

All of my *humility*

Is this the deal?
That all you want from me
is my humility?

To hide triumphs
that were birthed
from crawling out of bed
when shame felt like an anchor
pressing cruelly on my head?

To conceal ideas, patterns, predictions
streaming in an infinite sea
fuelled by Dyslexia, Dyscalculia,
and ADHD.
Leaving me looking stupid
but knowing
I was anything but
when the ideas pointed
toward an archaic theory
to disrupt.

Is this the deal?
That all you want from me
is my humility?

Yes?

So where then
does this wild passion
bursting from
my blooming heart
go?

Back to where it was once trapped?
Where it was once tightly crammed
under the sticky, heavy shame of
Walrus,
Weirdo,
Cry-baby,
Stupid?

Where it was once stuffed
even further down
bound and gagged
by the cautions of
'be nice'
'don't make a fuss'
and 'just walk away?'

The same dark place
my grandmother's passion
burned out long before
her wild heart
could light up a stage.

Is this really the deal?
That all you want from me
is my humility?

Okay...
Let's negotiate ...

You become the silent, present
witness
to hold this sacred space
and I'll expose ...
my unhealed wounds,
my disappointments,
my shameful stories,
my lost dreams.

I'll expose the unrelenting attempts
at creating something
out of nothing
with my burning passion
to make a difference
in this place.

I'll expose the brilliant mind
hidden behind the
scatterbrain,
slow talking,
sensitive
chick.

And then ...
in the space between the
booming crescendo
of my story so far
and the graceful lull
of this piece
I'll give you all
what you so desperately
want from wildish me.

I'll give you
all of my ...
h u m i l i t y

Kristyn Haywood