

## Roar

Underneath disconnection and responsibilities to others  
smothered by thick blankets of “shoulds”  
thinly and quietly curled  
a pallid and malnourished essence  
Is beckoning for a voice  
that truly and uniquely belongs

Terrified to speak and wrought rigid, rusted and still  
by violent silencing  
wildcat cannot step out of the opened caged door  
the capture of this exquisite creature  
is through coerced generational exhaustion  
and interminable giving

Her agency and their images have seen and embodied horror  
and the maiming of heinous crimes  
and yet, her broken heart beats faintly  
subdued pumping in hope of finding  
courage and righteous anger

This heart that has ever so gently held and sung to her precious babies.  
Poised and alert to take on rapists, liars and cheats  
She can pull herself up however shakily at first

Oh YES,  
She will whisper,  
She will speak and  
This golden lioness  
Living in the depth of her soul

She will ROAR!!!

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