



Roots and Boundaries

Straight line runs from the road
Climbing steeply up the mountain
Posts evenly spaced
Barbed wire pulled taut
So much effort, so much time
Just to say to the world
“Keep out of what is mine.”
What was the benefit?
What was the gain?
Was all that hard work really worth it?
Just to be able to keep me out forever

Thoughts from the fence -

What are you trying to tell me you bold impenetrable line?
A warning about guarding hearts and stuff and who stays in and where?

Roots -

It took an angry boundary fence to show me what was hiding inside.
To show me I have no need to know my ancestry – or even need a place to call my home
I am the depths of all I am, the safe home, the strength, the comfort, the encouragement.
No having to chase after others to give me the things I crave – love, acceptance, affirmation, safety.
I am my freedom
I own my dreams.
I am my strength, my affirmation, my acceptance, love and safe space.
My roots are in my faith, my writing, the words I speak and who I am, evolving every day
Deep roots, light boundaries.

Put your roots down deep BUT keep your boundaries light – because if you know where you are rooted you don't need to fence yourself in and others out.