

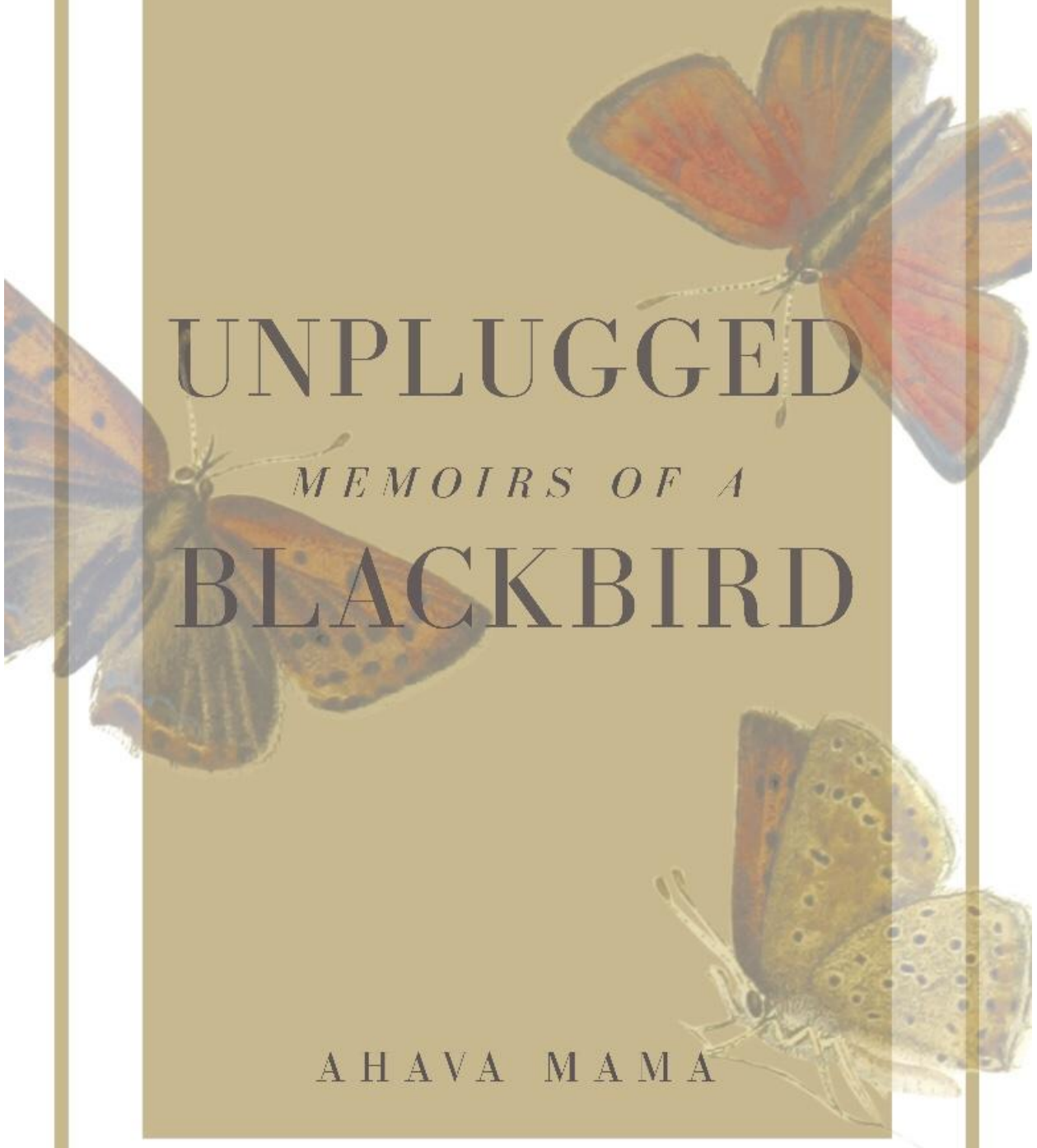
VOLUME 2

UNPLUGGED

MEMOIRS OF A

BLACKBIRD

A H A V A M A M A



Unplugged:
Memoirs of a Blackbird,

Volume II

*From the Heart
of
Ahava Mama*

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Livication

My greatest inspiration.

You aren't shining down on me from heaven. You are shining brightly into the world, and creating heaven on Earth, through me. I still cry every now and then, not because I miss you, but because I know you never left; because I feel overwhelmed by the love and purpose that I feel when thinking of you and our bond. This life gets hard and it's easy to give up. Though, I am always reminded of why I'm here.

