



She

by Carolina Wagner

April 2018

2018

She is not the temple, she is the warrior
She is not a object of desire or
admiration, she is alive, vibrating with
passion. Pulsating with love, glowing with
light. She feels, falls, gets up, stands up
and keeps on.... one step at the time, one
day at the time, feeling the pain, the joy
and the beauty of being alive.

She? She doesn't need your admiration,
your pity, your love or your acceptance
she gives herself everything she needs.
'Cause she has withstand storms, storms
of hatred, storms of her own hatred and
She she has come out strong, humble,
shining her light, her shadows. In Love
with herself

She is not her form, nor her limits or her wars, she is her movement, her pleasure, her ability to stretch, jump and expand. She is her strength, her scars, her black holes that open up that swallow her, that let the light in, where the flowers grow and the fire burns. The night, the darkness, confusion, the unknown, the path that gets lost just to rediscover itself, the dance and the dancer, the runner that outruns herself.

She is the magic, she arches, moves, laughs, shrinks, crumples, roars. She is the strength in vulnerability to expose herself to the world, to step outside without her shields, her armour she has polished over years. Her roots, as deep as the ocean, expanding her wings, she flies.

Brave enough to be, to let herself be carried by the wind by the emptiness beneath her, the stars above her. Hurricanes of anger washing away the dust of inactivity, thunders of laughter nourishing humanity. She is the all in everything, the universe in expansion, the light and the darkness.

She? She is my **MUM!**

She is the one who has given me life, the expression of mother earth, wild and free. Who held my heart nine months close to hers, showed me how to listen to it, listen how it whispers, how my soul speaks and feels, grows, and connects. How to stand up for myself, for others when the only thing I want to do is disappear into nowhere, anywhere. She thought me trust, trust in myself, in life, in love.

She is the one who showed me what love is, what love means, that it needs courage, honesty, and care. And much more communication than I would like.

She is the all in everything, the universe in expansion, the light and the darkness.

She? Is Life in its raw and radiant essence

Happy Birthday Mum.