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Incarnate

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Incarnate

Inspired by the poem "I Am What I Am" by Rosario Morales
By Holly Rae

I am what I am,
I am plow pulling
Woman.
Woman, pulling
the patriarchal plow from
my heritage.

I am furrow,
deep in the disappointed brow
of ancestors.
I am excommunicated
progeny.

I am someone's
daughter.
Lost child,
who lost that someone.
Still I grow.
I am what I am.

I am fist to chest,
ontogeny
seeking new treks,
beneath feet
that follow faith found
in every trauma. Healed footsteps,
I create.

I am Mother.
I give birth to days. Free from abuse.
Mother of new cycles. My children's
inheritance.
I am what I am.
Woman, with a new compass.
Rebuilt with a
true north to heart, mending.

I am
Questions. Eager
to dig out roots
that connect to my why.
I am silenced passion.
I am facade
allowed. Quietly
queer. Loudly
cornered.
I am yet unbroken.

Unbroken woman
who tore her own path
to save herself.
Makes way for children
to understand, hard
questions must always be asked
to break chains,
face fears,
find strength in soil tilled
for growth.

I am perpetual
unraveling
of tired narratives.
I am permission.
I am disquiet embodied.
I am rectification breathing.
I am what I am.
My evolution will wait for no one.