

# Who you are by Chera-lee Pottinger

## Who You Are

Breathe deep  
Breathe and remember who you are, how far you've come and what you aspire to be  
Breathe and remember that you, dear child, are a warrior  
A Healer by nature  
You are what the Ancestors made you, you are where they have guided you to be  
Breathe in that air, sweet with life  
Open your ears child  
Open your ears and listen as She speaks to you  
Those whispers in the trees, the chatter of the birds, the swish of the water as it flows by  
Open your ears Child, and hear Her, as She speaks through the Earth  
Understand that you are Power. You sweet Woman. You are Magick.  
Breathe deep of the air that sustains you and listen for the hushed words of our Mother, words  
that guide you. Show you the way  
You are stronger than you know, more powerful than those before you could have ever  
imagined.  
The Ancestors work through you, Through Others like you  
Your sisters, your brothers, your kin  
As you step forward into the Unknown, know this; You are Not Alone Dear  
You, who have never felt as if you knew your place in this world  
You, Sweet Lady  
You, Aunty  
You, Sister  
You, Matriarch  
You... wonderous Lifegiver  
Pause. Breathe deep. Exhale the doubt...  
You are not alone; you are not drowning. You shall not fade away  
You will not shatter under the pressure  
Reach out and feel the presence of those who would hold you close  
Feel the Magicks that surround you, that embrace you  
That Are You!  
Reach deep within, lovely girl, and remember Who you are  
What you are  
Why you were brought into this world  
You have a job to do, a journey to take, a path to walk... and you must forge on  
Giving up is not an option... no longer a choice  
  
Passionate woman, you are everything your bloodline has been waiting for  
Break those chains!  
Smash that ceiling!  
Tear those tethers to shreds!

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This cycle of shame, this cesspool of hate  
It must end with you. Let it end with you  
You are the warrior the Ancestors whispered into existence, the one you needed when you were  
small  
Be the one to scream STOP!  
NO MORE!  
Be the Saviour you prayed for, yet never saw light of

So that no other may have to carry your burden, the burden gifted to you by broken souls  
Raise up your feather now, powerful woman, embrace these medicines  
Heal your wounds, so that those who walk behind you may not have to bleed from them too  
Raise up your feather now Mama, so your children needn't raise up their swords