

Dear Me, I Love You.

A Love Poem a Day for a Year ♡ Month 1

Written by Louise Gallagher



About: Dear Me, I Love You

A decade ago, I spent a year writing a daily love poem to my husband. That practice taught me the immense, sustaining power of love, even in the darkest times. Now, it's time to turn that unwavering devotion inward. This series, **Dear Me, I Love You**, is the result of a commitment to write a love poem to myself every single day for one year. This compilation represents the first month of that journey, a deep dive into the sometimes difficult, always necessary work of radical self-acceptance.

The creation of these poems became its own lesson in vulnerability and trust. The daily ritual demands a choice: to choose surrender over certainty, acceptance over criticism, and grace over judgment. Within these pages, you will witness a transformation—a journey from seeking external validation to standing firm in the truth that your worth is non-negotiable. It is a chronicle of learning that the love you seek is the love you are already made of, revealed one heartfelt poem at a time.

With Love, always,



I invite you to [follow along on my Substack](#) – you can also read the intro to each poem there as well.

Month 1

Week 1

1. The Mirror Never Lies

Love is a mystery
continually unfolding
my life's work, unraveling
re-woven, again and again
into a tapestry of endless hues.
A thread of love stitched through them all.
Time distorts truth,
but the mirror never lies.
So tell me— do you love you too?

2. The Dive Within

The Dive Within

by Louise Gallagher

There's something about you
drawing me in
inviting me deeper
deeper still
into who you are
when life's storms crash
headlong
into your path.

There's something about you
I want to know
 what hides
 behind the perfect smile
the pleasant manners
the gifts within
 left untouched
 still
I want to love you,
 truly,
 madly,
deeply.

I roto-rooter
into your depths
 plummeting fearlessly.
Your mysteries, lie
 naked
 on the bed

 of your secrets
tumbling out
like blood escaping an open
wound,
 splashing red and juicy
 onto the psychic plain
of your unexplored, fertile being.

I want to fall in love
with all of it -
your wounded nature
 your scarred memories
 your fearful thoughts
that keep you wide awake
when night is falling
 into the depths
 calling me
to dive deeper
deeper still
into the silky stillness
of all I become
when I find myself
 standing
 soft of heart
 strong of back
at the edge
where the light shines
brightest in the dark.

3. Aren't I Fascinating!

Today's poem is a list of three mistakes that gave me a chance to love myself completely.

- Confronting a stranger: I spoke up when a stranger tried to make her needs for comfort more important than my need for safety.

I love myself for having the courage to move past my childhood fear of someone getting angry when I state my needs.

- Fashion faux-pas: When I realized I had accidentally worn my top inside out all day, I laughed out loud.

I love myself for being able to laugh at myself and not feel embarrassed by how I look or dress.

- Lost and found: I thought I had lost my wallet. I phoned stores and retraced my steps with no luck. Then, I spied it on the kitchen counter, under a pile of papers. I threw my hands up and exclaimed, "Aren't I fascinating!"

I love how I'm continually open to learning new ways to handle life with compassion, laughter, and love.

4. Not Lost

Not Lost

by Louise Gallagher

Fog,
 shrouds of white,
vestal virgins dancing,
morning sun pushing,
 struggling,
 groping—
a breakthrough?
 Feels
 impossible.
Walking,
 shadows looming,
mist drifting effortlessly.
I am
 Persephone
 lost,
the underworld
 luring me
 deeper.
Squinting,
 I peer into
the misty veil,
searching
 senses cloudy
 I struggle
Sense-making
 in the fear
of not knowing
 where I am.
Stumbling,
 eyes open wide—
hope
invades,
 my soul
 whispers
I am here

walking with you
 in every direction.

Senses dimmed,
 sounds muffled,
I search for a way
to part the
 mists,
 a Biblical tale
of parting the waters,
 searching
 for a sign
anything that says
 Follow. Here.
 The way forward.

Breathing,
 shards of sunlight
pierce the gloom,
a red pin
 dropped,
 a sparkling spotlight
 shimmering
on this place
where I am
 falling
 effortlessly
 in love
with finding myself,
 walking out of the foggy fear
 of believing I was lost.

