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I want you to stop and put your struggles, troubles, and problems aside, close your eyes, and dream with me.

Dream of a carnival.

Lights flashing, colors shining in the distance. A celebration, showcasing the unique talents of people. Not just regular people, but all people, full of different shapes, colors, personalities, and backgrounds. Exulting their differences but sharing their commonalities of beauty, the kind that all individuals possess.

Dream of a rose.

So beautiful, so divine. Each one we come across carries its own special look and grew up in its own special place. They cultivate in many different parts of the world. They come in almost every color of the rainbow. We all appreciate their beauty, but many of us fail to recognize our inner-rose. The true essence of diversity that makes us all beautiful.

Dream of my past.

I was once lost. Confused and unsure of whom I wanted to be. Clouded by the false images that society already expected of me. Hiding behind the wall of insecurities, waiting for my inner-rose to bloom. But now, my roots have grown strong and my pedals have surely flourished.

I am standing on this stage not to seek approval but wishing to inspire every individual to embrace their inner-rose. Embrace their past. Embrace their present, and celebrate who they

are today. It is time to plant our own seeds and create our own dreams for an amazing future ahead of us.

I look back at my journey through life and stand tall and proud of all of the adversities I've faced that have molded me into the multifaceted individual I am today. It is time to break the preconceived judgments and long-lasting stereotypes that have been engraved into our society. It is time to live and breathe in celebration of all people, regardless of somatic differences, because we all represent a garden of roses. We differ in color, shape, and stature, but each of us carries our own beautiful story. A story unlike anyone else's.

Now look at me, standing here in front of you in this beautiful dress. But is that what makes me beautiful? Or is it my naturally kinky hair or my darker-shaded skin tone? Or is it my high-pitched voice or my over-sized smile? It is my imperfections that make me a REAL princess. I am an undefined rose; not one you can find in the picture books of your local library, but one that has grown and transformed into a strong, young woman ready to change the world.

Wake up. You can stop dreaming now; open your eyes, because your rose has arrived.