

owning my truth

(In honour of 'There's a Hole in my Sidewalk' by Portia Nelson)

i walk out through my door.
there is an unnerving silence that greets me.
i hesitate....feeling uncertain and helpless.
this virus isn't my fault.
it takes all of me to start walking.

i walk out through my door again.
the unnerving silence is still there.
i hesitate again....i'm curious about my uncertainty.
i look for who to blame for the virus.
it still takes a lot for me to start walking.

i walk out through my door once more.
the silence is allowing me to hear what I've forgotten.
i hesitate less....i think more deeply about this.
i wonder what my contribution to the virus is.
i start walking with less hesitation.

i walk out through this door, that is not just mine.
the silence is filled with sounds I just haven't heard before.
i step boldly forward....i wonder what I might give.
i own that the virus isn't just happening to me, it's from me.
i start to walk towards answers and solutions.

i walk out through our door.
the silence is now a sound too.
i know that i am part of the cure.

i walk into that possibility.