

# *SKINCOLOURED*

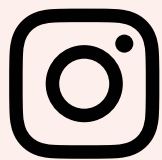
## *MAGAZINE*

OCTOBER 2019 | ISSUE 001



# *SELF ESTEEM*

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# EDITOR IN CHIEF'S LETTER



We are all born from flaws and mistakes – it is deeply embedded between each and every skin cell on our body, it is planted deeply into the roots of our hair, and it is woven through every corner of our souls.

Instead of fighting these inevitable mistakes, we need to realise they are all blessings and opportunities in disguise. They allow us to find new, better, and healthier ways of manoeuvring through life and its obstacles. It allows us to become wiser and more resilient.

Self-doubt is the first stage of beginning an incredible journey. It is the unknown that makes us fearful...and excited. For what fun would it be if life was predictable?

Let yourself feel what you feel. Understand and reassure those emotions. Take a deep breath and move forward one step at a time. Because I promise you – once you get through it all, you'll feel like a total super hero!

Skincoloured Magazine's Found and Editor-in-Chief,

*sophie.*

# *SKINCOLOURS GANG*



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**THIS IS  
DEDICATED TO  
ALL THOSE WHO  
DON'T BELIEVE  
IN THEMSELVES.**

*You are important. You are loved. You are worthy.*

# *love yaself*

COMPILED BY JASMINE

1. successful - Ariana Grande
2. Pretty Girl Rock - Keri Hilson
3. Hair Body Face - Lady Gaga
4. Supercut - Lorde
5. get well soon - Ariana Grande
6. Fuck Feelings - Olivia O'Brien
7. STAR - BROCKHAMPTON
8. Trust My Lonely - Alessia Cara
9. Walking Away - HAIM
10. I Can Only. - Jojo ft. Alessia Cara
11. Clear - Miley Cyrus
12. Glamorous - Fergie
13. Gotta Go My Own Way - Zac Efron, Vanessa Hudgens
14. I am. - Jojo
15. Who Will I Be - Demi Lovato
16. Me, Myself and I - Beyonce
17. Get Me Bodied - Beyonce
18. thank u, next - Ariana Grande
19. Love Myself - Olivia O'Brien
20. fake smile - Ariana Grande
21. make up - Ariana Grande
22. 7 rings - Ariana Grande
23. NASA - Ariana Grande

# Seed

---

– *Written by Claudia*

One seed, tiny and insignificant,  
Sowed in the impressionable mind,  
Fed by those who know no different,  
Watered by words seemingly kind.

One weed, surviving and overgrown,  
Twisted roots buried deep down,  
Poison ivy claiming you as its own,  
Slowly taking hold of your crown.

One seed, tiny and insignificant,  
Planted on to the soul and heart,  
Destined to be magnificent,  
Watered with love from the start.

One flower, thriving and flourishing,  
It felt the sun's warmth and grew,  
The beat of your heart encouraging,  
Nurtured by the kind and true.

One seed that was let grow,  
But the differences forever show.

# Places

*Written by Rou*

I. my voice, a fire

II. a hate not too great

III. mirror

—Rou's *Commentary*

Growing up, I've always been ridiculed and underestimated because of my skin. I became afraid to voice out my opinions or got swallowed by the hate for myself. During those dark years, my self-esteem was definitely at rock bottom. Years passed, and I grew into loving my skin, my body. I learned to finally accept myself. It was the time I finally found my voice, my art. Ever since that day, I became intent on being proud of my origins, and it shows through these poetry pieces that I offer from my heart.

---



## I. my voice, a fire

---

being the only person of Asian descent in class  
made me a specimen of interest,  
a confused mind that was dissected  
by every touch of an insult intended  
to burn my voice down

the world was an ocean in my eyes  
to survive i would swim and rise  
casting my voice from the depths of this sea  
letting it float, escape for air  
the fire subdued long enough

and in the end i was there  
an Asian voice in a sea  
of the hate ideology  
trying to stay afloat  
while my voice burned over  
the waves of the ocean  
like a fire reborn from the ashes  
it once had been

## **II. a hate not too great**

---

today i decided to do something great

i placed my insecurities on a plate

and dined on them

for the last time

it tasted awful,

bitter and sad

but my tongue rejoiced

knowing that after all these years

it will be able to speak of kindness and love

while i looked

at the brave young woman

i came to be

after swallowing and drowning

the palate of hate

i once had for myself

### III. mirror

mirror, mirror  
what lies have been whispered to you  
in the midst of the young night  
as i lost sight  
of how lovely i, myself,  
can be  
mirror you have seen  
the parts i try to hide  
the ones i fear  
and i offer them to you  
just as i now decide  
to wipe my tears and  
walk down the crowd with pride  
for my imperfections,  
the flaws i once saw  
were in the end  
never my enemy  
and now i know that i can  
wear love on every part of my body

mirror, mirror  
what lies have been whispered to you  
in the midst of the young night  
as i lost sight  
of how lovely i, myself,  
can be  
mirror you have seen  
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never my enemy  
and now i know that i can  
wear love on every part of my body

### III. mirror

# Use that energy to create something great!

---

— Matthew's *Commentary*

Self esteem can be a difficult thing for queer individuals, especially youth. There's a lot of stigma about being queer, and within the queer community itself; there's what's "acceptable" and treasured. I know personally I have a hard time with it, even more so when my gender dysphoria gets the best of me.

There are different ways to get over these certain negative feelings. The phrase "fake it till you make it" worked wonders for me.

It's sooo corny but "speaking it into existence," especially whenever I spoke about it on social media when I knew others would hold me accountable, really helped push me along and get a bit more daring.

It's so weird to see how my queer friends (that I've known since middle school), and even myself, have evolved and grown so confident. Whether it be through dress, behavior, or simply being a bit more straightforward with people.

The photos I took are portraits of some of my queer friends in their own little snapshots of confidence and happiness.





# SHE

— *Written by Tiana*

laughter around the lip  
of a wine bottle, cherry  
red mouth freckle in the  
corner— the kind of girl  
who snatches moths  
before they get to the  
flame.

# Maturity

— Written by Sharon

There are many ways to become a man:  
almost none of them are correct

down some shots without keeling over, broken.  
tally the number of girls you pull into bed  
and fail to remember the warmth of their bodies;  
your shoes must remain white  
and you must run faster than the crowd,  
jump higher, achieve more kills in-game,  
have tattoos, smoke, inject,

without betraying this law:  
keep your demons to yourself  
and your emotions nonexistent.

sleep while your blood runs cold  
because there is something missing  
that you can't exactly place, or see,  
like a vanished intestine or vertebra.  
it would resound greatly, as it is an absence.

do you miss the meteors, or looking to the sky?  
in the end, you are not the gatekeeper, or THE BEST,  
or a leader sitting on an empty street corner,  
but who are you exactly?

to blind yourself from your dreams, falling leaves.  
to conceal a cough that originates from the lungs  
that eventually brings you to ruin.

You are not the truth. But know this,  
you are alive, and you intend to stay this way.  
dreams and tears do not detract  
from your manhood.  
they are human, like the heart is a muscle –  
not a simple two-pronged shape, not a fleeting wisp.

believe in what you find  
that this is you.

– Sharon's *Commentary*

My poem is named "Maturity." I began writing this poem when I was still a senior in high school, which was more than 5 years ago. It was inspired by one of my favorite poets, Adrienne Rich, a staunch feminist and women's rights activist who only recently passed away in 2012. Rich wrote a poem called, "Integrity," and as a part of an English class assignment, I modeled an original poem after hers.

While "Integrity" focused on a feminine perspective, "Maturity" skews the masculine. Growing up, I was heartbroken to see how boys the age of my younger brother would get bullied for being "too girly" or behaving in a more feminine manner. As kids, it seemed like it was okay for us to laugh, cry, and be vulnerable all the time, but somehow, that reality was disappearing. Although I didn't know it at the time, I wanted to explore how toxic masculinity affected young men, especially Asian-American men who already face damaging racist stereotypes from popular culture. In this way, "Maturity" became a coming of age story that belongs not to me, but to many boys and men of color who are finding confidence in their masculinity, their vulnerability, and their sexuality.

To me, self-esteem manifests in the understanding and belief that one is simply good enough. Being confident and possessing self-esteem allows us to be true to ourselves, whether it is following our life's passions or being emotionally vulnerable. I hope this poem encourages readers to embrace their dreams and tears wholeheartedly.

## **OIL CANVAS**

— *Written by Tiana*

my mother is a woman  
warrior born from fire  
marked with scars of  
her past I watched her  
take paint brushes all  
my childhood and color  
in those raised white  
lines to show me you  
can make beauty out of  
trauma you can get  
better and fill your life  
with the love and light  
you truly deserve.



## **Shades of Yellow**

– *Written by Indica*

When you walk in and she smiles wide, exclaiming, “Yay! You’re here.” The breeze drifting by and the sun low in the sky. When she planted sunflowers so you planted kisses. The stoplight color that lets you snag a slow kiss. Her favorite coffee mug. The journal that accepts and records her stream of consciousness. Singing and dancing around the kitchen during dusk. The sticky notes she uses to leave you words of affirmation. Her sweet pineapple and honey melon scent. 8:51 P.M. early May sitting on the sidewalk curb, listening to the neighborhood kids and drinking warm wine. Her heart: gold.

