

Forgiveness, pt. 1

As the force of a wave slams against the shore
Boulders morph into sharp rocks that hurt to hide its core
Rocks into pebbles, held tightly in the palm of a hand
And pebbles into an eternity of soft, inviting sand

My love for you-a creation that knows life and death-
Erodes the jagged edges of my resentfulness,
Submitting to a quiet, merciful overpowering,
As the vessel of transformation rounds my soul

I do not know what it means to forgive
But I know I'm ready to learn peace.
What do I do with anger that is no longer there?
What do I do with love that is meant to be shared?

A grain of sand knows the humility of the boulder,
The journey of abandoning a sturdy, unwavering rigidness,
To become a collection of passed moments
That ebbs and flows with the changes of the tide

I do not know yet what the grain of sand knows
All I know is that I wake up in the mornings
Less and less hateful of the wrongdoings I saw
A human's view to that of the heavens.

May my understanding endlessly expand.

Love Letter to My Youth

My dad must have had a lonely youth.
Once upon a time, he told me wistfully,
A rare gray amid his blinding white anger
And his emotional blackout
That he would never go back to his twenties,
So full of it was the torment of uncertainty
And the agony of the bottom rung,
Though he still thought it special
For without it, he wouldn't have been
Doctor, professor, revered enigma
Decorated and respected
Show no weakness, stop for no one

I am now nearing the end of my youth.
I look back on it, knowing I'm nearly there,
I think of my dad's one track minded wisdom
How he saw his youth as a stepping stone
A carved out, but necessary path
And I see mine as winter,
An inescapable season, weary and cold
But with a devoted promise of renewal
I flip through the pages of my hardest years
And I see unmistakable divinity,
A comforting, strong presence
That reminds me of my worth
The way a father should
The period I spent alone,
Revealing resilience and strength
How to become who I am
And who I believe I can be
The people that came and left
The people that stayed
Mirrors that reflect truthfully
Invaluable lessons and love
The roads less traveled
With few footprints, barely visible in inches of snow
Under murky skies and shadows of trees

A hint of spring, glorious and alive
In the ray of sun that peaks out
From between an open stitch in a quilt of clouds

I am now nearing the end of my youth
And I am starting to understand with my entire being
What it means to feel warm in my own skin
My roots have grown deep
Nourished and protected
A sapling looks up at a tree
And knows that's where she'll be

To my beautifully scarred youth,
I dedicate the rest of my life to you.

Friendship

I made a little village
Just for me
It's cozy and warm
Me becomes we

I built it with prayer
A prayer said on hands and knees
A prayer for a neighbor, a lover, a friend
Eyes shut, whispering into my clasped hands
For an unrequested hug, an uplifting arm
Each prayer a brick laid on top of another
To make shelter for me in patience as
I sat and waited for

The beautiful souls
That flooded in, once I realized
I deserve all that and more
And I never needed to lack,
To be loved and cared for

I hold my little village close to me
I am blessed to love what I made

What true fortune it is to feel
The peace of being where I belong

Perhaps a little piece of me was
the magic I needed all along