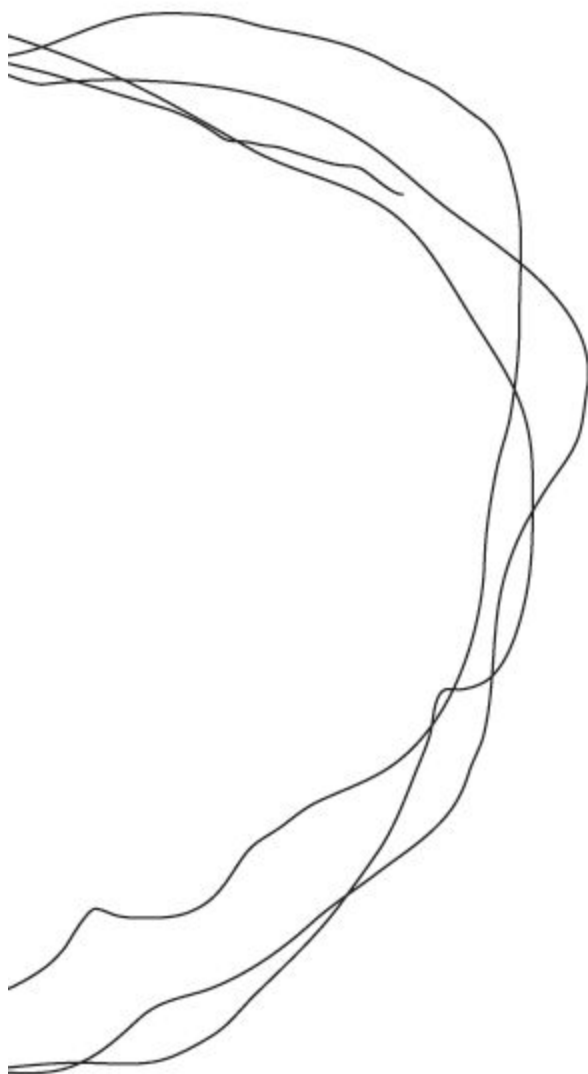


tracing circles



the circle  
a barricade  
between us and  
what we summon

an act towards  
our collective  
safety

i welcome you to  
trace over our  
circle

to know  
you are loved here  
you are safe here

i remember being 6 years old. playing at  
my friends house. his brother took him  
aside and told me to close my eyes. He  
hurt his brother the way they had both  
been hurting me. Only my friend screamed.  
Volumes. I wondered why our voices  
didnt work the same. I wanted to go home.  
To somebody to tell. but how is a 6 year  
old to find the words to say...

i am being raped

and know the answers to the questions  
that would follow

How is a child to know  
safety without the language  
to barricade them  
from what their vulnerability  
summons

(i learned there is safety in submission)

i wish  
i could have been there  
for you, my child

i will meet you where you are now

For juljul

My child,  
your life will be  
unsure  
rich  
painful  
beautiful  
deep

you call yourself juljul  
you are gentle, kind, learning  
(you will always be learning)

there will be a day

you'll look for a new name to call  
yourself  
you'll dream of a home where you can walk  
the corners at night  
a body without fear

my child,  
its been 15 years  
and i dream the same

i'm sorry not more has changed

i dream of a better world for you

a new world  
that finally sees our world too

Yours always,  
Julia

i remind myself

To survive is not to triumph  
this trauma is not a conquest  
to master in the end

i must learn to meet life  
with tenderness more often

to love  
and to be loved

i love you  
i love you  
i love you

-julia