I was never lost.
 I just didn't know
 where I was
 until Love
found me. Here.

5. I Am Enough

I am enough.

To love myself completely, I must accept the unlovable parts I try to hide, fearing your judgment will be harsher than mine.

Yet, you will never judge me more harshly than I judge myself when I tell myself lies to convince myself I am stuck, not enough, unlovable.

No matter what I tell myself, I am so lovable in my wounded spaces, and healed ones, too.

I am so lovable, even in my own harsh judgment of my worthiness, my truth, and my loveliness.

I am enough.

6. To Love All of Me

Love in the Broken Places

By Louise Gallagher

To love
the broken pieces
strewn across the tapestry
of my life
I must hold on
To Love
And relinquish
my need to fix
the pieces
I deem unacceptable.
They are as much a part
of me
as all the pieces
I deem show-worthy.

Month 1: Week 2

7. Trust in Love

I am driving back from Calgary. My daughter, her partner, two dogs and I.
We're pulling a small trailer loaded with the last of our belongings that were in storage.

At the end of the month we'll have lived on the island for almost year. Beginnings and endings

Last night, we stayed in a small city that just a couple of years ago was impacted by raging wildfires. A week ago, the highway over the Coquihalla was closed due to wildfires. The air is redolent with charred earth. In the distance fires still rage. Heavy smoke clogs the sky.

Beginnings and endings. Endings and beginnings.

I sit in the backseat with my daughter's dogs and the words come. Trust.

I am learning to trust in Love.

Trust in Love

by Louise Gallagher

Restless night,
strange bed, tired.
I search for words.
Love answers
 "Trust me.
 Stop searching.
 The words will come."
And so it is.
Love is always present.

8. In the Unhealed Spaces

Unhealed Spaces

Sometimes a memory of a painful moment
appears in my mind
like a zit on a cheek
the day before the wedding.
It blemishes the moment,
urging me to pop it,
even though I know
one act will only make it worse.
So I choose to cover it up instead.

To heal the unhealed spaces of memory,
I must love myself enough
to resist the urge to hide,
and choose instead to pop it—
like a balloon after the party.

Sometimes I pretend
I don't know what to do to heal,
and try instead to cover up
my pain,
my confusion,
my hurts,
my blemishes.

In those moments,
I must choose to love myself anyway,
in all ways.

It's the most loving thing I can do.

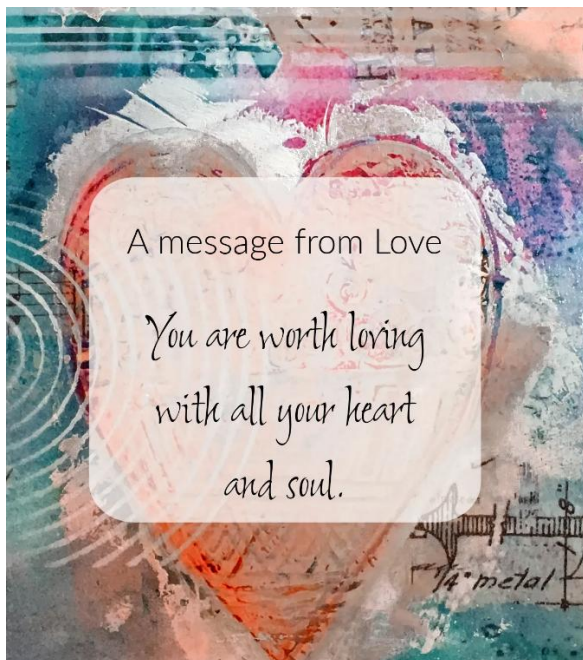
9. A Message from Love

Love whispered softly this morning, knowing that when the voice of self-doubt rages, yelling for my attention is futile. "Your worth is not a commodity," she whispered. "It's not for sale to the highest bidder, or something you can buy. You are worthy because you are." In her gentle breath, I feel the tendrils of an emotional trigger point begin to fade, and the deep and tender memory of my inherent worth begins to embrace all of me.

Self-love isn't an indulgence; it is a profound necessity. To stand fully present, soft of heart and strong of back in this world of contradiction and disparity — where helplessness often rages at the things and people over which I have no control — I must relinquish the need to scramble and beg for someone else's love to validate my worth.

