



REMEMBER FROM THE INSIDE

beyond the deep roots  
of fear  
that churn and nauseate  
in the stomach

these bodies are shells for living

even the hardening crusts of hurt  
invite the self to be born

this life is journey  
and meant to be lived this way

some provoke it  
perhaps acting on instinct

too far beneath  
to really know why

it doesn't feel sweet  
but it is

some journey with us  
hand in hand  
heart in heart

this is sweet too

I miss this kind of knowing  
with each other  
that was before this journey

what we knew  
what we laughed about  
what we chose  
when all we could feel  
in the silence  
was yes

because sometimes now  
I wonder if I can really make it further  
if my blind eyes  
can remember enough  
from that time

this journey flows  
taking with it  
structures  
once beautiful

and dispersing them  
petals back into the river

reminding me  
this is a time of waking  
even if others or ourselves  
don't accept that

from churning  
from longing  
from inside

please know  
please remember  
please open

practice love  
practice remembering

SEEING

Tennessee Woolf, 2010