

Change Will Lift You Higher & Bring You A Truer Tribe

[BY LALITA SIMON-CREASEY](#)

Change

When change comes knocking at your door
And you're never sure if it will find you on the floor
Wondering which way to go with your choices
There's so much up in the air, unstable spaces.

Change wants to lift you somewhere higher
And sometimes we do all we can to ignore her
Turning our backs squarely, we simply say "no"
I like where I am thank you, I do not wish to grow.

We'll continue in relationships with old friends
The ones who taste like familiar coffee blends
The ones who don't ignite anything in our soul
A comfortable signposted marker in life's poll.

Never stopping to assess, nothing ever quiet
There is simply no reason at all to take a pivot
Change whispers constantly in your ears
But stubbornly, you hold on to familiar fears.

So fixated on the old yet feeling dead inside
It all looks good to everyone else on the outside
Bravo, hurrah, well done! They loudly cheer
Without making any eye contact, silently you tear.

You have no idea why you are swamped by sad
On the surface you've everything to make you glad
Why this void and this ache within?
Why are you so uncomfortable in your own skin?

Remember the day that change came knocking?

She whispered to you who were all-knowing
Your comfort zone you did not want to release
Stagnation had become your new norm to please.

What are you so afraid of that it keeps you stuck
Have you looked around you at this stifling muck?
Are you afraid of the way people will look at you?
If you shine your light as brightly as you are true?

Is it daunting to you that they may leave
If you change the ways in which you believe?
Change will bring you a truer tribe
For them to stay you'll never have to resort to bribe.

Photo by [Jovaughn Stephens](#) on [Unsplash](#)

For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [52 Ways to Live a Kick-Ass Life: BS-Free Wisdom to Ignite Your Inner Badass and Live the Life You Deserve](#)  .

Sip a little more:

Sometimes The Road Less Travelled Isn't What You Think

Gentle Wind, Speak To Me Of Freedom In Your Breezes

Being Of Light, I Have Known You Since The Conception Of Time



"I am the Creatrix of
my every precious
moment."

KATIE BURKE

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