

I Like Myself By Karen Beaumont

I like myself.
I'm glad I'm me.

There's no one else
I'd rather be.

I like my eyes, my ears, my nose.
I like my fingers and my toes.
I like me fast. I like me slow.
I like me wild. I like me tame.
I like me everywhere I go.

Inside, outside, upside down,
From head to toe and all around,
I like it all! It is all me!
And me is all I want to be.

Even when I look a mess,
I still don't like me any less,
'cause nothing in this world, you know,
can change what's deep inside, and so...

I'd still like me with fleas or warts,
or with a silly snout that snorts,
or beaver breath or stinky toes
or horns protruding from my nose,

Or – yikes! - with spikes all down my spine,
Or hair that's like a porcupine.

I still would be the same, you see...

I like myself because I'm ME!

