

Badass

Each time anew,
another practice in letting it go and giving it up.

Surrendering it to the Big Something.
About 10 steps back.
Hands like Tai Chi slowly retreating from the reach that
once would pull me oh so slyly off-center,
that would pull me oh so quickly down-under.

Yeah, all stepped back now,
way back,
and those relinquished hands
soon
so soon they are risen high in the Holy Spirit devotion like the
hallelujah girls on Sunday mornings and Wednesday nights
filled of a love so full that bodies cannot contain and eyes become the
pressure valve of lovingness in liquid form.

I am stretched out big and wide,
the Alpha and the Omega
Sourced in the love of the soup that I am swimming in.
Diving deep into the roots of my feminine line.
The ancestors from just before now to all the way back when,
to the mother of all mothers
and the La Que Sabe que dice “there ain’t nothing you can give me
that me and mine haven’t already survived and thrived.”

Mmm mmm mmm
Every. Time anew
reminded again
that badass ain’t about toughening,
it’s about staying soft in my own skin.
Badass ain’t about fighting or defending,
It’s about letting fully live the vulnerability within.

And badass,
Well badass is about releasing the grip
and recognizing the pretender
while still keeping the heart that is soft and surrendered.