

REST ASSURED, MAMA

Rest assured, mama:
Your children are not your children.
You don't understand their reasons
For incarnating.
Perhaps this time and place,
These circumstances,
And your imperfections
Are exactly what they need
To grow their soul.

Don't spend your energy
Searching for a magic wand
To make everything
And everyone "better".
Instead: see their Divinity,
Love them unconditionally,
Trust their path,
Accept their personality,
Give them sensible boundaries,
And honor their free will.

Do your best to support their journey,
But don't be so sure
You know what it is
Or which roads are best for them
To take or to avoid.

Even as you shape and mold them
To live in this world,
Allow them to transform you
Through the vehicle of this world
And lead you to question
Your most basic assumptions.

May your dance together
Through time and space
Turn you around and spin
The nonsense of conditioning
Off the surface
And out of your cells
So you may discover
Your Deeper Self
And put it in charge of your life

So you can trust more
And realize that they
Are here for your growth
As much as you are for theirs
And that you are okay
Just as you are
And so are they.

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