

**Hilary Batista**

Age: 17, Grade: 12

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Category: Poetry

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## **I Like Me**

I like me.  
With my coffee-colored eyes  
And unruly curls that flow down my back  
I like me.  
With my rounded nose  
And my skin, color cinnamon  
With my lips that have comforted many  
Speaking words of life

At times, I wanted to be like a tree  
Willing to grow through the cracks  
Lined with sturdy branches offering  
A place of shade for you  
To write that haiku  
And make that call  
The one you said you always yearned to do  
And I wanted to be like a piano  
My life playing a wondrous tune  
One that could bring a smile to you  
Or maybe I could be a house  
With rooms bursting with music  
Stretching a warm invite to you  
But even if I could offer you these things,  
Would that do?

I'm still learning  
But I like me.  
With my mind that searches  
For the unknown in the midst of what is seen  
And the joy I've come to find in the mundane  
And the stories that flow through me  
Sometimes it's still hard to say  
But yes, I like me.  
I really do.