---

– Indica's *Commentary*

This poem is about myself. I had been writing so many poems about the beauty of other people and wishing someone would write something about me. I realized I didn't need anyone to write me a poem when I could do it myself. It was an act of love from me to me.

ENCASED IN

A WORLD OF



*I wish I was a  
little more delicate*

## **Delicate Wishes**

— Taken by Indica





# “JOURNEY OF (NOT TO) SELF-ESTEEM” WHY SELF ESTEEM IS A JOURNEY, NOT A DESTINATION.

— *Written by Jada*

Often, I get asked why my self-esteem seems impenetrable – as if people have hailed me as some sort of a guru that has reached the gold at the end of the mine, has climbed Mount Everest, has run a marathon, has succeeded at everything she ever wanted in life. And what baffles me is the extent at which people drool over equating success and happiness with self-esteem, and thus the end result of their efforts, hopes, and dreams.

Much of our actions bank on our self-esteem, and there's a common stigma that things are going to simply settle into place once it's been “achieved.” When people look at me, they don't seem to look at me for who I am, but rather the fact that I said “thank you” when they complimented me and not “that's not true” – they see a medal around my neck titled “I actually don't despise myself.”

self-esteem

/ˌsɛlfɛˈstiːm/

noun

1. confidence in one's own worth or abilities; self-respect.

journey

/ˈdʒəːni/

noun

1. a long and often difficult process of personal change and development.

It's as if people are on the hunt for self-esteem like it's a prey: something to be captured, an award to be achieved, a reward at the end of the line.

Don't get me wrong, self-esteem does bear ripe fruit, but at the cost of the human race now automatically being born in a condition of self-loathing, self-pity, spiraling into the depression of self-depreciation. They're hardwired and equipped right from the moment they pop out of the womb to despise themselves.

This certainly isn't the case. The spiral into self-loathing is a journey, not a destination. We are born simple beings; we have a toothless grin, and giggle and gurgle at funny faces and baby toys, and cry when we need to be fed or need a diaper change. What we don't do as young infants is consciously hate ourselves.

So I will certainly argue that society has conditioned people to walk down the path that is the opposite of self-esteem and has taught us to take the road of hatred. This ultimately changes the perception of self-esteem, as if it wasn't deserved in the first place because we rose from origins of self-loathing. But we didn't. So, this is why in a world where we're now more than ever becoming self-deprecating as an automatic stance in our lives, we see self-esteem as a destination.

Part of the reason this may be so is that self-esteem is "pervasive and powerful" in impacting "human cognition, motivation, emotion, and behaviour" (Jennifer D. Campbell & Lorraine F. Lavalley). Indeed, the "puzzle of low self-regard" is desperately sought to be solved.

However, a "confidence in one's own worth or abilities" can also be interpreted not as a puzzle that should be solved, but as a journey without a destination, for there is no finality of humanity. We are multifaceted beings that will continue to grow, learn, and evolve our minds, bodies, and souls until the day we die.

How, then, can we truly say that self-esteem is the end goal? We must also take into account that self-esteem comes in many forms of the self, not just validation of the physical. When I seek to aid people on their "journey of (not to) self-esteem", I want to help them develop confidence in every aspect of their self. Their beliefs, ideas, convictions, and opinions. True self-esteem regards the whole self, not just the physicality of things that millennial culture is so plagued with.

Another analogy is looking at self-esteem as a tree that keeps growing branches. At the root is the pure, single self, but stemming from it is every aspect of your being. No tree begins tall or with lush leaves and many branches; it begins with a small stump. Therefore, think of self-esteem in the same manner; every branch and aspect of self-worth and confidence not only in the physical (that's just one branch!) but so much more.

---

I reached out to my followers on Instagram and asked them to send me submissions as to "what has stopped them from having high self-esteem".



The answers were truly eye-opening and I'm sure many others can relate to some of these. Self-esteem is a journey, not a destination, and based on the answers I've received, I'll attempt to help pave the way to get your journey started!

## **1. Confidence in the Mind: Purging Self-Deprecation**

When I saw the second highest amount of responses with one simple answer, my heart broke. "Myself" was the second highest answer at 25% of the total number of responses. One response summed it up quite nicely; we "aren't conscious of the power of our own thoughts," have a "lack of forgiveness," and have "critical, crippling self-judgement."

Our mind in all its glory has the capability to be destructive. The constant thoughts we harbor can manifest into much darker things, so I'd advise readers to be careful and intentional with their words and thoughts. When someone begins their journey of self-esteem, they truly have to start with their mind.

The levels to which we will lower ourselves to in order to be liked are outstanding. A common thing I've noticed when we meet a new group of people is discrediting and downplaying our achievements. No longer did we get the job because we were actually a qualified professional, we simply "had a good interview."

