

Sandpaper  
by Kyra Candell

You hold onto your qualifications  
Your pride and insecurity  
Your works built on sand, waiting for high tide  
You keep your judgments, the sterile reservations  
They're keeping you from love

Like a couch restrained by its plastic cover  
You can't break the barrier to let others be comfortable  
It risks having to patch up some tears in the future

If you could give grace like you've been shown  
Accept that we are messy, all of us  
Bruised like overripe fruit  
Flawed like unrefined silver  
Rough on the edges like old sandpaper  
And know there is nothing wrong with that