

Emotional Support Poem

Wren Donovan

You don't have to hold the world up
with your worry. And worry isn't prayer.

Let the ocean move and rumble,
you can't console the tides.

Birds will be birds, and bees will sting
but also help the flowers and tomatoes.

Nature feeds us. Moonlight cycles,
sunlight bathes and burns.

Rhythms rock us, let the wheels turn.
Everything will be okay, in fact will be

Amazing. Sit down now, or walk,
and breathe. Your arms will know the dance

when spirit comes, just wait
and open windows, trust the angels
in the basement and the attic, trust
the demons in the forest and the swamp.

They have your back, and life is long,
and everything is going to be okay.