

A breathe

*Dedicated-- to Larielle, and every mom, everywhere that will go the length, through the fire, to the edge and through deep water for their children....*

A breathe is not a sigh of relief,

A breathe is a space in time,

Out of tragedy,

Out of adversity,

From ash,

Arises from a Petri-dish,

A breathe,

A mom finds tenacity,

She finds vibrancy,

Of every waking moment,

A mom finds opportunity,

In a breathe,

A longing heart of what pains like a life time,

A courageous spirit,  
Fights Goliath,  
She carries sword and shield into every battle field,

Out of a breathe,  
A victory!!  
Another,  
then another,

Out of breathe,  
Not one prisoner,  
Never a closed door,  
Out of a breathe,  
A mom will burrow her way through steel,  
Cat walk a ledge,  
Cut through a tree trunk with a butter knife,  
Out of a breathe,

A stolen smile,  
Sweet piece of chocolate,  
Yet none consoles in a breathe,

Do so much,  
Leaps and bounds,  
Lap after lap,  
In a breathe,  
A mom has a mission,

Be better,  
Be more,  
Get more,

All for the love of our darling children,

Decisions to preserve and protect their innocence,  
To comfort them,  
To bring smiles to their faces,

Decisions made in a breathe,

A moment,  
'twas a space in time,  
'twas a breathe just enough to tear down walls,  
With the strength of 10 men,

A breathe,  
From a mom,  
Is all she needs,  
A breathe for a mighty warrior, Queen,  
A mom....

---

*Inspired by FGM...my heart grieves for these women and girls. Moved for so long and yet it sits on my heart and mind.*

budding flower

To my vagina,  
I love u,  
Inside of that tender place,  
One lip,  
Another covers over,  
Inside,  
A budding flower,  
  
The sweetest,

Most prettiest wrinkles,  
All with great character,  
A gift,  
From God,  
This symbol of good,

To my vagina,  
I love u,  
A budding flower,  
Inside a tiny capsule,  
Within the place  
Where energy travels,  
Surges and pulsates,  
Triggers sensations,

To my vagina,  
I love u,

Woman,  
I am,  
For my vagina dust not  
Make me, me,

It must not control me,  
For I,  
And I alone,  
Make ready for usage,  
Or not,

To my vagina,  
I love u,

No one can not endear me,  
For the love of my vagina,  
It is my private place,  
From in it, it emanates  
A relaxing cloud,  
It makes calm at night,  
Lends a relief inside of fulfillment,

To my vagina,  
I love u,

Men come that they are ignorant,  
This instance baffles their minds,  
For I am the master of my clitoris,

With it I choose not a path that is whorish !!  
A treasure of great possibility,  
Why cage her,  
Why clip her wings,  
For if she must freely give of her budding flower,  
Usually it is for love,  
To my vagina,  
I love u!

