

Blooming
Rachel Hubick

I can feel the child I was,
unaware and unsure
tip-toeing and twisting her spine
and tearing away at herself
All to make sure she fits
Make sure she's quiet enough
thin enough
pretty enough
submissive enough
unimposing enough
Enough enough enough to be almost *nothing*.
I'm trying to pull miles of barbed-wire ideas and icy-cold thoughts out of my consciousness
but it feels harder to take things out than to stuff more in
So I'm pushing and pushing and *pushing* soft ribbons and growing roots
Sometimes I feel like my head will burst
and when it does, I'll be one big mess laid out
A mess I didn't make but for me to clean up.
I don't feel like I can deconstruct this monster
Like the network of these vicious ideas
is a block I can just remove and paint and return to the house

It's not a block,
it's the cement they poured into my foundation after they discarded the earth that was there
My home is in that earth
my truth
In the dirt and mud and rock of the worlds I'm built from
So I can't deconstruct
It's not that simple and not that pretty
I have to dig it all out and destroy it
I have to plant flowers and trees in the pit left behind
I have to run straight into barbed wire for that tired lilac ribbon
Over and over again
It hurts now and I'm dizzy and hot
but when I finally crawl out
bloody, broken, and free
I will see the blooms I've created
and one day, my children will run playing in a garden
where my cement used to be.