



More than two letters

There is more to me than two letters.
Two consonants.
One word.
I am more than that.
Better than that.
And I am not ashamed of those letters,
Or of that word.
That diagnosis.
But it hurts—
When those two letters,
Are all the world seems to see.
It's as though dozens of oceans
Have compiled themselves
Into a single pair of eyes.
People try to limit you to a single “imperfection.”
They try to label you.
And over time,
It's feels as though you're just two letters
As opposed to one person.

Like a doll—you're placed on a shelf,
Told what to do, what to say, and how to act.
Shoved into a box labeled “fragile.”
Ignorance spills from tongues
Splattering the air
Like a painting that's caught fire.
Directed at you for one, pointless reason.
You're forced to watch your role models
Get praised for their success.
And you wonder what you'll have to do
To shake those letters off,
So you can get praised for yours.
For a spilt second, you'll doubt yourself,
Wondering if letters can really define limits,
Wondering if two letters really do make you
“different.”
But you'll stop-- remember what you want,
What you feel,
Who you are,
And those words won't hurt you.
You'll revel in the sound of your own voice.
A voice that says:
I will not limit myself.
I will not feel guilty for having goals and
dreams like everyone else.
And I will not let myself be defined by these
two letters.
I am more than two letters.
Two consonants.
One word.
I am Olivia.