

## Self image poem

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

### ***I Will Be Me***

*(A poem about self image for girls)*

Growing up, I used to have this image.  
An image society placed in my mind  
which grew to consume my entire perception  
of what a woman should be.  
She was taller  
and she had bigger curves.  
She had long, glossy brown-black hair  
and big, blue eyes.  
And she could flirt.  
She was confident that she was attractive.  
She did whatever she wanted with whomever she wished,  
and she didn't give a damn.  
All the boys liked her.  
And she was loud.  
She was not quiet at all.  
In fact, she was extremely extroverted.  
She walked into a room, and she laughed and smiled,  
and she was funny.  
and she wasn't smart—oh no!  
She didn't think about things too much.  
She didn't speak her mind or share her opinion.  
She was always silly and fun and carefree.  
And she never had any problems.  
And she never shed any tears.  
And everyone loved her.  
And I loved her.  
She, this image of who I should be.  
I loved her.  
I envied her.  
Because in every way she was the opposite of me.  
I, who was often quiet  
and not very popular,  
I, who froze up in a room of strangers.  
I, who wasn't funny at all.  
I was awkward and tongue-tied.  
And I wasn't extroverted.  
I could spend hours alone writing or drawing or reading.