If I don't do this, who is going to do it? No one in the family is going to do it. No one from where we're from is going to do it. And not to say that they don't love you like I do, though I love you enough to birth and nurture a nation in which we won't have another situation like yours. I value the essence of life enough to detach myself from the way of living that causes the confusion in which we were surviving. I love myself enough to do that, despite the challenges that come along the way. I am dedicated to this. I am committed to this. And I give thanks, all praises to the Most High, for experiencing the love that you shared with me; the love that motivates and encourages me.

I give thanks for you loving me despite my shortcomings. You loved me as the Most High would, and reminded me to love myself and others just the same.

Because of you, I move forward with purpose.

Through you, I grow forward with courage.

With you and your guidance, I will rise in love and humility.

Link Information

YouTube: <https://youtube.com/AhavaMama>

Facebook: <https://facebook.com/ahavamama>

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Note to Self:

Truth is Love

I don't want anything that I share or do to be rooted with the intention of appeasing to an audience. That, for me, makes things feel less authentic as if I'm just putting on a show. And being completely honest with myself, I am not here for that. I am actually tired of putting on a show, which I have been doing for the majority of my journey. I don't want to live a lie. And if I choose to share anything, or behave in a manner, that does not reflect the authentic truth of my heart, that in itself will be reflective of me lying to myself. Falsehood is no longer something that appeals to me. I am no longer enticed by the illusion of comfort and convenience. It just increases confusion, and I would much rather bask in simplicity.

This is why endeavoring into the capital business arena was never my cup of tea. In order to sustain a business, you must market, brand, etc. Your company, brand and service must be appealing to potential customers and clients. My life is not for sale. My being is not a product to be marketed or branded. My way of being and livity is who and what I am as well as who and what I am becoming moment by noment. It is not an image that I wish to

portray to the world to make it seem as the next big thing, or the greatest on the market. That is not what I have to offer.

What I have to offer is worth more than falsehood. What I have to offer is something that exists within the hearts of all, whether one is aware of that or not. What I have to offer is an environment and lifestyle that breeds and sustains peace of mind. I do not have a product, or a dream, to sell. I do not wish or desire or intend to mislead anyone, or myself, in any way. I wish true liberation and peace for all, just as I wish for myself. I wish for all to remember the fullness of our true essence. That is something that cannot be bought or sold.

This is what Unplugged represents. Liberation from the internal pressure to exist within the confines of falsehood and limitation, where change is resisted and Love isn't truly present. It represents truth and love.

When I released my first book, the first volume of Unplugged, it was a very simple thing. There was no pressure. Because what was actually released was a publication of my once private journal, which had the word "Unplug" engraved on the front cover.

Writing in that journal was my therapy, and it reminded me of the peace and comfort that writing brought me as a youth.

Writing, this form of expression, has always been more than a hobby. It has always served as both an artistic outlet, and a safe haven. It takes me to a place where no one else exists but I. A place where darkness and light merge to exist as One.

I love this place. I am home here. And as a mother, daughter, and sister to all, I want to share this space with those who are open to sharing this space with me. I want to share the wisdom that is found within the words of this heart space.

*This space is free of harsh criticism, ridicule, and condemnation.
This space is filled with truth, transparency, and compassion.
This place is light hearted, balanced and grounded.
This space is healing and transformational.*

And it is my hope that by experiencing the depth of the journal entries shared, you are also reminded of this place. It is my hope that by inviting you into my home, into my safe place, that you are reminded of the simplicity, comfort and purity of true Love and Life.

*If you are reading these words, you are home.
And it is my hope that you remember.*

Section I

Humble Blessings

One of the greatest reminders that I've given myself recently is to never forget where I come from. To always remain in a humble and thankful space because things can be a lot different, for the better or worse.

I come from humble beginnings. I had an upbringing where most things that are considered necessities were considered luxuries, even when it came to certain foods. Though, I'm thankful for all of that because it truly molded me into who I am in this moment. I'm thankful that I was never exposed to the finer things, or grew to develop a sense of need or fascination towards them. I'm thankful that my parents trained me to not place too much value on those materialistic gains over family and home. Because yes, my family may have struggled when playing the money game, though I know it was all endured in the name of Love- to make sure home and family was at least taken care of, even at the most basic level. I'm thankful for that because even now, my focus is not on what I can gain financially or materially.

My focus is moreso on establishing and maintaining a life that is simple. A life where myself, my offspring, my family as a whole,

will thrive and exude gratitude for the fullness of the Earth's riches. A simple and peaceful life.

So, again, I give thanks for humble beginnings. I give thanks for an upbringing that, although may be perceived as borderline impoverished, was, is and will remain my root factor. An upbringing that helped keep my heart focused on the things that matter most, like family and true authentic expressions of Love.

We all know perception is relative. And some may have the perception that I'm not into materialistic things because I grew up in an impoverished environment. So a part of me feels like I don't deserve the "nice" things. We can play on that idea. Though, I know myself. Those things do not appeal to me, not because I feel undeserving, but because my mother taught me that it's about character and the heart. It doesn't matter what you have, or don't have. Even my parents used to tell me that I behaved and carried myself in a way that insinuated royalty. As if I had everything and deserved everything. And, as a teenager, I would respond and say correct. I am royalty. I do deserve everything. Why wouldn't I?

So even at my lowest, I've always had this sense of comfort within myself. It's never been a matter of being or feeling unworthy. I've just always been able to discern what was for me and what wasn't.

I've experienced numerous males' attempts to entice me with their false riches. Though, even in the face of those worldly temptations, my heart was not enticed. I could never be bought or sold.

I think it's beautiful. Not just my upbringing, but my ability to shift the perception through which I interpret a situation that I once viewed as detrimental only. I can honestly say that I can credit my current mindset and way of being to how I was raised and also to who I was raised by. I get a lot of inspiration from my parents and their relationship, from the good and not so good. I learn from them, whether one wants to label something as good or bad. I truly look at my parents' relationship as a formula. A formula that can be both modeled and tweaked, based on one's level of discernment. Regardless of anything, I give thanks for my upbringing and the aspects of Life and Love that I was exposed to-or wasn't.

To Love an Alpha

I've been told that I settle when it comes to men. That I settle for men who either can't "afford" to provide for me or men who can and don't because I don't require them to. That I let men get away with not doing what they're supposed to do, and that I will always get less than I deserve because my standards are too low. For five seconds, I started to believe them. I started to believe the idea that because of my upbringing, I subconsciously believe that I am not worthy of being taken care of by a man.

Even if I chose to play on that idea, the truth is far beyond that. I have grown to genuinely see the beauty in my upbringing rather than just focus on the many detrimental factors that do indeed exist. I genuinely see my upbringing, and the many struggles of my mother with my father, as a blessing. Because it taught me that a man is far more valuable than the money in his pocket. In a paradoxical form, I was shown where a male's true value is.

I know that the majority of us aren't taught to value a male for what he truly is here to gift the children of the Earth with. As a collective, we aren't taught to value a male's intelligence, ambition, or his sense of direction. We're taught that a male has to do so

many things to show his love. And maybe my standard is different. Because those things aren't what my heart yearns for.

My mother taught me to not depend on a man for money or food. She taught me to be able to stand on my own two feet, and not expect a man to do anything for me. And while some may perceive that as one way, it has beauty to it. She blessed me. I don't expect worldly things from men. I don't need anything from a man. I require a male to love me as he loves his mother, and as he would love his sister and daughter. I require honesty, reliability, and consistency, amongst many other qualities that make him fit to lead.

If this is settling, then I digress.

This is how I've grown to respect the masculine energy. This is what I value in our melanated Kings, even if they don't see it within themselves. This is how I will train my daughters. I will remind them of the significance and sacredness in embracing the true value of the masculine energy. They will grow to have great respect and reverence for their father, brothers, sons and husbands.

This is something that we weren't taught, though I remembered. I am remembering.

When A King Loves You

A King will love you differently than what you were used to when you were in the world. He expresses his love through provision, guidance and spiritual protection. He is your spirit guide in the flesh. He guides your spirit, or directs your energy, in the righteous direction- as opposed to the relative “right” or “wrong”. He moves you. He reflects and reminds you of your true balance. He reminds you of the truth that’s in your heart, and he provides you righteous wise counsel.

It is through his ability to lead, with sound reasoning and emotional intelligence, that a God shows you that he loves you.

I am thankful for the King, the beautiful expression of Love that has come into my life as a true representation of what a male has to offer me.

And yes, there are moments in which my worldly programming interferes with our exchanges. Moments where I am not present. Moments in which Love is not fully received due to the hardened corners of my heart. Though, I am not limited to any program. I existed purely before said program, and I will thrive once it has been dismantled completely. I am not enslaved by the fear induced

by blockages of a hardened heart. My heart is softening, and with patience and understanding, will soon be as durable and strong as it was before time ever existed.

