

Ignite The Self Who Loves You Most

Like far too many mornings, you probably woke up today with a stranger who is you, the self you haven't loved enough, but who's always loved you, more than enough. The one you ignore too often, but who's always there in the murmur of your every breath, even when you're not listening. The invisible arms of the one who holds your soul, no matter how much you resist that embrace. The self who remembers the dreams you've given up to the darkness, who'd redeem them for you in full-color, if you'd trust yourself. The one who draws in dawn's light so you can soothe the worry in your bones and burdened blood you keep living with, though you have a choice.

The self who calls you to rise like a songbird—sing your truth, though too often you remain mute with fear. The face of the one you hide behind your own face, not daring to stare into the mirror, see straight into the self who *does* dare to believe in you, wanting you to erase all doubt in your eyes as you brush your hair for the day. The self who invites you to sit for coffee at your kitchen table, and chat like a best friend who knows *just* what to say to you. The one you don't talk to enough, whose hand you don't hold enough, or cry with enough—to let you step at ease into the raging world.

The self on your way to work who tempts you to turn the radio off, tune your noisy thoughts into a melody. But also longs for you to sing

out loud to a favorite song like a prayer. The one who sees poetry in the clouds like a symphony in the distance, sees the pines like giant angels pointing toward heaven—who sees your life like the road before you—one mile at a time.

The self who makes you stop for strangers to let them cross the street, reminding you of *your* path. The one you don't thank enough for teaching you how to give, as rain gives to a river, as mountains give way to dust, as waves give to the shore. The one you forget to give to as much as you give to others. The self you need as much as a bird needs a branch to rest, and a cloud needs wind to carry it, and the moon needs the sun's touch to let its face shine.

Enough. Tonight, come home with the self who's always lived within you. Greet yourself at your door, let yourself in. Pour wine. Break bread. Write in your journal. Forgive yourself, as you have forgiven others. Dance again with the one who's always been your perfect partner. Pour through old photos and remember the self who's known all your joys and sorrows since you were a child. The one who can heal all you must heal, who praises all you must praise. Then, carry yourself off to bed in the arms of the one who's your most loving self. Listen to that pure voice who's always been your guide, your counsel, your lullaby. Fall asleep as one with the one who's always burned within you as bright and true as the starlight in your eyes.



Richard Blanco, Poet