

To be a mother is to know pain.

To face the Tectonic shifts
of
constant
growth
and
Shedding
Of brittle Bones standing the test of time.

To be a mother is to want to be bare chested and assed into the breeze while calibrating
Exact nutrients necessary for
Everyone's survival.

But to choose to cover up and shrink away
keeping the status quo.

These Days Must ReMIND us

We are essential essence, the evolvers of intuition and
true Beingness.

Monk.

Quiet tear stained meditations on soft suffering and illumined trials.

We know pain

But the beautiful kind
That layers deep the river eternal

Know us.

.:.: