

A Wonder of the World

My fellow creatives,

I submit this next piece of evidence to the *Wonder of the World* archive for your consideration:

Me.

Arrogant?

Maybe.

But hear me out.

I skim through the day,
reading faces and lips,
my brain on overload,
attempting to open hearts and doors,
existing in a world intent on locking me out.

I use whatever is at my disposal:
my words,
my love,
my intellect,
brute force.

Some doors unlock.
Some wedge open slightly.
Others are ironclad and immobile –
no hint of movement.

Of course, I damage myself in the process.
You don't build any sort of life without a few scrapes.
Scar tissue dots every inch of my sun-kissed skin.

But I nurse my wounds.

I rise.

We rise.

Every.

Single.

Time.

The medical model tells us we're lacking –
that in this world, not built for us, we must assimilate.

But how miraculous is it that, even in a place designed for our failure, we still commit to thriving?

To caring.

To living.

I'd urge you all to love yourself into wonder.

Submit yourself to the archive

and say out loud:

I am a wonder of this world.

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