

Sometimes, she...

Sometimes she gets lost
She doesn't know
which direction to turn
or if she will ever find her way

But then she decides,
and that's that
It doesn't matter
if it was right or wrong
It was time to move
That will reveal itself later

Sometimes she is confident
She knows just what to say,
exactly what to do
She feels like she is on top of the world
Nothing will ever go wrong

But then something happens,
as it always does
Life has a way of making waves,
all by itself
and the tide turns

So, she brushes off the dust
after it settles
Gets up again,
unsure of the next step
But remembers there are always ups and downs
It doesn't mean she is a failure
or did anything wrong



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Sometimes it's hard to remember
it will be ok,
when she's in it
But it always is,
She always makes it through
and stronger on the other side

Sometimes she wants to be alone
not for any other reason
than to enjoy her own company
to regroup,
to recharge,
to find the little pieces of herself
that are forgotten
or missed

And sometimes,
she wants to be held so tight
as if she will be protected and safe forever
She doesn't always have to be so strong
She doesn't always have to hold it together
It's ok to ask for help,
to need others

She knows love is important
To find someone who is your special
person is amazing,
one the of the greatest experiences of life

But she also knows that loving herself
is the most important thing
And should be the utmost priority
Because all else follows that rhythm

Sometimes things don't make sense
She asks why did this happen and how
But no matter how hard she thinks
the answer never comes
It just is what it is

And sometimes the reason is so clear
it catapults her to change
it all makes sense,
it feels like progress
a new level, a new perspective

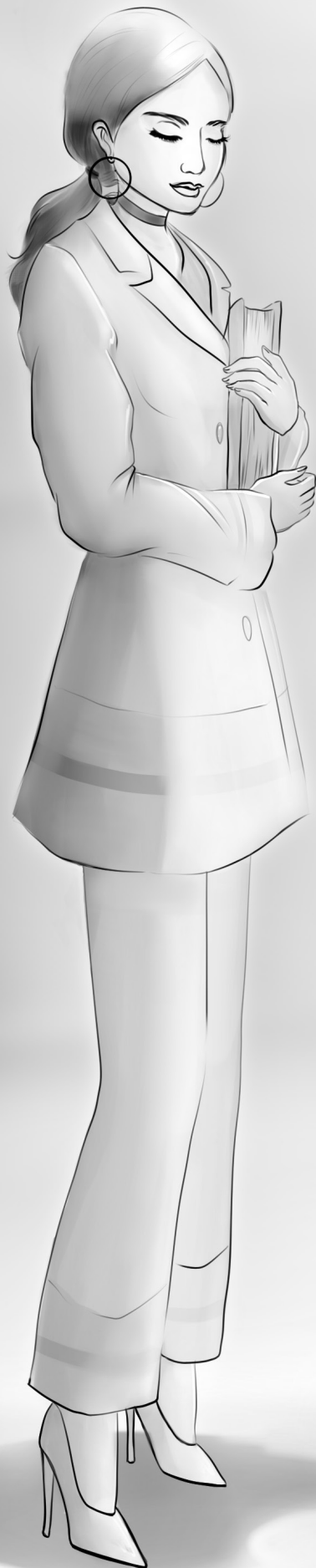
Sometimes she takes care of herself,
she knows she should
But there is laundry to do,
an email to respond to,
bills to pay, dinner to make
So, she looks at the clock and
hopes tomorrow she can

Sometimes she doesn't care
She doesn't want to get out of bed
The world seems overwhelming
There is too much to do,
too much noise,
too much information,
too many people,
too much of everything

But that feeling eventually passes
She gives herself permission
to have those days
She knows feelings aren't right
or wrong,
they just are
And those days are just part of it
The cycle of life isn't neat or tidy,
linear or square



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Sometimes,
she looks in the mirror
and sees how beautiful she is,
how incredible a woman
she is becoming,
all the good she has done,
the people she has touched
proud of what she's accomplished,
satisfied

But then intrusive thoughts creep in,
she should lose a few pounds,
be less abrupt to others,
read that book,
exercise more,
meditate,
eat better,
set that boundary,
visit her parents,
write that email

Until she stops herself;
quiets the storm
She remembers
the obnoxious nature of the mind
to need problems to solve
Thoughts are just thoughts
She can control them

Sometimes,
she just needs to remember...
It's only sometimes...

By, Jodi Dee

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