His patience and understanding empowers me. His leadership and wisdom humbles me. My respect and reverence for his full essence runs deeper than any programming. All because he reminds me, moment to moment, to love myself.

Unbecoming

Moment to moment, I feel myself growing closer to Love. Moment to moment, I step more into myself.

It's easy to get lost in the confusion of falsehood. So many of us exert our attention and focus towards becoming so many things. We want to become better. We strive to become something greater than what and who we think we are. And that is okay. Though, moment to moment, I come more into the realization that this isn't necessarily a journey of becoming anything. This is a journey of unbecoming. A homecoming.

This is a journey of realization. Realizing that I am already everything that I hope to be. I am realizing, or I have realized rather, that my greatest struggle was trying to become what I already am.

This realization truly unveils the richness of true peace and joy. A sense of bliss that exists solely in the heart. I speak into my i-niverse each day my hopes and intention to remain in this space.

This realization is something that is actually quite challenging to put into words.

It's interesting because while I feel that there is so much that can be expressed, I also feel a shortage in the words that can express this in its fullness. I feel that this is something that can only be felt and experienced as truth.

Love. In its raw form. It is something that sits and stirs at the core of my being. The essence of this force is something that feels familiar yet oh so foreign. The familiarity is that of the liberation. The liberation from the bondage of expectations & superficial realities. The liberation from the bondage of fear and disappointment. Though, this freedom is foreign. Foreign due to a certain state of conditioning.

Foreign. My essence has become foreign. Because there are no expectations. There is no fixed outcome. There is nothing to cling to for a false sense of security. There is no one to fill any void. No one to nurture insecurities & shortcomings. No one to ground themselves in uncertainty.

Bursting. My heart is bursting open just as a flower head blooms. And it can be painful. It can hurt to be stripped of your conditioning. And forced, by the source of Life itself, to embody the essence of Love that you truly are beyond everything you've ever learned and been taught was real.

Genetic Liberation

The more I grow, and the more I blossom into the woman I'm designed to be, the more my focus shifts towards pure salvation and being a great mother. Nothing else truly matters to me. Because everything else truly feels like mere principles and components of confusion.

What matters to me the most is being free, thus ensuring that all of my future children know and feel that they too are free.

This journey of me reprogramming my mind is also an intention of crafting the genetic coding that will play out through my offspring. I will ensure that they know and feel that they are always divinely guided and protected because Mama is always divinely guided and protected. It is my duty to ensure that they know they are perfect, and loved; that they are free, and always provided for. They will be nurtured and nourished by the truth. They will be guided into embodying true balance. Oneness.

*All of that sounds beautiful.
Though, it starts with me first.
Here and now.*

Purposeful Nurturing

When I really meditate on Life, and what my heart yearns for, I find peace in the desire to be a mother.

I've always wanted to be a mother. To many children. And I know, deep in the crevices of my soul, that I will be a great mother. I will put my all, will pour all of my efforts, into being the greatest mother I can be for my offspring. I will. I am, already.

Everything I am doing in this moment is for them. I will remain focused on maintaining homeostasis within my own being so that I can love and be loved within the same balance.

I do not care for any philosophy, idea, theory, or school of thought that anyone may try to distract me with. There is nothing that exists that can take my focus away from being the mother that I am designed to be. Nothing can or will take my focus away from what matters the most to me. There is no job or career that can or will distract me from my children. They will have all of my attention, my focus and my love.

Uprooted

Prior to traveling and living outside of the United States, things were very different. I wasn't always exposing myself to so much. I wasn't moving around so much. I felt a bit more grounded, despite being in an environment that I knew wasn't for me. I now understand that this sense of security stemmed from me being in a space where I felt more comfortable and at home. So by nature, I felt a little more grounded.

I stand firm in my knowing that when Life presents an opportunity, it is wise to seize the moment. Especially when it is completely aligned with you, your values, and your vision. So, I uprooted myself to align with the vision that had been placed in my heart. And since then, my goodness, things have been so hard. I've been moving from place to place, house to house, room to room, town to town, country to country and even continent to continent.

And while traveling does keep things exciting and adventurous, as well as educational, there's always been a part of me that just wants to be at home. Not necessarily where I once called home; just in a space where I can be fully grounded and rooted so I can feel at peace completely.

