

**For when we are both ready.**

Mama,

I don't know how to tell you that I'm changing.  
Something waltzed into my hour of sadness and set my heart on fire.

It had a pulse. It was alive, Mama. This living, breathing, thing.

At first, it floated like an orb and danced around my peripheral vision. And then it looked at me, like I should have known it by name. Like an old friend. And maybe I did. Maybe that's why, in the darkness, I reached for it.

Mama,

I kissed a girl last night.  
Will you still love me the same?  
My hands on her waist, her fingers in my hair. She tasted like Spring.  
My grief lives on a ribbon. Yours, on a tightrope.  
We shouldn't live like this anymore.

I'm too tired to do this any longer, Mama.  
I don't think we have the time.  
I'm changing. I'm changing.  
Will you still love me the same?  
I've fumbled through darkness and held hands that felt like mine.

For the first time in my life, I am dripping in truth.  
I am soaked in it. I don't know where to put it all.  
Will you hold it with me? Will you be happy for me?  
Mama, will you see that I'm changing?  
It's everywhere. It's everything.

Mama, be patient with me. As I am to you.  
I see parts of you are healing slower than others.  
Mama, be gentle with me. As I am to you.  
I have chosen to not let resentment swallow me whole.  
I wish no longer to gnaw on my own flesh.

I asked you once if we'd be friends if we had found each other in a simultaneous youth.  
*I would've learned a lot from you, you said. Happy girl. Beautiful girl.*

Mama, I am changing.  
I am unafraid, because of you.  
Take my hand. Change with me