

Babies are not born
asking if they're doing life right.

Little kids fall down,
and then they get up.

Then, those same little kids grow up.
They become tainted by the overbearing motherhood of society.
They become unsure of how to do life right.

Uncertainty in one's personhood is a learned concept.

So, we've already established:
Babies know nothing of societal pressure.
Little kids know that eventually, inevitably, they will get up.

And us?

We don't know how to do it right.
And sometimes, we believe that we will never get up.

This can beg many unanswerable questions,

“How do I know if I'm being a person the right way?”

“How do I know if I belong here?”

“How do I know if I'm a person who *can* get up?”

The truth?

You don't.
Nor do I.

We try,
and then, inevitably, we fail.
Then, we try again.
Because we're human.

We are not made to fit into the laser-cut,
perfectly manufactured,
sickeningly polite,
clinically crafted,
and stereotypically curated 8 billion piece puzzle
that is our suffocating society.

So, how to be a person in a world curated to morph people into puzzle pieces?

Be messy.

Be wrong,
then right,
then wrong again.

Hug your family,
chosen or not.

Cry, and love,
and cry *because* you love.

Wear colors that clash,
and yell into the forests.

Cut your hair,
and laugh because it's stupid.

Lie in the fields,
dare to look at the sun.

Have fear,
have friends.

Grieve.

Chase the cunning rabbit that is humanity,
and when you find her?

Keep her close.

Remember what it was like to fall,
and remember what it was like to know
that you're going to get back up again.

Take your personhood,
grasp it close to you,
and allow it to take up space in our world.

Allow yourself to love,
and allow yourself to be loved.

Because sometimes, that's all we can do.

~Quinn