I've been maneuvering in this manner for almost one gregorian year and I still haven't fully adjusted. And maybe I won't adjust. Maybe I won't feel ease and peace until things are balanced and I am in a space where I can feel more secure and stable. I don't think I will return to my balance until I am in a home setting. I know I won't thrive until I'm in a home environment. A safe and secure environment that I can then nurture, and mold into the fullness of a true nurturing environment. These are things that I did not consider. And not saying that this would have changed my decision because it wouldn't. I would have still chosen to relocate because it was my intention all along before it ever happened. Though I'm just saying I wasn't fully prepared. And honestly, I didn't know what to expect so I expected nothing. And I'm happy I didn't because that would've made things even more difficult and tense.

And to be clear, I am not blaming anyone. I am not complaining. I am not a victim. These challenges are good for me. They are edifying me in ways that are necessary. These challenges are helping me reconnect and realize more and more the voice of my heart. So yes, life is hard. But it's all for the making of me.

Simplicity

I truly just hope and strive to live a life that is pure, simple, and free. And I am highly aware that there are certain aspects of my lifestyle and my expression of who I am that will always receive some type of criticism. I am aware that there are “people” who will attempt to enslave me within the same mental prison in which they have enslaved themselves; the same mental prison in which I once found comfort and security within its walls. With that realized, I will not allow anything that appears outside of me to define or determine who I am; nothing that appears outside of me will dictate or influence my decisions, unless there is alignment with my heart.

My life has been transformed. My journey has taken so many turns, though I have always been on the same path. I am thankful to be here, right now, constantly evolving to embody the fullness of who I am. I am no longer afraid of anything or anyone. I am remembering the value in always communicating from the heart. I am remembering to not allow the fear of rejection or misunderstanding to restrict that flow. I am remembering the value in living authentically. I am remembering my freedom.

I am free. And the more I grow into myself, the more I rise in love within my truest and freest form. I am Love, and I am no longer enslaved by the fear of being who I am.

I am Love. I am free.

Seeking Love

It's funny. I seem to pour all of my heart and soul into poetry, and any other form of written expression. My heart is full of Love that I seem to only be able to express through words. My heart and soul is fulfilled by writing words that have the potential to heal someone; words that sometimes fill me with the illusion of being healed. In and through my writings, I have found the courage, strength, and wisdom that some people praise me for.

Though, I wish the strength I've found through writing was easy to find and conjure in every other aspect of my Life. I wish I had the strength and courage to actually be loving, rather than just write about it. I wish I had the wisdom to discern whether it's fear holding me or my intuition guiding me. I wish I was more loving in real life. I wish I was more committed to being Loving than writing about it. I wish I was more committed to Love than I am to preaching about it.

I hope to one day be the Love that I love to write about. And because I am able to so vividly paint a picture of this love through words, I know that this Love exists. I know that this Love lives in my heart. I know that I am able to feel the fullness of this Love.

I guess sometimes my conditioned mind gets in the way. Because my mind doesn't believe that a Love like this is rational or practical. And I really just wish that my mind and my heart align, merge, and function as one. Maybe one day, I will experience this. Hopefully that day will soon come.

Remembering Love

One of the greatest reminders that I have been gifted recently is to love all of me. I am remembering to love all of me. I am remembering to not disown or demonize any form of my being, even the more disagreeable forms. Suppression is unhealthy, and I see how the demonization of my many aspects has led to many imbalances within my heart. It has led to suppression and disgust. It has led to a perception of myself that causes and results in me striving to portray an image that is better than what and who I think I am. It has led to me wanting to completely create a new being, a being who is perfectly angelic with zero flaws. It has led to the blocking of blessings and gifts that my “lower self” has for me.

My beloved sister, Ahimsa, reminded me of this. She reminded me that my former self, in all of who she is, still has wisdom for me. She isn't all bad. She isn't a demon. And I feel so thankful for such a beautiful reminder to love and appreciate myself as I am, fully and wholeheartedly. I feel thankful to be reminded to love myself in my wholeness. These are the type of relationships that I wish to nurture. The type of relationships that are rooted in the wholeness and fullness of Love, and truth. The type of relationships that remind me to love myself.

I have many flaws. I have flaws that sometimes cause me to dislike myself. Sometimes I fight myself because of these flaws. I fight myself in other people. I am sometimes rude to people. I view and treat people as peasants because of these flaws. I do things to influence people to stay away from me because of these flaws. Because of these flaws, I run from myself. Because of these flaws, I run from Love. Because who will truly Love me and these flaws?

