

## **You told me to write Love poems to myself**

Every day is a struggle  
Every day is hard to get out of bed  
Every day I think about why I need to keep fighting, resisting, existing  
Every day I remember why I'm here and why I do this work  
Every day I'm reminded that I'm making a difference  
Every day I get up & tell myself that I exist and walk in this world  
As a trans-non-binary human  
A brown person  
As an immigrant  
A queer human  
A fat person

And believe me, I try so hard to remind myself that I'm fucking awesome, that I love myself and I am important, badass, and cute as fuck.

Activism is hard, organizing is hard but my heart, my body, and my soul tell me I have to fight for me, for you, for my family, for my community and I can not stop fighting for my survival.

You told me to write love poems to myself and this is it.  
My reminders to exist and resist in my body as my full authentic self is my love poem.