

The Crayfish

Grow

Out of the hardness,
tough parts,
that which keeps you small,

The boundary between
the beating heart and
the rhythm of all
else.

Shed your skin,
the exoskeleton,
the structure that
defined you
to the world.

Expose the softness.
Be raw and tender.

Between one you
and the next is
vulnerability,
yes,
and the ego's lament.

To keep growing is
to risk being
on the way to everything
or nothing at all.

There are choices -
a rock
or a heron's feet.

Choices,
the outcome of
which is Destiny.