But I am remembering. It is me who will love me and these flaws. Because these things I consider flaws aren't flaws at all. These flaws are what make me who I am. These so called flaws are what give my life purpose. They make me perfect. And by remembering the truth of Love, I am also remembering to not view myself as flawed or broken. I do not need to be fixed. There is nothing wrong with me and there is nothing for me to hide or be shameful of.

And this is no excuse, by any means, to perform in toxicity. This is no excuse to perpetuate toxic behavior. This is merely a remembrance of acceptance and compassion, which is Love. This is merely a remembrance of my balance.

I am remembering Love. I am remembering where Love is truly sourced from. I am remembering to love myself, as the source of Love itself.

Being Love

Life is always speaking to us, and it's sometimes overwhelming. Though, I must give thanks for the many lessons and gifts that are bestowed upon me constantly.

I love to write. Writing brings me so much clarity and peace. Though, I feel as though I've allowed myself to become attached to writing as my primary outlet and form of communication. And this attachment has brought me much dysfunction in my relationships. I'm finding that my heart is requiring me to find peace and clarity through verbalizing what is being felt rather than just writing it out. My heart is requiring me to now shift and embody all that I write. I am being required to embrace new ways of being and release outdated behaviors, despite how safe they have made me feel up until this point.

I've decorated empty journal pages with the blood of my heart, and have crafted many masterpieces that will be remembered and cherished by those who value art in that form; masterpieces that will be valued and cherished by those who see the story of their heart within mine; and masterpieces that will always be available for those who come after me, allowing them to value all that I am

consciously enduring in the name of Love to craft a new reality for them.

Love is a very interesting and multifaceted thing, as I am a very interesting and multifaceted being. Just as I, Love has many aspects that may be expressed through many forms. Love is something that we all wish to know, not realizing that we are merely wishing to know ourselves.

I know Love because I know myself. Though, knowing is not enough. Feeling is not enough. It is time to both know and feel, bringing alignment between the mind and the heart to operate as one being. It is time to speak love. It is time to be love.

Section II

One Day I Will Love Myself

One day,
I wish that my love for myself will overpower
the love that I think I have for you;
because I wonder if I even love you,
or if I'm just infatuated with the idea of you
and what you can be for me.

Your confidence turns me on,
the light of your mind keeps me afloat,
and your touch makes me feel secure

Is it wrong to want that to myself?

Is it wrong to want you to hug me,
to kiss me,
to fill me up with all that you are and tell me that I matter?
and that you value me,
and that you never want to be without me.
is it wrong to want that from you?

Or is it unreasonable?

Is it too much
to ask of you to love me how you love no one else?
or is it too little?
am I limiting myself by wanting to be cherished by you?

As if.
as if I am not capable of loving myself.

Uprooted

He uproots me
from the soil that I once called home.

From the confinement of my conditioning,
he supplies liberation.

By collective demand,
his presence commands this freedom.

His primal sense
represents the essence
of a wild flower;
and through his freedom,
I am remembering my own.

Thank You for Lying to Me

Thank you for lying to me
thank you
for making me believe
that my presence made your heart soar.
my heart is still sore
from the way you abused my love.
thank you
for making me feel
like I was the most beautiful girl in the world
at 12am.
my mama said ain't nothing open after 12am but legs;
society said closed legs don't get fed;
I was hungry
for love.
I craved your embrace
like a newborn craves his mama's milk;
like a pregnant lady craves the things that she normally doesn't.
I wanted your strength to nurture me,
and my love inspire you;
our love sustain time,
but
I think I got it confused.

my love strangled you.
my strength crippled me.
our love drained and confused me,
and I have struggled to forgive myself for allowing you to do the
things that you did to me.
like lying to me
and making me feel like the best thing to ever happen to you,
and making me feel like the worst thing you could ever lose.
thank you for making me feel like I filled you like soul food.
thank you for making me feel empty in my wholeness.
thank you for lying to me,
because for me to feel empty is the biggest lie
that I could ever live.
but I don't blame you
that's why I say thank you.
thank you for making me realize the blind eyes in your
admiration,
the truth in your deception,
the pain in my own redemption.
thank you
for being my mirror;
for lifting the veil from over my eyes,
and kissing me with the passionate truth of my desperation

thank you
because
you
are the reason i can smile again;
you
are the reason I nurture myself again;
you
are the reason I inspire myself again;
you
are the reason
I found love.
you are the reason I found myself again.
so again,
I say thank you
for lying to me.
your lies are what told me the truth about love.
your blindness to my hurt
is what made me see
that everything I was seeking in you
was already in me.