No longer do we think we're smart when someone hears what we have to say, we are simply "rambling." No longer do we have the right to be heard, we are simply "insignificant and small."

No longer are we proud of an award we got, we are simply "lucky." This is why I refuse to talk about myself in a self-deprecating manner. There is a stark difference between humility and self-deprecation; acting in self-deprecation is manipulative, acting in humility is honest.

Should we continue to tell ourselves that we are less than our worth, we will begin believing as such. Self-deprecation is damaging because it hides under the guise of humility, and being humble means we will be well-liked. But instead, it damages our resolve, and makes us like ourselves

even less. Self-deprecation isn't funny, it's destructive.

Thus, I encourage you to manifest only good and positive thoughts about yourself. Affirmations, journal entries... there are many ways to manifest positivity and grow your self-esteem. Be very intentional and purposeful with what your inner monologue says.

I hereby challenge you to accept every compliment you receive. Instead of saying things like "that's not true," "no way," or "you don't mean that," show gratitude and say thank you! Nobody would compliment you unless they intended to do so, and if they said so, they meant it.

The people in your life that love you and want to compliment you and commend you for your achievements – it would hurt them to see you reject their words. And I'm sure that when you compliment someone, you would mean it too and would want for them to accept it. Be confident in all that you've achieved and be proud of yourself!

## **2. Confidence in the Physical: Understanding your Body**

Self-esteem is more often than not thrown in the same boat as body image, and body positivity/negativity.

Our physical presence and appearance have become the central aspect of our existence in the 21st century – we are brought up being so paranoid, skeptical, and critical of our own bodies (and even the bodies of others).

Whether it's unhappiness with our weight, the way our hair looks, the way a tooth may seem out of place when we smile, cellulite, short nails, unproportioned parts of our body, thicker calves, or acne, we are always finding ways to pick out the "worst parts" in ourselves.

Responses from my Instagram followers included all of the above; being self-conscious and hating the way we look seems to be a trait almost all of us share. And to me, this is tragic.

It's horrible to realise the extent to which the media has warped our perceptions on the vessel that gives us life. Looks are not the most important part of our bodies – we breathe, live, love, laugh, and have a soul. If things were merely about looks, there would

be no such thing as personality, chemistry and the deeper connections in our life that we take for granted. Where would the beauty of the unexplainable lie if we solely relied on appearance? The inner mechanics of the mind? The unexplainable connections we have with people no matter what they look like?

Understanding your body is key here. When you bathe and get changed, take the time to know yourself. Spend long baths truly analysing every corner, curve, and bump across your body.

The more you understand that your body is a valley and not a battleground, the more at peace you will feel. One of my favorite parts of my day is my night routine. I truly soak in the time to take care of myself and understand what my body is trying to tell me. Listen. To. Your. Body. Do not listen to its outside projection and exterior, listen to the inside.

### ***"Listen. To. Your. Body."***

What I mean by this is that if you lack self-esteem over certain parts of your body or the way you look, you cannot truly be expected to enjoy what you see in the mirror every single day.

Those beauty gurus who tell you that you should always and forever love yourself because "you are worth it" seem to be missing one point; the journey of self-esteem also means there will be bumps on the way, and you will slip on the mountains you climb - especially with physical appearance.

It's a tough mountain to climb! So, when you do attempt to reconcile with low self-esteem in the mirror, you need to understand that we are flawed. We will have imperfections.

Coming to peace and understanding with your body is making sure of two things: first, that you are healthy - living and breathing in a way that revives you, and that you are able to thrive. Sometimes, our physical appearance is an indicator of this. Secondly, making sure you realise that you are flawed - being honest with yourself, having a cry about it, and understanding that your body has function, reason, and is the source of infinite beauty for reasons apart from physical appearance!

Do not hide. Never be ashamed of the body you have, because then you're ashamed of what's on the inside too.

25 There is a difference between vanity

(a result of low self-esteem) and genuine appreciation. Change the reasons why you dress up or make yourself look a bit better than usual. I refuse to wear makeup to work, side-hustles, and outings with friends. The only time I wear makeup is if it's a special occasion. Practice showing the world your bare face, your vulnerability, and practice some more.

One thing I've realised throughout my adolescence is how paranoid I was about every aspect of how I looked from every possible angle and at any given time. This drained my energy as a thirteen-year-old, but the older I got, I realised that you don't have to look perfect every single moment of your life.

You don't have to show the world you have your shit together or that you're attractive unless it is on your own terms. Be selfish with the face you reveal to the world; it is not entitled to see your beauty. Self-esteem will come when you realise the power of your decisions in front of the mirror and when you walk out the door, when you are selective and intentional with what times the world sees you as a normal human being and as a glammed-up beauty.

