

*"The place in which I'll fit will not exist until I make it." – James Baldwin*

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The rivers shall flow, winding, racing, twisting around the hillside. It's their nature.  
The bees shall drink the sweet, natural, sticky syrup called nectar. It's their nature.  
The winds will blow across the treetops, carrying leaves, branches and insects. It can not stop.  
It's their nature.

The bees will buzz, the wind will twirl and the river shall flow. And I shall love. We can not help it. It's in our nature.

And yet, the river, the bees and the wind fit in. A place to call home. I do not.  
And yet, I know I shall find a place of my own.

Even if I have to force my way through twister, rase the ocean or tame a snake,  
I shall find a place I can call my own.  
Even if I have to make it myself,  
I will brave the highest mountain,  
Swim the deepest river  
Or if I have to harness lightning,

I shall brave through the challenges and find comfort  
In the place where I fit in.  
My home.

So blow, winds,  
So flood, river,  
So sting bees!

Go strike, lightning,  
Go ravage, twister,  
Go bite, snake!

I shall not back down!  
Just as you have raised me,  
My world,  
I shall keep fighting,  
Even after I'm old and frail.