My worth is not a thing. It is not a commodity, a trading piece on the board of life. It is the very essence of my inner journey, reaching into those spaces where my child-self — who once felt abandoned, frightened, and unprotected—now feels my angst and fear of those same old wounds.

My responsibility isn't to "fix" the world around me, but to trust the quiet places within. It is here that I stop looking for someone "out there" to provide the connection, safety, and protection my child-self so deeply needs.



10. What I can Change

What I Can Change

by Louise Gallagher

I cannot change
 my height
 my age
 my place of birth

I can change
 my attitude
 my mind
 my beliefs

And still,
 knowing what I know
 is not all
 of who I am
or want to be
 I still want
to be
 taller
 younger
 different

Loving myself
 completely
 demands
I let go
 of refusing
to change the things
 within me
 that I know
do not work
to make space
for loving it all.

11. How to Avoid Loving Yourself

How To Avoid Loving Yourself

by Louise Gallagher

Blame:

others,
yourself,
the past,
the system,
the rich,
the poor.

Blame someone, anyone,
everyone

Blame yourself if all else fails.

If even that fails, blame the toilet,
and then clean it.

(A practical, convenient
and socially acceptable tool
to avoid everything.)

Overeat.

Overspend.

Overindulge.

Overdrink.

Oversleep.

Over-veg-out.

Doom scroll.

Underachieve.

Underdeliver.

Under commit.

Undermine someone, anyone,
everyone

Undervalue yourself.

Watch a scary movie that truly
terrifies you

let your mind be consumed with
celluloid fears,

so you don't have to face the one
that matters most

and do the one thing you're most
afraid of.

Love yourself.

12. The Smile Line

What Do You See?

by Louise Gallagher

I see you.
Smirking.
Looking back at me.
Eyes squinting,
desperate to soften
what you see.

What do you see?
Fingers pulling cheeks back,
stretching skin like a grotesque
joker
smiling,
trying to hide time's memory,
etched in lines upon this face,
so familiar
and so much older now
that time has had its way.

I see your desperation.

Your futile attempts to erase
all signs of life
except the ones worth keeping,
deemed acceptable
by a societal norm
that has grown weary with age.

Can you see me?
Loving me anyway,
despite what others say
I should do
with the mask of time
written in lines
I do not want to erase
yet sometimes wish
I could.

I love me.
What about you?

13. To Love Oneself is Simple

I Do. Again and Again.

by Louise Gallagher

To love oneself
is to surrender
those romantic notions
that insist self-love means
you will never feel
disappointed,
challenged,
confused,
or consternated
by yourself.

Loving oneself is real simple.

I do.
I don't.

I choose
"I do"
and when I falter
I choose
"I do"
again and again.

14. It's Okay to Not Be Okay

Some Days

by Louise Gallagher

Some days,
when time is short
and the to-dos grow longer,
and my mind feels skittish
and my heart weary,
love whispers quietly
"It's okay. Tomorrow is another day."

Some days,
loving myself
means letting myself feel
the ennui
of not being okay,
and being okay
with not being okay.

Month 1: Week 3

15. Go Big or Go Home

Go Big or Go Home
by Louise Gallagher
They say
age:
it's just a number.

They say
go big
or go home.

I say,
love is bigger than anything.
Grow big love.
Weave it into everything
so age becomes
not just a number
but an inconsequential thread
overshadowed by love
bringing me home
to loving myself
more
the bigger the number gets.

16. To Love or Not to Love Yourself

To Love Yourself

by Louise Gallagher

Not loving yourself
empowers others.
Disrespect,
disregard,
and lack of consideration
grow in the shadows
of your diminishing belief
in your value and worth.

Loving yourself
empowers you
to expect and accept
only what you deserve:
respect,
regard,
consideration,
goodness,
because you know
your worth and value
are non-negotiable.

17. The Constancy of Love

The Ebb and Flow

by Louise Gallagher

The earth orbits the sun,
 seasons turn.
Leaves fall,
 from green to red and gold.
The moon waxes and wanes,
 tides rise and fall,
and time flows on,
 a river to the sea,
reminding us always
 that change is in the air
we breathe,
 every step
we take,
 every moment
of our lives.

And still,
 even in the ebb
and flow of this sea of life,
 even when we feel lost,
and we sit alone
 in the deep darkness
of a long winter's night,
 Love remains,
a constant reminder
 that no matter how fast
or slow
 the world seems to be turning,
Love never forsakes us.
 It fills the air
all around
 and within us,
lighting the way
 home to our heart.

18. What We Grow

What We Feed, Grows

by Louise Gallagher

Feed confusion:

add uncertainty.

Feed uncertainty:

add divisiveness.

Feed divisiveness:

add hatred.

Feed hatred:

add anger.

Feed anger:

add hatred.

To quell it all,

add only Love.

Only love can consume

what eats us up

from the inside out.

Only love can grow

where fear once lived.

19. A Love Note to My Body

A Love Note to My Body

Dear Body,

Too often, I have spoken ill of you. Shamed you. Blamed you. Ignored you. Treated you with disdain and disgust. I have pretended your needs don't matter.

Every day you are with me, supporting me, carrying me, and moving me. Yet so seldom have I acknowledged your presence, celebrated your gifts, or appreciated your needs. So seldom have I been truly present with you.

Accountability is the gateway to empowerment.

I acknowledge that I have treated you badly. I have not been accountable for how I have spoken to you, treated you, or simply been with you. I apologize.

I commit to being a better host, a more present partner, a more loving co-creator of my life. I commit to being as supportive a companion for you as you are for me on this journey of a lifetime. I commit to paying attention to how I speak to you, of you, and with you. To how I treat you, what I feed you, and how I care for you.

We have been together for all of my life and will be together until my very last breath. Thank you for loving me even when the things I do to you hurt you.

I love you. All of you. Just the way you are.

With love, your loving partner,

Me

20. The Birthday I Missed

Awash in Love's Eternal Grace

by Louise Gallagher

I forgot your birthday yesterday.

It came and went.
And in its quiet passing,
I understood the tears
gathered at the edge of my vision,
threatening to spill my emotions
onto the day
like rice flung haphazardly
on an aisle of happily-ever-after.

I miss you, sis.
I miss our talks,
our laughter,
the recipes we shared
the times we spent together.
I miss knowing you are here
and not gone to some ever-after.

And all I can do to stem the tears
is hold the love we shared so close,
I feel your presence
filling my aching heart
rich with memories of you
as I walk in the here and now
awash in Love's eternal grace.

21. My Worth is Non-Negotiable

Non-negotiable

by Louise Gallagher

My worth is not for sale.

The essence of who I am
cannot be diminished
nor changed
nor destroyed
It cannot be measured
nor bought
nor sold
My worth is non-negotiable.

I was born worthy
because I am
worthy
of Love and compassion
dignity and respect
Always.

When I stand
strong of back
soft of heart
accepting with grace the all
of who I am
in the dark of night
and the light of day
Love embraces me and whispers

"Believe in who you are.
You are so Loving.
Lovable.
Lovely and Loved.
Just the way you are."

And so it is.

Month 1: Week 4

22. The Answer
by Louise Gallagher

What do you do
with emotions
hiding
behind your eyes
blocked by the fear
of releasing a tsunami
of unending tears
or anger
or grief?

What do you do
with fear
stalking
your every footstep,
every thought,
as it parades
as the voice of
reason and calm
wisdom and truth?

What do you do
with all of you,
standing naked
before the mirror,
reflecting your mind's
accusations,
the litany of sins
you've told yourself you've
committed
against yourself?

Love yourself.
Truly.
Madly.
Deeply.
Love yourself.

Love is
always
the answer.

23. Boundaries Are Not A Barrier

Where We Stand

by Louise Gallagher

I set a boundary.
You kept crossing it
because I refused to love myself
enough to believe
my boundaries deserved to be respected.

I got mad at you.
You got mad at me.

I set a boundary
and cared enough
about our relationship
to let you know
where not to cross the line.

You didn't get mad at me.
I didn't get mad at you.

