

Be Longing
1/15/2025

All my life I sought belonging,
longing for places and people that were mine;
to mine the depths of strong connection.

When little, I didn't get belonging
from my mother... or any other parent.
Belittled, I didn't even belong to myself.
So I looked for self in romance,
romancing the idea of joined minds and hearts,
heartened when I found a man who wanted me.

He shared name and family but not his soul.
My main, if not sole, purpose in pairing thwarted
despite my frequent exhortations,
I searched for belonging elsewhere,
in work, friendships, groups,
duping myself into believing they could mend me.

But nothing external filled that empty heart-hole
or made me feel whole.
I was always sad, still longing for...I didn't know what.

I didn't learn the lesson of my failures,
or lessen my attempts to find someone,
something that would make me feel okay,
until betrayal trauma forced me to examine old ideas,
and reassess my decades-long quest
to find rest and love and safety outside of myself.

I finally feel safe in the home I've made,
and I'm homing in on what gives true peace,
I'm piecing together an authentic self...at last.
As I do, I notice the pull to please,
so someone will believe in me and let me know
I'm doing great, I matter, I am loved.

Child and adult me never got what she needed,
even when I pleaded for it. At best, I got words, not actions.
Now, giving it to myself is gaining traction.

I never knew faith in my gut, just my head, and I was
gutted by my failure to master surrender and trust.
But, lifelong trauma stunted my spiritual growth
and the hunt for my own small voice.
It was drowned out by their loud voices and my false beliefs.
I now see I have different choices.

I work not to tarry in the land of the past.
At last, I look where completeness can truly be found,
not in other people or places, but in myself.
Belonging was never what I really craved.
What I was experiencing, unknown to me,
was really just the longing to be.