my most sacred property, because even if my parents weren't still together, at my face they were. Why were they laughing about my mum's smile? And what about my dad's hair? Everything stopped to make sense to me, and in that "everything" my beauty was included. Just at the age of nine, my enemy went from being the boogie man to a simple mirror. Around sixteen, I couldn't even stand the sight of my own reflection, I felt disgusting and not worthy of being loved.

I started to miss the times when I only saw makeup as toys. I missed the times when I didn't care if someone saw me with my hair unbrushed, that beautiful long and curly hair that took the attention out of my perfectly imperfect freckles that covered my entire face. I missed feeling beautiful. I missed myself.

I just hated the way my smile popped out when someone cracked a joke, or how every single girl, but me, attracted all the attention of boys. I was the funny friend and only that. I started to crave feeling alive again. I couldn't bear eating or going out and having some fun, because all that I could think of was how could I be born so damn ugly. Nothing seemed too serious until one day I fainted and my poor mother finally asked me what was happening, after months of noticing how I was becoming like a leaf near autumn. I couldn't keep it anymore and I yelled at her about how horrendous she made me look, and that I couldn't understand why I had to exist if I wasn't capable of being loved or even looked at. And she started to cry. My mother

went into her bedroom and started to bawl her eyes out. Why she was crying? I mean I was the one in the pure state of depression, not her. And ten years had to pass in order for me to fully understand.

I have found a man who I love as much as he made me love myself, and let me tell you that right now I'm fully in love with myself. He made me feel like walking into the sun for the first time after a terribly long winter. When I saw him looking right into me in such a mesmerizing way, I definitely knew that he was the one I needed. He's the one who opened my eyes with the biggest gift I've ever had. My little girl.

When I saw her I can confidently say that I forgot how to breathe for a few seconds. I mean, she was, and will forever be, beyond beautiful. And that's when it hit me; how could I've let myself spend all those years hating on a face that was so perfectly made? Hating on myself would be equal to saying that my daughter is unpleasing to look at, and I would rather die than say or even think that. Who would say that all that I needed was to see myself from another point of view? I could not imagine the little version of myself screaming at me about how ugly she feels. Honestly, that would be an unbearable feeling. I feel sorry for speaking that way about my mother's face to her, she didn't deserve it. She is beautiful. And so do I. And so does my daughter. I hope that when she grows up she realizes how our curly hair moves so perfectly when we dance. And how our smile lights up an entire city. And how our body looks like an artwork. And how our noses scrunch when shyness takes over us. And how unique our freckles are. I could name infinity of beautiful things that she has.

I'm glad that even if it happened this late, I didn't die without loving us.