

True Nature by Lana Holstein (An NVC participant – integrating her learning)

Eyes narrowed
heart constricted,
I look about to see
how to blame you.
It must be your fault
That I am not happy today.
Where are my flowers?
Why is there not enough money
For me to be
Expansive
Extravagant,
my true nature?
Stuck on the thorns of anger
I wait for you to become
The silken pillow amid opulent gardens.
I resist the lesson of self-creation
Preferring to sit,
wide bottomed,
on the stoic cushion
of disappointment
my fingers wrapped around the mug
of steaming circumstance.
I sip its poison of powerless broth
And continue to die
inside out.