To Love a Black Man

I shouldn't have to ponder on how to love you.
being your peace is something that I truly feel passionately
about.

so I want to do it right.
it is my duty to hold your mind so closely to my heart that your
soul feels at home with me-
and the idea of that in itself
goes completely against
what I was shown and taught about Love.

Constantly reflecting on the contrast between my expression of
true Love and that of the headstrong women who came before
me.

I saw dedication to union,
but that willingness to endure was accompanied with the
dominance of pride, struggle and pain.

I was engulfed in a sphere of confusion,
where there was a lack of humility
and an absence of respect via both speech and deed.
a lack of understanding.
a lack of patience.

mothers who had their masculine counterpart,
but still felt the need to play the part of daddy.

cause daddy wasn't shit,

let them tell it.

but I know better.

I know how the system is rigged.

I know how the melanated man is emasculated.

I know how he is only tolerated, not respected.

daddy ain't shit, but I know better.

So, with my heart yearning to know love,

to know myself again,

I'm becoming slow to speak.

listening to understand.

my eye for love is becoming wider;

my heart is becoming softer yet firmer.

my ego is dissolving.

I'm being humbled.

The more the pervasiveness of my ego dissipates,

the more I just want to love,

and be a great lover;

a great companion;

a great listener;

a great partner;
a great mother;
a great sister;
a great and humble servant.
the nurturer of truth.

I don't want to just be a "wife"
because marriage isn't what we've been taught.

Above all,
my heart seeks to understand,
rather than be understood.

So how do I love you?
I choose to hold your hand as you purify yourself-
if you allow me.
I wish to hold your hand as you heal and purify your being of all
of the filth that the world has dumped into your mind.
There's nothing more fulfilling than being for you the purest
expression of Love and understanding.
I am dedicated to being for you a safe haven when the world
shuns you with misunderstanding.

All flaws are what make you beautiful.
And maybe, they're not flaws at all.

Maybe they're what make you who you are.
Maybe,
just maybe,
these flaws are what give your life purpose.
Maybe, your flaws are what make you perfect for me.
And maybe,
they're not flaws at all.
Either way,
my position stands.
My heart seeks to understand.

Surrendering my heart to you
is something that I know nothing of.
something that my soul yearns for;
something that will sever the chain of selfish
bitter hearts that have come before me

Your essence gives me something to believe in;
something to live for;
something that serves to dismantle the pervasiveness of my ego

You make love to my mind,
and your strength & immobility
in the face of my demons humbles me.

With this dedication to embodying this patience
I have come to realize that I am not just nurturing what appears
to be you-
but I am returning to my equilibrium,
as I make peace with the aspect of my being that I have been at
war with for far too long.

And loving you brings me into this balance.

If This is Love

every time you pick up the phone
every time you leave the house alone
every time you tell her she's beautiful
I forget that you love me too

am I jealous or territorial?
am I obsessed or protective?
am I afraid or in love ?

well, if this is love then I hate this shit
if this is love, then maybe I don't know love at all
because you see,
the evil one knows all weaknesses
the evil one knows how to provoke your demons
the evil one knows how to lure you into hell through false
promises of independence

“he doesn't love you
he doesn't cherish you as the goddess you are
he doesn't care
he just wants you on his arm to say that you're there
he does not value your presence

you are better off alone
you can do bad all by yourself”

the evil one knows all weaknesses
the evil one knows how to provoke your demons
but I know mine all too well
in the depths of hell, I've sat with them at the round table
I've invited them to dinner,
where we would feast on my naivety to their deception

I am no longer afraid
I am no longer afraid
I am no longer afraid
that anyone can be loved more than me
how can anyone be loved more than me?
how can I not be loved when I am the essence of Love itself?
how can I not be embraced by the joy of living when I am the
essence of Life in all of its totality?

What insanity this is to forget who I am.
how blissful this is, i
to remember that I am.

Parable of the Wounded Healer

a wounded heart speaks only sorrow,
yet sorrow is the unfolding of wisdom.

 speak not of only the confusion,
 but remember to embrace
 the wisdom of the trees
 who weathered
 every storm.

Submission

as you gracefully penetrate my thought canal,
I begin to breathe climatically.
the succulent kisses of your wit
send my being into a state of ecstasy.

I submit to your mental dominance
as you ejaculate knowledge,
and my etheric womb
begins to drip with wisdom.

you love me to life.

you speak life into my reality
you are the center of my i-niverse
you are the reason for my heart's alignment,
and I will co-sign your greatness;
for loving you has shown me my greatest strength.

loving you is what gives my life purpose.
loving you is the task that has been assigned to me,
and with every fiber in my being,
I choose to fulfill this will.

