

Every time I've gone to this beach club in Miami I get papped - somehow when I check in paps know and get me in my bikini and every time I've felt super vulnerable and unprepared - I've worn bikinis that were too small and paid no mind to how I looked, then saw pictures online and comments and been so upset. I reminded myself when it impacted my self-esteem that I was thinking the culture's thoughts and not my own. A culture who has gotten so used to an image of what a "healthy" woman's body looks like that is completely not real for a lot of women. Photoshop, restrictive eating, over exercising, and choosing angles that make our bodies look different than how they are in the moment and in their natural form, when we take a deep breath, when we eat a meal, when we allow the waves to tussle us around. I remind myself of this, listen to podcasts on intuitive eating, follow women who accept their cellulite, stretch marks, bellies, bloating, and weight fluctuations... and still. I'm a single woman in her 20s in the middle of a shit ton of promo and I want to feel like I look "good". Today I got a new bikini, a whole f...n cute outfit, put lip gloss on, and didn't eat anything too heavy before going in the OCEAN cause I knew it was gonna be basically a whole photoshoot. I held my core so tight my abs hurt and didn't breathe and barely smiled and was so self-conscious of where the paps were the whole time I couldn't let go and relax and do what we're meant to do when we go out into nature. I tried to pretend they weren't there but I couldn't and I held my breath from my sun chair to the ocean. I looked at a group of toddlers giggling with excitement at the waves knocking them over - no sunglasses, no jewelry, no self-consciousness, just the innocence of children - which is the feeling I have always gone into nature for. I knew I looked "good" in the pictures and thought I would feel accomplished and yet I've never had a worse time at the beach. I felt the emptiness and sadness of our culture's thoughts that became my thoughts. I wanted to talk about this because we see pictures of women and praise them for looking good, for looking fit or "healthy", but what is health if you are so fixated on what your body looks like that your mental health suffers and you can't enjoy your life? Who am I trying to look attractive for and am I even attractive to myself if I can't let loose and relax and have fun and be playful on a beautiful day at the beach? I'm not yet at the point in my journey where I can not give a f...k. Intellectually, I know what I look like doesn't determine how healthy, happy, or sexy I am. Emotionally, the messaging I get from our world is loud in my own head. Ironically, all the therapy, all the inner work is to try and get back to feeling like 7 year old me on the beach. I'm mourning her today. Happy, silly, breathing, pretending to be a mermaid, FREE.

Ps I ran away to the Pool area where hopefully they can't get me but they literally hide in the bushes sometimes I'm exhausted lol