

My Garden

Mia R. Rios

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My Garden

By Mia Rose Rios

Coming from such an isolated studio space
Individuals started to sprout into my life.
They were becoming someone important to me,
Reminding me that I belong here with the trees;
Showing me how much growth I have made.
They introduced me to other kind souls.
People who would show me just as much care.

They push me outside my box and bring out a voice,
A voice that can learn to let go of their fears.
I giggle and smile to all the crappy jokes
While we hold each other accountable.
The boring things start to become less hard
And I begin to bloom.

When people walk into the room I stand up tall
Pulling my shoulders back, puffing out my chest.
My silence comforts me in my own space.
But my shyness comes off kind
And I'm told by them that
When I open your mouth,
I always have something meaningful to say.

I'm still afraid and hold back my tongue.
But when I look at all the beautiful growth in my garden,
The plants and people remind me of who I am
And what I'm capable of.
They are my strong roots.