

Trust Yourself

Trust your own council and trust your own heart. Look in the mirror and ask for help.

You may have worry and you may have doubt but you can trust yourself.

You made mistakes and you've made missteps. You've made things you didn't intend to make.

But trust that you are now a better wizard, able to love and laugh and create.

You are better because you have tried your hand, better because you have taken wrong turns.

You thought you were just screwing thing up, when you really just chose lessons to learn.

Now you can tell when you have been here before. You know when to stop, when to go.

The school of experience blessed you with a degree. This isn't your first rodeo.

Know that you are different than you were last year. You are different than you were yesterday.

There is magic in that knowing. "Really, everything will be ok."

So trust your gut and your judgment. Your instincts will take you far.

Trust yourself because you can be trusted and you are wiser than you think you are.

Jennifer j Hunt



A Little Something To Know...

Poetry and songs mean whatever the reader/listener says it means. However, it is also very cool to know what inspired the words. What was the writer thinking at the time of creation?

I wrote this as I prepared to fly across the country for my Mother's funeral. I had realized that as much as grief, I was feeling fear. I stopped to ask myself what I was afraid of, and I realized I just didn't trust myself.

I didn't trust myself to do or say the right thing during this challenging time for our family. I didn't trust myself not to be an emotional mess, that made a hard situation harder. I thought about family dynamics and didn't trust myself to be my best self instead of the snarky teenager that lived in my head.

I sat on the beach at midnight and wrote a message of encouragement that I could, in fact, be trusted and why. Then I sweetly reminded myself that I had done my work and had earned that trust. It soothed and calmed me, and yes, everything worked out as lovely as it could.

I shared this poem with a friend who said, "We all need to remember this." "Can I have a copy?" Since then, it has been shared on numerous occasions and platforms because... this isn't your first rodeo either.