



'peluda'

a way
to describe
a woman who
is hairy yet
does not include
the hair
on her head



an inconsistent relationship. It's like my body hair is my open, emotionally available spouse, whereas I play the part of the fickle partner that will love you one moment, despise you the next. I will cut you off (quite literally) only to regret and want you back. beg for your forgiveness and promise you I'll change my ways, knowing deep down I will only betray and abandon you again. don't get me started on if someone else enters the equation. I try my best to make sure you stay a part of me, of my identity, but men always seem to find their way between us. and let me clarify - I want to nurture, protect and love you, and I believe, at the best of times, I do exactly that. but you know how conflicted I am about you. how much I want to accept you for once and for all, to let go of what people say and think about you - about us - but it's been an ongoing struggle since you came into my life to do just that. It's not you, it's me. It's my own insecurities. as you're aware, I don't feel this way when I'm with you - in fact I think we get along. you challenge me and help me grow you make me feel warm and it feels natural to have you in my life. I'm not me without you, and I know you can't live without me either.









I want you to know that i'm sorry for abandoning you - time and time again. you tell me you understand, but i can tell you still want to be a part of me. i'm sorry for not standing up for you when people have judged, criticised or even been disgusted by you. i was scared. scared of how people would perceive me, i felt i had to look a certain way in order to feel worthy and beautiful. but the reality is, i feel worthy and beautiful when i'm with you. until i don't. until i look at us and think i'm better off without you - prettier and desirvable - until i'm disgusted by your presence - not because i want to be, but because i've been told my whole life i should be.



Sometimes i wake up and wish you were never there - like a miracle, you would just disappear without a trace. all you have brought me is pain and trauma. years of self-loathing and feeling miserable about myself. but i know that has never been and never will be your intention. on the other hand, you are slowly teaching me to accept myself for who i am. despite how conflicted my feelings are in this moment, it is the essence of our relationship - you more than anyone knows that.







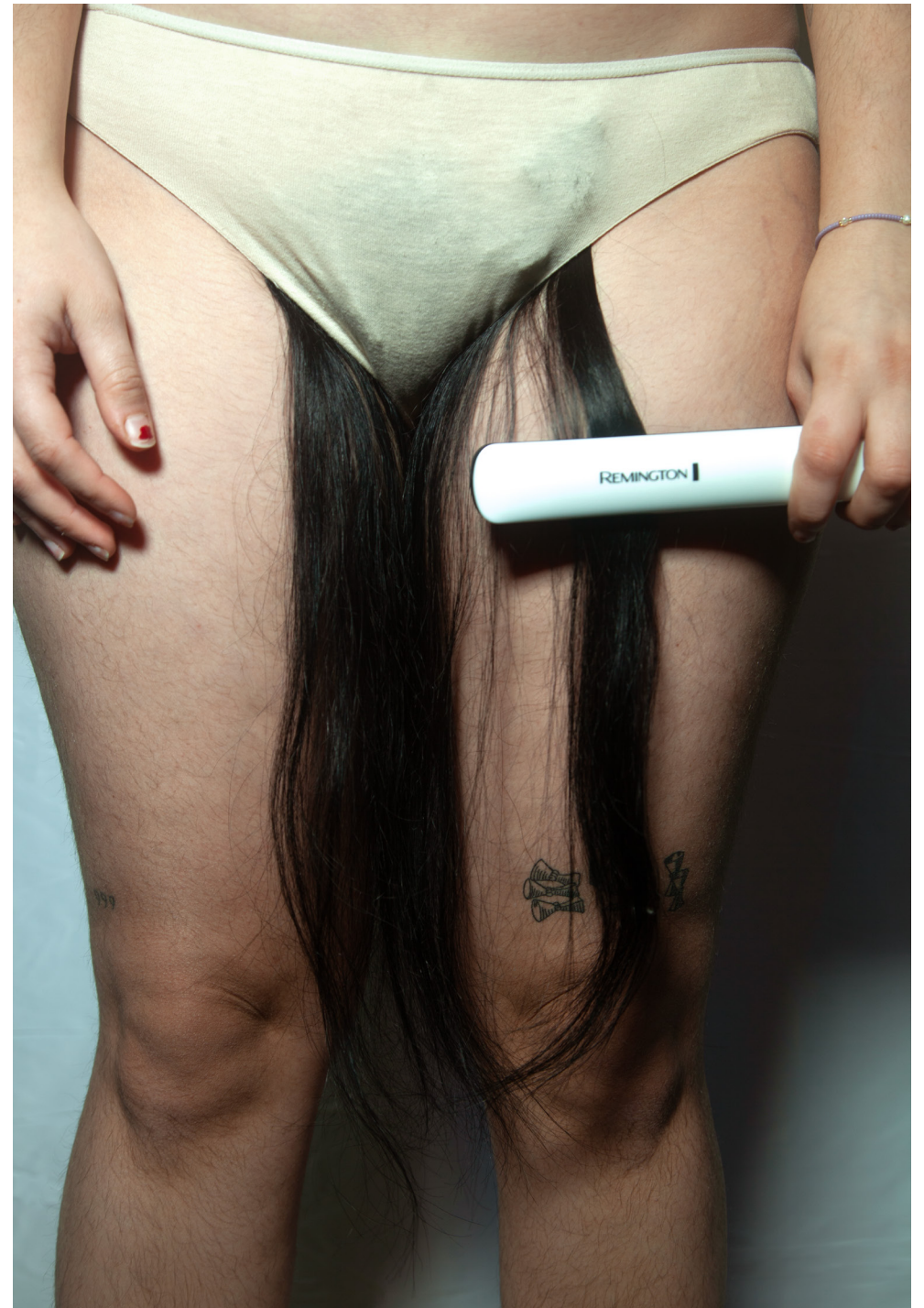
at times, i'm afraid of my hair. she is something
i find immensely powerful yet inherently disgusting.
she doesn't hold back, finds any chance to creep up
on me, and only leaves if i evict her from my
skin. her persisting nature, i find arrogant and
ignorant, with her lack of consideration she has
for my, i mean, OUR body. i fear her for i cannot
tame her. i can try, but her rebuttal is stronger,
time and time and time again.





My hair
was the manifestation
of the burdens
traumas
insecurities i
was carrying.
the weight
indescribable
I was unaware of
the damage:

I had to let go
of what
no longer
served me.





you are what I
nurture,
what I protect
like a mother
to a child
I am your guardian,
and your refuge
but when he enters
my life -
suddenly
yet enough to make me doubt myself -
I disown you
no longer claim you
and wish you
were no longer
a part of me.





Maybe i envy her.
maybe i wish i could be as defiant, as strong, as stubborn as her.
maybe she resembles what i am not. or perhaps she reminds
me of the pieces of myself i prefer to forget.

perhaps we're too similar, too incompatible. or maybe that's
just what i want to believe so i can get rid of her.
she determines what i look like and how i am perceived.

this power, she has claimed herself, is the root of all our issues.
god, i wish she would bath down from time to time,
let me win this internal struggle for once.



but that's the thing. She won't. and she never will.
She will continue to fight, to rise again from every battle, reviving
herself so she can become victorious.
we are at war and my body is no man's land.
everyone for themselves. neither side willing to surrender.



your persisting presence in my life, I see as a symbol that you believe in me no matter what. you see how far i've come, especially in recent times. we've grown a lot together, and for that i'm proud of us. we've been through a lot, and i know it'll take time for me to put the work into us so that we can fully thrive together, and i know there have been so many situations where i have left you for dead (and i'm sure there will be many others) but where we are right now feels good.



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