### **3. Confidence in our Perception: Stop Giving a Fuck**

Humans are so synonymous that they turn to peers and those around them as a mirror of what their worth is. One of my followers said that "others saying stuff about multiple parts of myself - not only physical" was an obstacle towards self-esteem in their personal life.

Over 50% of the responses I received concerned their perception by other people and the impact this had on their confidence. Whether it was mere contemplation or actual confrontations concerning the matter, the bottom line is that an alarming amount of people cared so much about what others thought of them that it hindered their self-worth.

"People's treatment" and "the opinions of others when they judge me for being myself" and the mere thought of "someone talking about me behind my back" were other reasons relating to this, showing that other people are certainly detrimental to the interior and exterior landscape of a person.

Self-esteem articles, dumb "self-care" Twitter threads, and even our peers will

The society we've grown up in has hardwired an "approval addiction", and some even go so far as to argue that caring about what other people think is human nature. We exert so much energy when fighting the tide, that we let it sweep us away and forget what our personal development should truly be about.

Instead of isolating yourself and thinking that you're the only one that thinks this way, shift your perception to a person looking down on the earth and observing us, the small people.

All of us are smaller parts of a larger congregation; we all are so busy caring too much about what others think that we fail to realise that the person sitting adjacent to you on the bus cares so much about themselves that they are, in fact, not judging us. When you put things into perspective and realise that we all feel and experience the same anxieties, not only does it highlight how synonymous we all are, but points out the obvious fact that nobody cares.

Realistically, you're not a mind-reader. You will never know what another person is thinking unless they tell you, and what they think is quite frankly none of your business.

The people that pass by you - the fleeting presences in your life - all hold no significance, so why should their opinion on you be significant? You are truly the only person whose opinion matters, so discredit anything that opposes it. Nobody will ever know what you're going through, what you've achieved, and who you are - why should their opinions matter?

When you invalidate the opinions of others, it is truly eye opening. Stay humble, but realise that other people's opinions do not define you, nor should they influence you. What an obscure world we'd live in if we were molds of other's opinions of us, there'd be no such thing as originality.

### ***"Why should their opinions matter?"***

Exerting effort to understand what others think about you and to find out their intentions and judgements upon you is a complete waste of time. The energy you use here could be in curating your own unique thoughts, opinions, and criticisms upon who you are and how you can improve as a cooperative member of the human race. The words, thoughts and actions of others are none of your business, and none of your concern. Don't care, but never settle.



#### **4. Confidence in our Growth: Being hopeful, not spiteful**

"Seeing the achievements of others, and thinking I can't do better/achieve similar things" was the last response I received. In short – and I'll be honest here – some people have low self-esteem because they've encountered the obstacle of jealousy.

While we won't enjoy admitting that we are beings capable of jealousy so strong it influences our actions, how we treat others, and most importantly how we view ourselves, it's also valuable to understand that the stigma against jealousy isn't all as bad as it seems.

Comparison, and the jealousy that festers from it, has a source of admiration at its core. Admiration so strong it turns into a negative emotion. When we see other people's achievements, we wonder what we should have done to get there, how our situations differed and what would've happened if we'd made a different decision in the past.

Being jealous is normal, but the truth is that you will always encounter someone better, greater, and more successful than you.

So why, then, is jealousy not a bad thing? I'd like to shift your thinking here on the way you perceive others and their achievements in comparison to yours. Rather than feeling jealous, turn your envy into admiration.

Being jealous means to show resentment towards someone in regards to their achievements, possessions, or perceived advantages. But when you admire someone, there's a pooling sense of respect and warm approval. The contrast of the two emotions, so similar in nature yet so different at the same time, proves that we can grow and be hopeful for our own future, and not spiteful of someone else's.

Jealousy is such a cold, rotten emotion. But when you admire someone you have such warmth – you regard them as a source of inspiration, a way to model your own life and proof that achieving is possible. We can draw from our jealousy an admiration that can serve as a drive towards achieving our own goals.

Our self-esteem can rise if we realise that others are not our enemies in the hierarchy of this world, but ladders and

stepping stones in the journey towards self-esteem.

So, if you ever find yourself jealous of another person's achievements, stop and think for a moment. Realise your jealousy can be shifted into admiration, and use this admiration to model yourself and achieve your own successes.

It is also important to remember that for different people, success equates to different things! Another person's success might not be the right fit for you, just as yours might not be the right fit for them.

Sit down with yourself, a pen, and a piece of paper, and write down what comes to your mind when you think of success. In picturing yourself achieving the success you want, inspired by someone else's life or not, you are consciously picturing yourself after you have grown.