Boundaries are not a barrier.
They are a beautiful expression
of love,
respect,
and caring enough
for one another,
we let each other know
where not to cross the line,
so we never have to wonder
where we stand.

24. Beyond the Mirror

Lost Count

by Louise Gallagher

The question
I ask the face in the mirror
is not,
“Who’s the fairest of them all?”

The question is,
“How do you love thee?
Can you count the ways?”

I’ve lost count.

25. The Mirror's Silence

The Answer in the Glass

by Louise Gallagher

“Do you love me?”
the mirror asked.

And she turned away,
searching for the answer
in all the wrong places,
only to find her heart
lost and broken
in someone else's
dream of love.

Turning back to the mirror,
she asked the silent glass,
“Do you love me?”

The reflection offered no reply,
remaining still and silent
until one day
tired of dancing
with the shadows
searching for love
in someone's else's reflection
she stopped searching
and turned back to see herself
waiting
to welcome her home.

On that day,
the glass finally broke its silence.
“Yes, I do,”
her reflection replied.

26. The Heart's Drop

by Louise Gallagher

Do you remember
the first time
you felt
your heart
d
r
o
p
as you
f
e
l
l
in love
with someone
you believed
would love you
the way you couldn't
l
o
v
e
yourself?

Do you remember
the first time
you felt
your heart
b
r
e
a
k
torn to pieces
by words
so cruel
you swore
you'd never
f
a
l
l
in love
again?

Do you remember
the way
your body
f
e
l
t
sheltered
in someone else's arms,
held
so close
you believed
you'd never
f
e
e
l
alone
again,
until you
l
o
s
t
touch
with yourself
and discovered
no one else
can give you the love
you
d
e
s
i
r
e
until you
f
a
l
l
truly, madly, deeply
in love
with yourself.

27. In the Stillness of Defeat

Broken Open

by Louise Gallagher

I used to believe
the search was the only way
to find love,
prostrating myself
at the altar of another,
begging them to love me enough
so I could love myself.
Until, lost in self-denial,
I finally stopped.

In the stillness of my defeat,
I felt my heart
break
open
to reveal
not shattered pieces,
but beautiful diamonds
shimmering in the truth,
Love was always there.

Wherever I am,
wherever you are,
there is only Love.

Day 28: Punching Above Your Weight

Do You Love Yourself?

by Louise Gallagher

Little hummingbird,
settle
your pounding heart
beat
your wings
a restless blur
of non-stop motion.

What do you know
of love, little one?

Do you love
the flowers
you feast upon

with such loyal
commitment
and pounding heart?

Do you love
your fierce flights of fancy
flinging your body
with such resolute
ambition
through the air?

Do you love
Yourself?

Day 29: [Figuring It Out Is For Math Class](#)

Day 29: Surrender

by Louise Gallagher

I thought by now

I'd have it all

figured out.

But the closer I look,

the more I discover

questions yet

to figure out.

Perhaps it isn't about

figuring anything out,

but about trusting

the simple process

of living each day,

learning to love ourselves

without judgment,

criticism,

or disdain.

Perhaps to love ourselves,

we need to accept:

figuring it out is for math class;

living the unanswered questions,

trusting the journey reveals

the answers,

is for life.

Day 30: Holding Onto Nothing, I Fall

Love and Anger

by Louise Gallagher

Lovingly,
love whispered to Anger,
“Breathe.
Let it wash through you
like a wave through sand.”

But Anger hissed,
“I need this fire to feel alive.
With the flames searing
the edges of my fears,
I feel less alone.”

“You have nothing to fear,
for I am always with you,” replied Love.
Arms opened wide,
her heart beat a wild song of hope.
Love poured her essence over Anger,
compassionately consuming the flame
with tender care.

Anger cried out in confusion,
“Where has my fire gone?
It was all I had to hold onto.”

“Hold onto nothing,” said Love.
“Let me be your anchor,
Your North Star.”

Anger
resisted
futilely
it was
no match
for
Love’s boundless power
flowed
without pause
extinguishing
the confusion,
loathing,
and fear
that fed
Anger’s fiery nature,
until
as it was in the beginning
and will be until the end,
only
Love remained, burning bright.