

Damaged Good

I was born 1000 years
Ancient in my bones
Split me open and you'll see it
spaghetti-like hieroglyphics
Past, present, future
Bloody guts that read like tea leaves

I was meant to be here.

I was born 1000 pounds
Plus the weight of the world
Some may call it gravity

Shared humanity weighs like gold.

I was born with ugly truth
Resting in my lungs
Walking pneumonia
Disease of a misplaced soul

Human being not belonging.

I was born in nakedness
Crying out for God.
Inheritance of brokenness
I was not born to understand

I was born to love.

And then some more---infinity

I have spent so much of my life
Running from your choices

And your mistakes

Ashamed of this

Hiding from the part of myself
That is made up of you

Tortured by our misunderstandings

Enraged by your denial

Pushing you away

Wishing for more

For both of us.

I am starting to love myself the way
Both of us needed

I am starting to live the life
Both of us dreamt of

I am starting to understand
That your wounds are mine

The part of me that is made up of you,
I am starting to love her.

My life is for both of us.
Your life has been for both of us too.

That is the only understanding we may get.

My inheritance has been your steady love.
Your legacy will be my joy-filled life.
Mother, I love you.

I don't want to hear the song you wrote me because

Your absence was felt on a cellular level
Not a wholesome void.
I do not blame you for what you did not provide.
I only begrudge you, what was stolen from me.
I lost a part of myself.
½
Gone.
You were a ghost appendage.
Not Knowing you was not knowing myself.
I could not put words to the unease I felt in my own skin.
I could not put a finger on the feeling of not belonging.
Your crime was not in leaving, but in never showing up.
Never needed an apology
Only acknowledgement.
You could not put words to the unease that you felt in your own skin.
You could not put a finger on the feeling of not belonging.
Can we talk about that man?
The man who was afraid.
The man who was hurt.
We tiptoe around him now and all of those years.
But he is who I have really missed
He is who I have really been looking for
Will he ever show up?
Do you understand?
Do you understand that
I have been looking for myself
You are here now
but
Father, I don't know you.

Nature vs. Nurture

Dear Ancestors

I'm learning about how
Your pain
Is written into
My DNA

About how the traumas
Of our
Ancestors
Echo
Through our wombs

And the way we
wear the fear of
Our fathers

The way this
Kind of
bleeding
Is branded into
Our fate

This is the science
Of our shared humanity

The constellation
Of these open wounds
Transcends generations

It is how I know you
looked into the same sky,
Knowing you
felt the
Same fragility

Seeking truth
Hungry for healing
Finding refuge
In the same stars that I do.

Nature vs. Nurture

Stop Hiding from Love

There is a shifting
Of a spirit

Refreshed in the
Knowledge

It was never about

craving

absence

Or virtue

The void was always

In your capacity to receive.