



What the Mirror Forgot to Say

Accept nothing less than love and respect.

You are extraordinary.

You are worthy, and every day, in
every way, you hold incredible power
and potential.

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Inside every girl there's a petite nascent maiden,
Ample curls gently pecking each cheek,
An elegant naiad; goddess-lotus flower,
Gliding slippers sparkle, twilight whipped cream.

A cherished angel, each spawned from magic,
Each a precious gift homespun in ethereal glow,
Stitched from choice silks from the Garden of Eden,
In composed anticipation, divinely supreme.

Every sequence is magnificently handcrafted,
Gracefully fashioned by dryad velvet gloves,
Every girl born of peerless perception,
With blooming grace, aerating blush-rosaline.

One angelic gift cannot take from another,
Each version a symbol of beauty, passion, and love.

Every girl is a gem of immeasurable wealth,
A celestial princess, a goddess, a dream.