Its not that beautiful, sometimes we are a combination of everything that limits us, they tell us to fight our boundaries, leave our comfort zone but who are we without our comfort zone, who are we without our different limitations and boundaries.

Don’t strip me of who I am, I will take pride in my imperfection, I am a proud show of my boundaries and while I don’t have it all, I have me and I pick me.

They ask who is she? I say I am my fathers daughter, they say who is your father? I say he is my father, before he is my savior and maker, he is first my father, the originator of my DNA, he who sang me lullabys before I even knew what they meant, speaks only great things of me despite being aware of all my flaws, loves me without hesitation even when I don’t deserve it, purposefully weaves all things for my good, guides and hugs me when it gets tough, makes me go through the worst cos he is ever sure of my abilities and sometimes when I feel over estimated, popsy guides me through the worst cos only the best can be my destination.

They scoff and say there is definitely no man like that and I smile at their ignorance, how presumptuous of them to think my perfection was created by a mere earthly man, I have a father and he is Heavenly, Godly and Pure

HE IS GOD