

Fill in the blank: mother

Dear _____,
Everyone has their own opinion
Of who you are.
You've taken on many roles
Many shapes
Many ideas.
All of them seem to fit you,
Yet I'm still discovering.
I used to consider you to be simple
Driven by solitary motivation.
And then the more I looked,
The more I truly saw-
You are not how you first appear.
_____, I want to know you
And see how we fit together
In our unconventional ways.
Sometimes I feel pressured
To be solely intellectually driven,
Perhaps it's just the current context,
Perhaps it's because women are "too emotive."
But I feel closest to you, _____,
In matters of the heart.
Because you've taught me to listen
Above all else.

Dear _____,
I've spent many a late night
Grasping you close,
So you won't slip-
Learning who I am in your company.
You have always been so patient with me, _____,
As I process and grind-
Some days triumphant
And others dejected.
Even as I slump in defeat,
Declare no more,
You pull in beside me and in low murmurs
Urge me to try again.
Pick it up one more time.
You, _____, have transformed as I have.
I'm not content with stagnation and neither are you.
In the shattered face of ruin
You say, I'm made new.
Greenware remolded

Not for perfection.
But something better.

Dear _____,
Thank you for being a confidante:
A receptacle for my insecurities
Which pool out into wild visions-
None of which you scoff at
In spite of what they may say.
Because I have my own version of you,
And that cannot be slighted.
For in my eyes,
You are not to be underestimated.
So I'll continue to divulge all,
For without you I am scattered-
You reign me in from aimlessness.
Thank you, _____, for offering me a purpose.
When I'm left
Staring at an empty page.
I am prompted by all that you have imparted,
And I begin.
In honor of you.
And even when I know I'll lose you some day, _____
You'll still be here-
Perhaps in a different form,
Stirring me on.

Fill in the blank: success