Eradicating jealousy, replacing it with admiration, and being hopeful of yourself, not spiteful of others, manifests growth and a tangible sense of achievement in your life. You are then able to invest your energy not in being envious of other

people's success, but in continuing your growth. You must realise that as humans, our circumstances will always be changing. If it's not changing at a pace suitable for productivity, growth, or success, you need to get the ball rolling; otherwise, you will be stagnated in pity, self-loathing, and envy.

Be proactive in changing things in your life to achieve the success that caters to you alone, and you will soon forget about the jealousy you once felt. Soon, you'll reach a stage where you can admire yourself and what you have achieved – that is the goal of self-esteem and confidence in our growth.

***"...invest your energy not in being envious of other people's success, but in continuing your growth."***

With all these words in mind, coming from a girl in a small corner of the world with positive self-esteem that aims to uplift you and help you on that mountain; I hope I have helped you and inspired you on your journey of self-esteem.

Remember that there will be bad days, but the journey is rewarding, trying, fulfilling, and painful all at the same time. It is proof that you are a human being, and proof that you can rise above seeing self-esteem as a destination, and instead as a journey that will accompany you for many years to come.

It is up to you whether you will enjoy that journey or not.

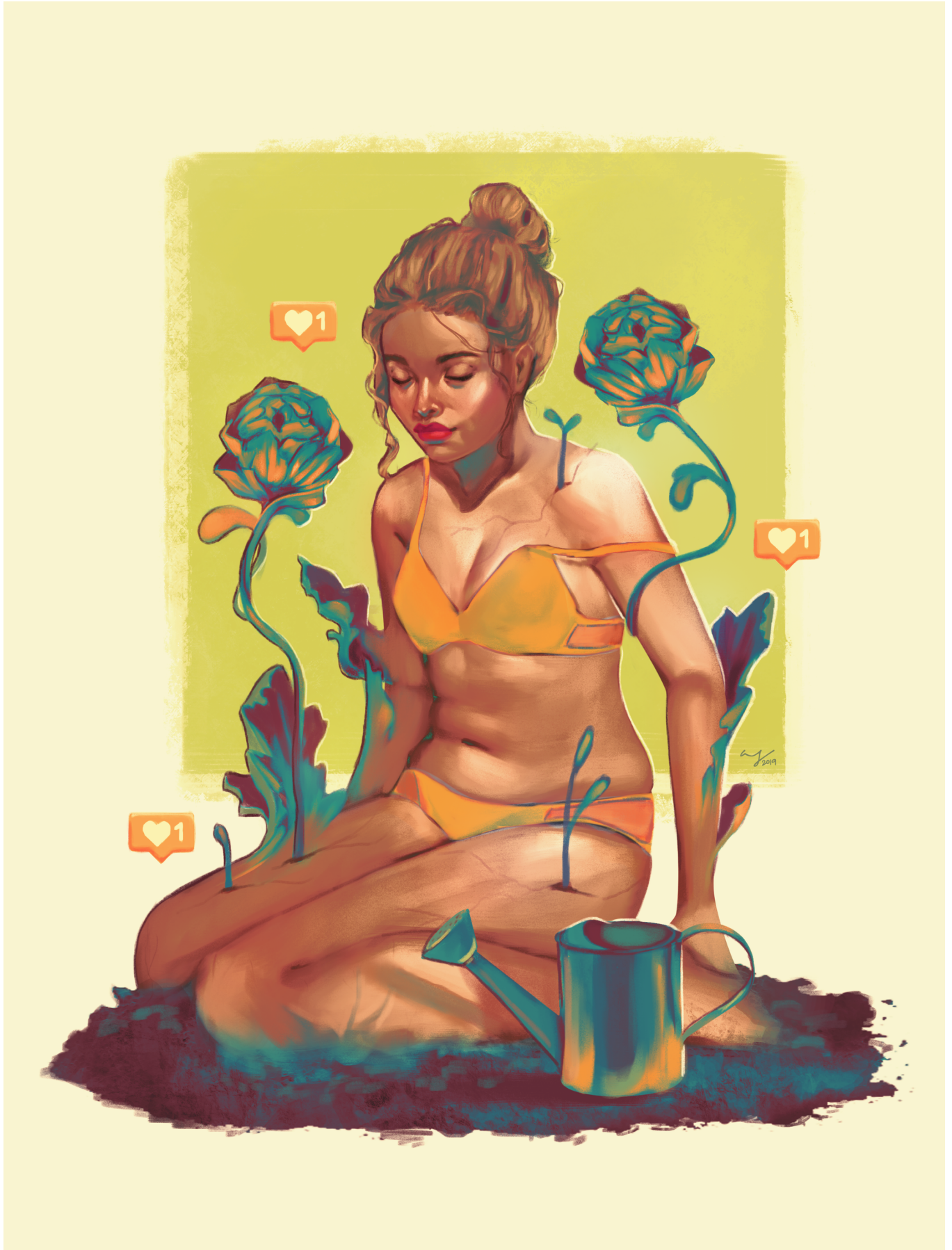
Lots of love,

**Jada De Luca.**



# Growth

— Drawn by Andreana



– Andreana's *Commentary*

---

We're no strangers to the pitfall of the feeling that we get from a lack of self-esteem. Even now I still have struggles with it, though I try to be more self-aware of the things I say about myself, because I know that the journey to self-love is not one that happens overnight. It's built gradually – slowly but surely.

