

## Untitled

It's socially unacceptable to dwell on myself,  
At least more than absolutely necessary,  
But i am aware of a sudden, great change.  
If not for the observation of others,  
i wouldn't have a clue how different i look these days.

Reports of my new behavior have come back to me  
In waves, like butterflies migrating home, finally.  
People say i glow, an aura of confidence.  
i walk straight backed and proud,  
With an air of determination about me.

Now, with eyes i never learned to love,  
i look down the nose i've always hated,  
At all the people who seeked to put me down,  
And i realize i have something special,

They say it shows in the way i speak and  
Especially in the way i laugh,  
Oh so differently these days,  
No longer inhibited,  
Restrained by pitch or volume or the way  
People around me stare as i make weird noises  
Amidst my fits of joy

i make eye contact now all the time,  
Not just when necessary  
And i am intimidating  
But my eyes are no longer hidden  
Behind oversized glasses,  
which were always on my face  
Sorry, the old me's face,  
Are gone. For good

And my hair, oh so much hair,  
Curtains and curtains i used to hide behind  
Thats gone too.  
Now the world is forced to see my face and nothing else  
Everything i used to hide behind,  
Every roadblock in the path to confidence  
And to finding me,  
They're all gone  
And now that i have found myself,  
People ironically want to assure me that i'm confident

~ Bailey, 2018