

# Into Such Security

by Karl Lester M. Dulce

Waking up from a three-hour sleep,  
After finishing an essay due today,  
Rushing just to avoid the spotlight  
In a class that barely slept through midnight.

He always utters, "They're better than me."  
Something always feels off in everything,  
He wonders if it's a miracle to be on top,  
When mistakes are what people expect of him.

From how he sees his body, he agrees with them,  
That he's too fat to do such things.  
Sometimes he feels too dumb,  
Too incapable of being accepted, of being on the list.

At times he feels like a burden,  
Like shame should be his habit,  
That's why deprivation became his diet,  
For not fitting into society's standards.

If only he knew that value isn't measured  
By how fast he gets it,  
But by how much heart he gives when he does,  
That existing itself is already worth deserving,  
And forgiving himself when he feels too slow for the world.

If only he knew that being too fat  
Was what carried him through every hardship.  
The body that endured every fall and victory  
Doesn't deserve to be seen as unworthy.

If only I could tell him:  
There is nothing wrong with being insecure.  
It only means you care,  
That you're ready to show up when you need to.  
What breaks you is believing it's all true,  
Because feeling such daunt  
Doesn't mean it's the whole you.