

you are the prize (and others)

you are the prize

23

looking for

33

hoping for

21

longing for

49

creatives and weirdos

travelers and foodies

friends and dates

strangers and lovers

i prefer they prefer we prefer

empathy

communication

respectrespectrespect

in every aspect

of conversation

of friendship

of sex

of love

no drama just

empathy

communication

respectrespectrespect

i prefer they prefer we prefer

he she they

she they he

they he she

are

beyond preference

beyond the box

beyond this life

becoming more

where

when

how

let me tell you

let me tell you

how
when
where
to stop hiding yourself
from them
when
to stop shrinking yourself
for them
how
instead
to
add your light
add your strength
add your brilliance
instead
when you think of them
think of you
when you listen to them
listen to you
when you hold them
hold you
when you obsess over them
obsess over you
when you adore them
adore you
when you honor them
honor you
23
looking for
33
hoping for
21
longing for
49
your self
honey
you
are
the
prize.

my mother is

my mother is

the most beautiful thing you've ever seen

she is gorgeous

colorful

the full spectrum of the rainbow

every day

my mother shines and glows

the brightest in a space

she guides me through the darkest corners

of the universe

my mother is

warmth

a campfire on a cool evening

my mother keeps me grounded

she hugs me close and when I fall

i fall right back into her embrace

my mother is

grace

she glides through space

elegant in her movement

and powerful in her control

my mother is

curvy and full

she has highs and lows

she keeps me on my toes

she is destruction

she is creation

a perfect circle

never-ending

going on and on

she is infinite

my mother is

unconditional

there is no such thing as superficial

her heart runs deep

so many layers you cannot simplify

we are part of each other

i am from her

and will never forget it

never forget who made me

never forget who made us

our mother is the breath in our lungs
our mother is the food in our bellies
our mother is the water for our souls
our mother is love

unconditional

she is protection

she is sacred

she gives us everything

she asks for nothing

it is our turn

to hold her up

to keep her color alive

to feed and restore her

to sustain her breath

her life

her soul

our Mother

Earth

i try to write about you and nothing comes out

i try to write about you and everything comes out

aka: loving

reflections

there are some days i wonder what parts of you lie inside me
if the way i think or speak or act has anything to do with
nature instead of nurture
i could stare at my reflection forever and never know
if the way my smile curls up
higher on the right side than the left
has any connection to yours
or if my eyes
are a product of mom's blue and your...
i wonder if
moments of anger or creativity
also show themselves in you when you feel too much
how do you see the world around you
are you a pessimist or an optimist
do you prefer being indoors or outdoors
what foods do you hate
what things do you love
do you care about anyone or anything but yourself
do you have regrets
i wonder
if you ever stare at your reflection
and think of me.

skin suit

at the end of the day
i take off my skin suit and
gaze
at the hovering mass of
Fat
Muscles
Tendons
Nerves
things I don't understand
but who understand me
perfectly
and I apologize
for how I criticize
how I manipulate
and hide
all those gorgeous
layers
keeping me alive
i peer through the Fat
i swerve between Muscles
i shrink into Tendons
i float across Nerves
taking in everything
slowly
appreciating without understanding
and I thank them
the nourishment of my belly and the assuredness of my feet and the strength of my legs and
the embrace of my arms and the caress of my hands and the blush of my cheeks and the pain of
my heart and the processing of my brain and the joy of my soul...
on and on and on until
i can step back in
a bit more whole
than before