

## **Pearl of great price**

I acknowledge you,  
I see you  
I hear you  
I accept you  
I believe you  
I love you  
I'm here  
I got you  
You're safe  
You're heard  
You're seen  
You're loved  
You're wanted  
You're enough  
You're brave  
You're a badass Bitch  
You're fierce  
I'm proud of you  
You're feelings are valid  
You are so worthy

## **Flames**

My eyes tell stories I'll never speak  
My heart holds pain, grief, unawareness, unconsciousness  
My body a tsunami of questions  
Confusion  
Memories  
Truth hidden in these bones  
Speak  
Be free  
Remember you are the ocean  
Chaotic and calm  
You are every mistake  
Every crease  
Every loose end  
Every fear  
Every dissociation  
Flooding the missing parts of me  
You don't get me anymore  
You don't need to protect me anymore  
You are the flood  
You are every tsunami  
You are every truth

You are every blessing  
You are every heartbeat  
You are you  
Be free  
Be free

### **Dollhouse prison**

My body is a dollhouse  
My bones  
Every inch of myself are pieces  
Pieces  
I didn't even know could exist  
Beautiful yet so fragile  
They play with them like fireworks  
Never knowing when they will go off  
My body is a dollhouse  
My mind is a hurricane  
Always on alert  
Anticipating  
I've carved myself into  
Wait  
No  
Stop  
No  
Speechless  
Keeping them sharp

I am ART  
I carry a backpack  
Broken glass made out of pieces of my past  
Able to create a whole house  
Generations of pain  
They loved the way I blossomed  
I carry a box full of bandaids  
Covering them up  
Yet they are still there  
You can hear them whisper stories of injustice and tears  
Black and blue paint  
I carry around beautiful  
Speechless art  
Each belonging to someone who  
Plucked pieces of my beauty  
Isn't it a blessing to be alive

## Family Matters

Family matters

Yet

What if you're a part of one where they say

"It's hard to know what to do"

What if the "person" who has accepted you into her family

Isn't fully conscious of how to help

Limits

Limits surrounds communication

I wish I could speak without being interrupted

My limits are like hidden bombs

You can see it, yet all of the sudden it goes off

I wonder what life is gonna be life

From here on out

Why can't I be heard

Why can't I be seen

Why can't I be accepted

What is wrong with me

I'm scared

I feel like garbage at first it's wanted

It has little things in it,

It's easy then all of the sudden it gets full and sticky and heavy and

Lost

"I'm lost for words when we speak to each other"

"I don't want to say the wrong things"

I don't need you to be perfect

I don't want you to perfect

I want you to speak without filtering

Taken out like nothing mattered

No one knows how to handle things that are

Full of trauma

I feel like a coffin

Everyone knows something died

yet

I have learned sometimes there is no funeral

No coffin for something that is dead

What if I am the flowers that blooms

By things, people that are dead

When did death surround me again?

When did the coffin bless me?

When did I start feeling unsafe?

Like a wasp

Always ready to sting