These are the things I keep telling myself whenever I look in the mirror and see myself as less than what I am. My own self-love journey is at my own pace, and it started with a want to change for the better. I was inspired to create this piece by a line from a poem that read, "April showers bring May flowers" – it's an uplifting reminder that the heavy and gloomy rains of April will bring an abundance of flowers in May.

The year of 2018 was the year I felt at my worst, and this year I am putting my foot down after deciding I didn't want to feel that way anymore – something that is easier said than done. But I honestly think the extra work will be worth it. That's the seed I planted into the ground, and now it's my responsibility to nurture it and make sure it's at its best. Sometimes we just need a little water, a little sun, and a little love to be ourselves again.

# Hurricane

– *Written by Tiana*

I am a storm first with  
ripping wind that forces  
your hair into the sky then  
with harsh rain that will roll  
down your cheeks before  
going to a raging thunder  
show cut with stark lines of  
jagged lightning that will  
blind you unapologetically  
all of this leading up to the  
biggest finish of a soft hail  
that will pelt your skin like  
ink dropping to paper hitting  
with impact but leaving no  
bruises.

# Souvenirs From My Youth

— Written by Indica

**TRIGGER WARNING:** Mentions of physical dating violence and sexual assault.

Weight clings to my chest, stomach, and thighs, creating the curves of my home.

A home tarnished by greedy fingers and arrogance, hungry to understand love but settling for lust.

A faded collection of closed fists stain my upper arms and if you tilt your head and squint just right you can make out the ruptured blood vessels crying for help, but never loud enough.

Opinions, suggestions, and ideas are held by my lips. Rarely, they release in a whisper but are muffled by silence.

The compliments regarding my physical beauty pile so thick in my ears that I cannot hear anything else until I am called vain.

This is how I arrive to adulthood. With all my souvenirs in plain sight but hardly seen.

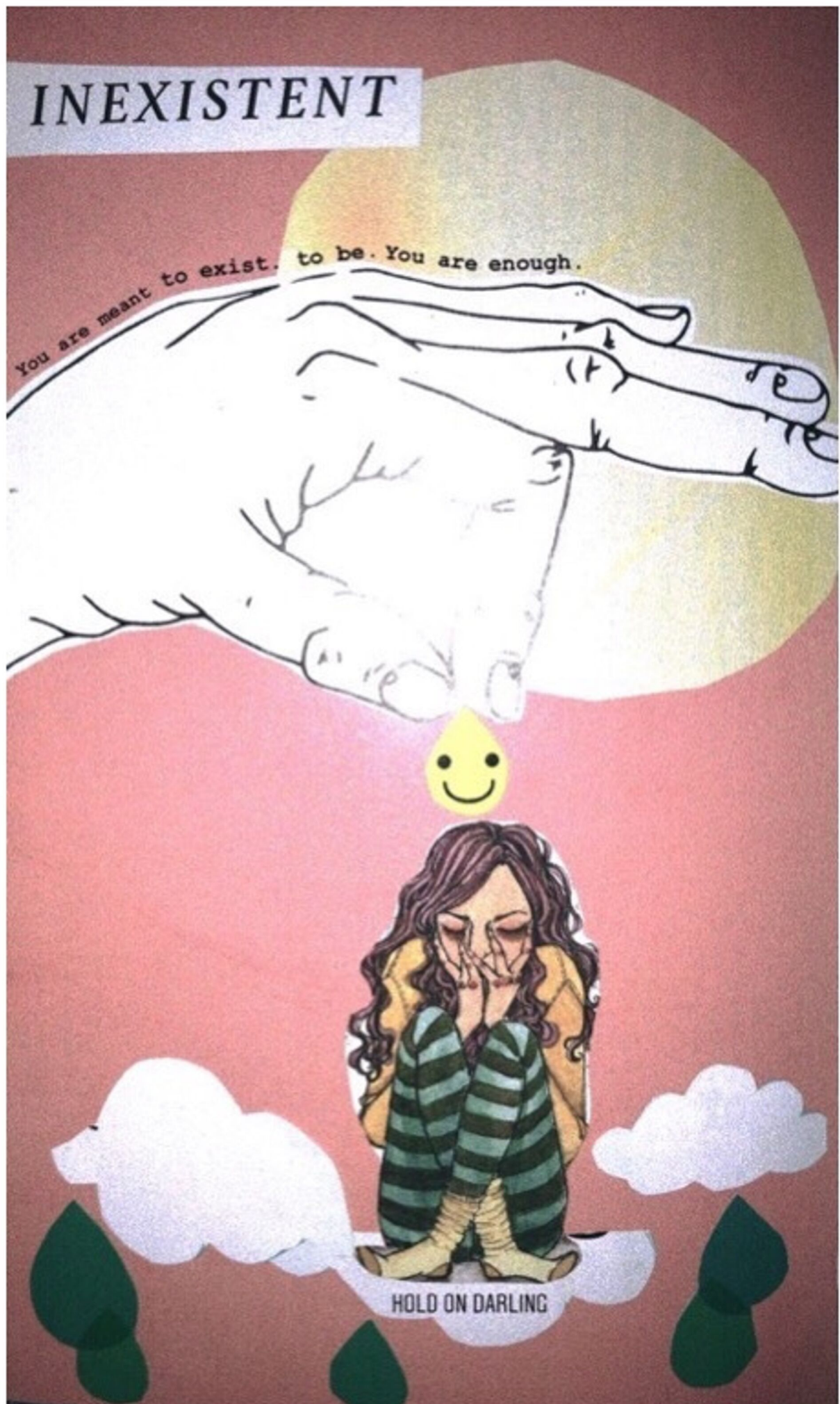
This is how I have learned to be a woman.

