

Chrysalis

I feel like I am being born once more:
The experience of burying my face in my eldest's hair;
Unsure where smell ends and touch begins.
Senses merging into one another.

Or the consuming experience
Of wrapping my not-so-baby-baby in my arms;
Pride and joy ever flecked with speckles of doubt.

Or the deep breaths of freshness that cut grass brings;
Filling my lungs with past nostalgia and future promise.
Or the feel of velvet bubbles cleansing my skin and teeth;
Moments where time stays still, and sensation rules.
A ritual space.

Or the holding of hands, under the duvet.
Skin a decade more calloused than before.
The touch, never tiring.

The smell of my mum; or my sister.
The two roles somewhat confused within my psyche.

Or the tangible breath of a soul-felt prayer.

A visceral engagement with the minutiae of daily life.

Reawakening like the dawning of the spring sun,

I consciously choose to engage with life.

Balance continues to evade me.

I imagine it will always be so.

But I feel the scales falling away;

In no small part due to me wilfully tearing from the chrysalis.

Transformation- not a discarding of the past but a building upon.

I am all that went before me...

And.

Here; there is space for growth.

And change.

And life.