
I AM (Finding Me)

By MO

I am from a strong woman who birthed me and my four other siblings. All strong and independent, brave, outgoing, overachievers, smart, and courageous. My mom, born in Minnesota, made sure she had everything for her kids. We moved from Minnesota to Vegas and a crowded car and I got lost. Where was I? The sights were beautiful and the streets were bright and loud filling me with uncertainty. It became very dark and scary for me fighting all my anxieties and demons by myself. It became unbearable and before it was too late I escaped. I am hopefulness.

We finally moved back and suddenly I was in a different headspace like that past year. Disappeared. My motivation to become a better me swept over me and I was determined.

I am a shy girl whose mindset sometimes takes over me and sometimes I can't think. A shy girl whose dream is to find what makes her happy. I am warm hugs on cold nights and the fuzzy slippers you get every Christmas. I am hope I am the future and I am a bird

Ready to fly away and find where I belong. I am hot coco the first day of December warm and melaninated. Cozy winter pj's every Christmas morning and the fuzzy feeling in your toes. I am happiness.

I am a fun loving aunt like freshly baked cookies, sweet and delicate, to my sister and my brother's kids. I am runny noses and scraped knees and bloody band-aids and kisses on the cheek. I am cloudy skies and warm winter coats and red noses bundling up to shield from frostbite and cold fingers. I protect and sacrifice to make others feel loved and happy.

I am a part of a loving family with golden hearts and people strong as metal. They are my family.

I am a part of the cool waters and wet clothes in the spring, snuffy noses and a fever that make my toes curl. The cold water between my toes and rocks beneath my feet jabbing into my skin like little needles. Bright like the sun and filling the world with joy and full of energy. I am expensive toys inside the gift shops and a warm fire to roast marshmallows underneath the moonlight. Motion sickness from the rocky boats and earthy like the lake water. Hyper like the crawfish we caught under the dock and as loud as the water splashing up against the rocks.

I am the pancakes we would cook and the eggs we would fetch in the morning for breakfast and forever apart of the sunrise. I am

a cozy blanket and mosquito bites on my ankles and the wind keeping me up most nights. I will forever be a part of duluth.

A niece to someone special and no longer with me physically but an angel watching over me.

He spoke words of wisdom that at the time I didn't understand but now that can't stop ringing in my ears. He was my mental anchor and my rock and now he is somewhere beautiful.

I am a part of his story and he will be a part of mine. I am the lessons he's taught us and the daughter of his sister and the cousin to his daughter. I am his memory on repeat and the songs he used to dance and sing to. I am the sounds of the sirens and his last breath and the overwhelming feeling of grief on a sad and painful day. I am my uncle's niece.

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