I am dedicated to loving you.

I am committed to loving you.

I exist to love you.

I was created to love you.

and though I may fall short in the presence of my demons,

I will rise in Love each time

just to stand

and be present with you.

Am I Gonna Bleed Forever?

sometimes old wounds are still tender,
and some abrasions are reopened by thoughts that sting like a
dagger.

and rather than using you as a bandage,
I let the blood outline these verses.

am I gonna bleed forever?
or will this blood run out,
dry up and leave my heart to wither away
like a dehydrated flower?

am I gonna bleed forever?
or will this elixir of my soul
be the nourishment
that restores my heart?

Emotional Detox

my pen speaks
one thousand words
of bittersweet poetry;

succulent and sweet
like mangoes
straight from the tree;
tough and bitter like wormwood

with every word my pen speaks,
the parasites in my heart
release their venom
as ink;

they latch on to my emotions,
preying for a soft spot to penetrate
my wounds with their poison.

with every word my pen speaks,
the force is like that of an invasion
from foreign entities.

Rising in Love

they say a woman is to mold to her husband
like a crown being tailored for a king;
like a vagina molding to a fallace.
each moment you speak life into me,
my heart unveils the layers of its purpose.
my mind slows down,
just to catch up to yours.

my king.
my king, you are god to me.
as I empty my cup and you pour your mind into me,
the only thing I can do is breathe.
the only thing I want to do is breathe.
breathe slowly,
and meditate on what a blissful feeling this is.
oh, what an honor this is just to be in your presence,
and your favor.
your eternal flame is the spark that fulfills my heart.
your mind is the master key that unlocks every dimension of my
being.

my king.

my king, you are god to me.
so breathe life into my nostrils,
and make me a living soul.
and as I inhale the fullness of your essence,
I feel myself becoming One with all of you;
absorbing all of you;
molding to you
as a crown being tailored for a king;
as a vagina molds to a fallace;
a virtuous queen to her righteous ruler.

I Must Love Myself

I want to nourish you with the fruit of my spirit.

I want to nurture your mind
within the bosom of my heart.

I want to hold you,
without touching you.

I want to love you, but I must love myself.

how can I love you without loving me?

how can I pour all of me into you,
in exchange for all of you,
when I have yet to fill my own cup?

the way I was designed to express love
can only be fulfilled
when my cup is filled
till it runneth over.

the way I am open to serving you
must be matched
with the commitment
to loving me.

A Note to my Readers

If you are reading these words, and have dedicated your time to reading this entire collection, I thank you. From the deepest part of my soul, I thank you for taking the time to read and hear my inner most thoughts and feelings. Not only as a writer, but as a very emotionally sensitive person who views the world through many lenses, I am thankful to be able to share myself in this way, and it be received.

It isn't easy to express and share your vulnerability openly. Though, it is necessary. And honestly, I share for the healing of myself and also the healing of others. When growing up in an environment that shuns honest and transparent communication, it has always been my intention and hopes of reaching someone, and empowering them to openly express their feelings- even if they are heavy and dark. In the process, I am growing to also embrace the vulnerable side of myself without the fear of rejection or misunderstanding.

Some may question my perspectives, thoughts and feelings. Some may question my lifestyle. Though, my heart has opened to understand that not only does opposing views strengthen me, but it also causes the opposing party to now meditate on Life in ways that they probably never have. And this is also my intention. I am here to promote the expansion of consciousness and the alteration of

thought processes, as well as encourage all to be more open hearted rather than close minded.

So, again, if you have made it this far, I want to tell you that I love you. I want to remind you that you are loved as you are, and you have the potential to embody the fullness of Love, which is God. You were and are crafted organically and perfectly, just as a wild flower. And as someone who is actively striving each moment to return to that peaceful state of mind, I am willing to share and give of myself to be an example of what the journey entails.

I hope I've inspired you in some way. I hope that I've sparked a light in you, and empowered you in some way. I hope I've given you the inspiration to keep growing and move fearlessly. I am here for you, especially if you are reading these words.

I have shared my link information in the beginning of this collection, in hopes that you feel comfortable to communicate with me personally at any time. There is so much more that Life has for me, thus so much more that I will be able to share with you. And all of what that entails, I hope you will be open to receive.

*Maisha Zaidi,
more life and more love.*