tarax'sup?

From the moment *you* breathe on your own, *you* give birth to yourself.

Yesterday *you*
Birthed today *you*.

And today *you*
Birthed all your tomorrows.

It is
invisible labour.

It is
unsung work.

Only *you* can do it.

Now.

Close your eyes

And breathe:

In through your nose;

Out through your mouth;

In through your nose;

Out through your mouth.

(e_xh_a_l_e_s)

Feel it filling you up with warm, loving light.

Nurturing you with pleasant feelings

Of contentment;

Confidence;

Clarity.

✳

Now.

Imagine these feelings encased in a soft shell of light.

Imagine them seeking the ground.

With a tender pressure;

Going deeper,

Growing lighter.

Now. Watch.

A shoot emerges,

Slender and green:

Miraculous little thing.

It shimmies skyward,

Stem fuzzy,

A flower bursting:

Taraxacum.

You recognise each other.

Its petals are quivering as if to say:

Sup?

Now isn't that precious?

✳
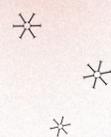
Take your time.

Turn your dandelion in the light of your mind's eye.

Observe its symmetry.

Notice -

How loose,

How ordered,

How soft,

How hardy.

✳
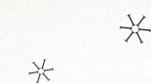
Watch it cycle.

Open and shut like a golden eye.

Dilating and contracting.

Tiny and yellow.

Wilting.

Sleepy.

Silver soft and bristled with wishes.

Wishes.

Every breath is a wish.

A portal to possibility,

An invitation to change.

To change.

From bud to blossom.

To blowball.

To seed.

To root.

To bud.

To blossom.

To blowball.

To seed.

To root.

To rainbow.

✳