

## A Happening

My pregnant mother had to get a surgery to get a tumor out of her womb

No total anesthesia, to keep me alive and breathing inside of her

The scar will never go away

The scar she never cares to cover with an empowering tattoo

Scar she never writes about, never posts on Instagram

Scar she keeps as a memento, that only she knows the depth and width of

My mother taught me:

True power is when you are able to keep things to yourself, because they matter to you  
on a different depth of psyche

True power is when you influence with kindness, to take time healing

To give impact at the end and not the beginning

To transform and not to change.

The explosiveness that I am becoming, maybe she thinks that it's not pretty

Or maybe she secretly wishes that she can carry out words like I do

Words so pushy and so demanding for changes

I know nothing of secrets or of transformations

I know nothing of patience

I was raised in a world where:

If there is no flower vine tattoo over your stomach scar,

Then there is no empowerment,

Just an event,

A happening.

## Maybe It's Just Me Turning 25

My heart has been aching,

I don't know if it is a heart condition or shame

Or hatred – I'm not going to pretend that this is not a possibility

My heart feels like it craves to hear its own pang when it shatters

Like it is ready to be ripped,

Asking to be ripped

By anyone, anytime

My heart wants to scream without any tongue

The way an off-tuned guitar wants to play    Let It Be,

and Let It Go,

and Wish You Were Here

It wants to cheat with words it never knows

Like despise or demise

Or—

Or angst

It wants to taste the wood and the moss.

My heart has been aching,

Like a normal person missing her faraway home in the middle of grocery shopping,

Picking vegetables they do not want to eat,

Just to put them in the middle of the fridge each week, each month, every damn year

It is frightening to have something our 5-year-old self thought was monstrous turns into a routine

Yet we choose to be frightened over and over again

The dull over the shiny

The difficult over the easy

The new over the comfortable

Yet new things are both shiny but difficult, but comfort is often unreasonable

My heart longs for Sisyphus not Atlas

Something that punishes without an end

Something anxious, something ugly

Something unceasingly hungry