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English Poetry
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Self-Love

*He that cannot choose but love,
And strives against it still,
Never shall my fancy move,
For he loves 'gainst his will;
Nor he which is all his own,
And can at pleasure choose,
When I am caught he can be gone,
And when he list refuse.
Nor he that loves none but fair,
For such by all are sought;
Nor he that can for foul ones care,
For his judgement then is nought;
Nor he that hath wit, for he
Will make me his jest or slave;
Nor a fool, for when others...,
He can neither...;
Nor he that still his Mistress pays,
For she is thrall'd therefore;
Nor he that pays not, for he says
Within She's worth no more.
Is there then no kind of men
Whom I may freely prove?
I will vent that humour then
In mine own self-love.*

poem by John Donne

I chose this poem because Self-Love is one of many insecurities that people in my generation struggle with and therefore it's a poem that many people can relate to.

When I grew up in Germany I was counted as "the minority", being the only black kid in school and going through racism made me feel very insecure about how God made me and it was hard for me to accept it. I didn't want to always stand out and feel out of place but instead be able to blend in and be like the other white kids. God makes us all unique and I've learned that it's beautiful and as long as I know that God has accepted me for just the way I am and how he made me (fearfully and wonderfully), that's all that matters to me.