Letter to My 12 Year-Old Self

Iris (Pettie) Perkins
Old Dominion University

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.odu.edu/poetryslam2021

Part of the Poetry Commons

Repository Citation
https://digitalcommons.odu.edu/poetryslam2021/1

This Creative Work is brought to you for free and open access by the Undergraduate Student Events at ODU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Poetry Slam 2021 by an authorized administrator of ODU Digital Commons. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@odu.edu.
Letter To My 12 Year-Old Self

I know you have to get this
Because I am sending it to myself
And I know you’re comprehending
By the books that are on your shelf
I need you to read this
So for the future you will know
How to carry yourself and act like a lady
So the flower that bloomed will continually grow.
I know it would be easier
Just to stay with Shel Silverstein
But his lessons were for your beginning
And I am trying to bring you
Into adolescent years.
Although it is hard to see
I had to have someone tell me
That since the Creator made thee
No one ever replicates themselves ugly
So, remember you are beautiful,
Even if it is just to me.
Make that a mantra daily
And then you will understand a daybreak
That no matter what is at stake
You are the best that was made

Copyright 2021, Pettie Perkins
You will get better with time
And your mind will be filled with things divine
And of course, boys will catch your eye
But let them continue to pass you by
Remember books before boys
And books before bed
It will keep you focused
And later keep your pockets fed
Knowledge is the only thing
That you own outright
So keep studying and your eyes on that prize
And get that paper so your intelligence is never disguised.

A plea from the wise
You were provided three gifts
They are between your head, legs and ribs.
Make sure you take care of them
Although people will try to make a mess of them
They will try to confuse you.
They will try to abuse you.
They will try to break and bruise you.
Words hurt more than sticks do,
But don’t let them stick in to you.
Remember your lessons
And how people act
There is no more to say
Because there is all truth in that.
Actions always speak louder than words
And I hope you keep this close
Because this is what I wish someone told me
When I was twelve years old.

I. Pettie Perkins
4.13.2021