

Slow: No. 2

Slow.

If I stop

and breathe

there are so many possibilities

even in a single breath.

Just one.

If I chose

100 times a day,

to close my eyes

and find my body,

to flex my toes

and feel my feet rooted to the ground

I would save so much time.

Instead of wandering the aisles,

numbing out on sound and light,

filling a cart with pretty plastic objects

I would only go to Target to buy deodorant and tampons.

Instead of gripping the edge of my self

tearing at the skin of self control

Instead of nasty red scars

Instead of clenched jaw

and granite shoulders

There would be ease

Observance

Curiosity

Compassion.

I am gifted and talented when it comes to holding it together.

I am an efficiency expert when it comes to bucking up and shutting down.

It makes me tired just to think about all that fighting.

I am grateful

For each fight that passes me by

For each moment I am able

to gently observe

a flaw, a failure, a joy, a freak out, a doubt.

I am so incredibly grateful.