

Dear Sisters,

So many amazing women fill my life  
With such riches.  
You know me.  
You know yourselves.  
I am safe standing naked before you.  
What an astonishing feat to experience.  
Simple, unveiled, raw, bleeding,  
Wounded, radiant and glowing.

Powerless, hopeful and distraught,  
Tears of beauty, sorrow and  
Peeing-in-pants hilarity.  
The space my sisters hold for me.  
The trust and grace I am invited to share.  
The openness that allows me to  
Hold space for you.

Come vent to me. Come rage to me.  
Come breathe with me.  
Come stand in silence.  
Come sing to me. Come listen for me.  
Come crying, seething,  
Giggling, profusing.  
Come pouring your wisdom,  
Your stories, your nightmares to me.  
For all of this  
You have welcomed from me.

You remind me of whom I can be,  
Of how I can be.  
Your beauty permeates every cell of  
Your body, your mind and your spirit.  
Every perfect cell.

Thank you, my dear sisters.  
Your courage, wisdom, compassion and  
Strength grow daily.  
As we venture boldly speaking our truth  
In the world, so the world changes.  
As we own our divine rights to our  
Gender's capacity to channel love and  
Compassion into the socio-politico-  
Cultural aesthetics of life, so will our  
DNA reveal even more. What has been

Dear Brothers,

So many amazing men fill my life  
With such riches.  
Strength giving form to my sea of  
wishes.  
You stand beside me, holding me,  
Lifting my broken body.  
You bow before my beauty even when I  
Am crumbled in my own muck.  
You shield me from my enemies.

You have stood before me,  
Broken and confused,  
Wounded and striking back with fury.  
Terrified of mother, of daddy.

You have wept naked in my arms and  
Swept me off my feet.  
You are child, adolescent, and man,  
Father, son and daughter too.  
You are rage, rape, control and violence.  
Tenderness, vulnerability,  
Submissive and shy.

You are castrated and privileged,  
Emasculated and cocky. Me, too.  
And these times are rocky.  
You step on tiptoe - so hard to know-  
Which way to go.  
Shall I open the door for her or  
Just let it go?

My brothers, thank you for choosing  
To be here now.  
The latent powers within you are lying  
In the fertile soil of your leadership,  
In the gift of your singular focus.  
Soft power.  
Power unafraid of HER.

Her within you.  
That sister who receives,  
That mother who nurtures.  
That father who protects,  
That son who sacrifices.

Denied, what has lain fallow,  
Un-pollinated and buried,  
Will grow like wildfire and like fire,  
Gifts the universe with warmth, light and  
Destruction of the old and dead.  
We are wiser spirits now.  
We are women and girls  
In nascence and adolescence.  
I am a child raised by my big sisters.  
I guide and protect my little sisters.  
I mother and am mothered.  
My sisters are inside my brothers,  
My fathers, my sons.  
My sisters are all colors,  
We identify as all identities.  
We are the act of creation itself.  
Earths and suns, beings unseen,  
Unknown, unborn, unheard, unfelt  
Yet ever present.

Call to hear us. Sense to feel us.  
Look to see us.  
Breathe us into your being.  
Exhale us into your expression.  
Enfold our presence into your heart.  
Know we have always been and are at  
This moment present for you, in you.  
Because of you, as you, around you.  
We are you.  
We are gratitude and forgiveness.  
We are peace and protection.  
We are fierce and fearless, fragile and  
Frightened.  
We are erotic and nasty, delicious.  
Poison, destruction,  
Tenderness, seduction.  
Shy and crude, shocking and shrinking,  
Frizzy and straight, petals and thorns  
Wrapped at your gate.  
We are faith and therein lies our safety.  
With you, I allow myself to know  
I am safe. Safe to grow.  
Safe to be seen, heard and felt.  
Safe to be me, safe to be we.  
Safe and free. I love you, Sisters.

I love your strength.  
I love your arms about me.  
I have you in me.

See my trust.  
Know my power is here  
To empower you,  
For us.

Face your sisters naked and  
We will stand naked with you.  
#you too  
You have been raped, violated,  
Shamed and blamed.

Speak to me, your sister.  
Come vent to me.  
Come rage to me.  
Come breathe with me.  
Come stand in silence.  
Come sing to me.  
Come listen for me.  
Come crying, seething,  
Chuckling, professing.  
Come pouring your wisdom,  
Your stories, your nightmares to me.

For all of this,  
You have welcomed from me.

Dance with us, your sisters.  
Hear our brothers.  
Hear our mothers.  
Listen to our sons.  
Listen to our fathers.  
Feel your daughters.

Being man as human being.  
Know her in you.  
Know you are safe to be you,  
To know and be love.  
Thank you, dear Brothers,  
I love you.  
Namaste,  
Lisa Loving Joan of Arc.