

How might your life have been different?



*Orphaned
feeling alone*

Art: Vladimir Kush - To The Top

How might your life have been different,
if,
through the years,
there had been a place where you could go?

A place of kins-women who knew
the cycles of life,
the ebb and flow of nature,
who knew of times of work
and times of quiet...
who understood my tiredness
and need for rest.

A place where my mother
understood me
and accepted my limitations
and my fatigue,
and to share a confidence
while in the dark of winter,
that eventually
my energy would return,
as surely as the spring.

A place where my voice felt heard
and I did not feel so all alone.

How might your life be different?

Adapted from Circle of Stones, Judith Duerk