

Love letter

Dear me,

what would happen, if I allowed myself to just breathe?

If I allowed myself to just be me?

Well, isn't that what everybody is preaching?: "Just be you and you'll be happy!".

But what does that actually mean? What does it mean to fully accept myself? And, isn't that again something that will put so much pressure on me?

Stopping the inner monologue of seeking perfection.

Stopping the overthinking. Stopping the fear of what people might think. Stopping the pressure. Stopping everything. Stop. Breathe!

I know I am flawed, I know I don't match up to the crazy expectations of who I am supposed to be.

But, I love myself and I will allow myself to be happy.

I will allow myself to let go of my crazy expectations.

I will let all my walls down that are supposed to protect me. Because I know, even if I get hurt, I can handle it.

I raised myself to be strong!

Love,