

I see You.

Belonging sounds like “I see you”.

It looks like I accept you. All of you.

All of the beautifully polished pieces created and delicately put together by the pressures you bodied boo...

I see You.

And I like you. We like you. All of you.

Belonging feels like safety.

It feels like I could finally never mind all of the walls and boundaries this racist, sexist, classist world gave me the bricks and mortar for.

& I never mind it with ease.

Mmmmm.

Belonging is so sweet.

Belonging sounds like “I see you”.

It looks like I accept you. All of you.

All of the beautifully polished pieces created and delicately put together by the pressures you bodied boo...

I see You.

I see you on your brightest days.

I see your hard earned accomplishments and all of your perfectly particular ways.

I see the quiet times when you shy away.

And notice when your smile starts to break.

You know like when you softly look the other way?

Like those words were too much for one person to take?

It starts getting a little hard to breathe in here.

SNAP BACK...says the dominant culture.

Don't let them see you weak.

Hmmmm.

But Belonging says breath...

We love you. Every single part of you.

Belonging sounds like “I see you”.

It looks like I accept you. All of you.

All of the beautifully polished pieces created and delicately put together by the pressures you bodied boo...

I see You.

These systems are rigged and cruel, love.

Designed to perpetuate all this pain we've internalized, love.

There will be days that are just too hard, I know.

and the systems feel way too big.

and the injustice cuts too deep.

and we're giving every single bit that we have but it still feels like it just isn't enough.

Just remember that on those days we have belonging, love.

Belonging sounds like “I see you”.

It looks like I accept you. All of you.

All of the beautifully polished pieces created and delicately put together by the pressures you bodied boo...

I see You.

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