---

– Indica's *Commentary*

This is a reflection of personal life experience growing up being a woman, accepting my role as being a victim, and confusing being a victim with normal beauty expectations.





# She

— Written by Isabel

she is a force of nature.

a woman with skin made of steel, silver-tongued, silver-spooned the  
goddess selene herself, dipped in the finest of stardust.

they immortalize her in camera flashes; her pictures belong in the  
louvre. all eyes on such a masterpiece —

— a twenty-first century

jane austen heroine.

she is the girl i wish i was.

but she is not me.

in my indecisive soliloquies

of 'to be or not to be'

where i tear my mind apart in the hopes i can rearrange the pages of  
my story my heartbeat reminds me

that i live to be myself

and no one else.

i do not glisten like liquid moonlight;  
i rise bright like the sun, because i am fire and flame. i am day, she is  
night and none of us are greater than the other

for we are two different definitions

of beauty.

they tell you comparison will kill you, the hypocrites in the  
media preaching love and solidarity

while they murder female self-esteem for the sake of entertainment

between sips of bitter coffee and Colgate-endorsed smiles.

molding their idea of perfect into magazines; "you must," "you have  
to," "you should be" — — but remember that you are enough.

the weight of our crowns

are nothing compared to the

heaviness of the expectations

television tyrants try to place on our backs.

hold your head up high, queen.

we are stronger than they think we are. my sisters,

we are geodes —

— hard to break and shining crystal on the inside.

we plant our seeds

and mother earth blesses us, her little mortal divinities. she is a rose,

i am a sunflower,



and you are whatever you want to be —

— but no matter what we all bloom  
and grow

into beauteous beings.

### — Isabel's *Commentary*



I wrote "She" as a reminder not only to others, but to myself. I am somebody who is constantly comparing herself to others and wondering if I am enough, and in penning this poem I wanted to immortalize the fact that yes, I am.

Women are consistently pitted against each other in the media 24/7, and life is made out to be a competition where the winner is judged on looks. This is so harmful to female self-esteem, and young girls shouldn't have to grow up believing they aren't worthy just because someone on TV or in a magazine says so.

It is so hard to love yourself in a society with unrealistic standards of beauty and perfection. I wanted to write a piece that says everyone is beautiful and unique in their own ways, and that is what "She" is. Someone else can seem to be "more beautiful" than you, but remember that you are just as beautiful, and unlearn the act of comparing yourself to others! Tell yourself that you are enough, because you are.

# FINAL NOTE



I hope you've enjoyed this entire collection of truly amazing pieces by youths from all around the world.

I am extremely grateful for the support and love that everyone has shown Skincoloured Magazine since day one.

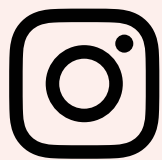
I'd also like to thank the Skincolours Gang for being so patient with me, for constantly empowering each other and for allowing me to work with all you bloody talents! I'm so excited to see where this magazine will lead us.

God bless!

Founder and Editor-in-Chief of Skincoloured Magazine,

*sophie.*

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