

To The Woman I Rose To Be Through Love

BY BRIGID HOPKINS

I laid down to sleep
I wept
I wept for the woman I once was
She knew so much
Did everything
Felt safe and secure in the world
Her world
Not the one most lived in
Her heart was shut in
Locked down
Her hearing filtered everything to her favor
Her yes came with expectations
Often met with disappointment
Regret
I wept for her
She believed she was strong
A survivor
I believe that's true
As the tears wet my pillow
A new film began to play
My heart slowed
I watched in esteem
To the woman I rose to be
Not the through strength
Not through force
Love
A yearning so strong
No one could fill the call for me
She walked the quiet road
Leading through brambles

Thorns
Thickets
Monsters and mayhem

***She didn't harden
Turn back
or relent
She straightened her shoulders
Let her soft heart
Move boulders
Tending her inner fires***

With YESES
She meant
No.
She learned was a complete sentence
A smile grew
The tears ceased
There is honor
Respect
And peace
The woman she rose
and grows still
Not from fear
Through honor
her own Good will

For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [The Inner Voice of Love: A Journey Through Anguish to Freedom](#) .

#THEURBANHOWL

HOWL WITH US
ON [FACEBOOK](#), [INSTAGRAM](#), [TWITTER](#) & [PINTEREST](#).

SPREAD THE MAGIC: