

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!
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

(Written by: Chera-Lee Pottinger 2020)