

☘ SURRENDER

Surrender is not meek
It is Powerful
A Phoenix rising
from ashes
Flames
Scorching
Torrential outpouring
of self
Reaching beyond
Cried dry
Muddy hands
Chapped lips
A mother's grief
sobs rattling
deeper
than
Center
It is not in giving in
It is pulling ourselves
Out
Ripped and vulnerable
Our hollow bones
Pleading
It is here we find Love.
Exhausted and spent
Caught in the wasps' nest
Only then can we
Soar
Illuminating hidden palms
holding us
Up