

YOU ARE HERE NOW

You are here

Now.

But How? you ask

You've been through hell and back,
countless panic attacks.

You hold your story
in the crook of your neck,
always gotta double-check
if you're okay or in purgatory.

Disconnected from your body,
numbing the shame with another hot toddy.

Running the blame like, *Why can't I trust anybody?*

But remember, you are here

Now.

Let us vow

to ourselves that we will allow
ourselves to reach for the sky
with a deep breath in and a deep breath out.

Untwist that spine
so we stand up like we love ourselves or something.

Wiggle your shoulders
like you are the beholder
of your own beautiful existence.

Take your story
and any resistance
from the crook of your neck
and let
yourself breathe in the morning and all it's glory.

Scoop the earth
with your strong hands and spread your arms like wings.
Fly to safety- this is your rebirth.

So give yourself a bow
because you are here

Now.