

Dedicated to all the others

Masego Lynia: Be Still

I remember walking, passing through a group of men and suddenly my heart skipped to an unscheduled resistance prayer work out Psalm 23 v 4 'thou I walk, in the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil for you are with me'. Thou, I walk in the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil for you (and this time I really hope you are) with me

Mind you, this was in a very public place, and in broad daylight. And I can't pretend I don't pray the ground opens up and swallow me, each time a man gets a metre close
Yes, gravity forsakes all the time and my feet forget the order of their steps and each day that I survive men is considered a miracle.

The seeds of selfishness and bestiality, planted in private now blossom in public, attracting bees of insecurities and insects of fear that I just can't seem to wave off

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Nothing about me suggested that I wanted any of it. My body, broken into, my life reduced and equated to his selfish desires. How dare you sin against God and my body all at the same time. How dare you pronounce me woman before my body learns how to spell puberty. How dare you predate on what God tasked you to protect.

I was never afforded the privilege to own a closet so these skeletons linger on my skin. They have made this body home and they call my mind a harbour of gruesome memories. Like the sons of Rachel my heart was another infant mortality rate static

And like the body of Israel in Egypt I subjected it to perpetuated series of embalming, just an attempt to preserve it

See I never intended to wed silence, these pain-soaked words never seemed to find their way through my throat, they just wandered about in my chest, leeching off every bit of my childhood till I died, a slow contained death in total silence, no voices were ever heard. I never made any sound.

Now pain, anger, numbness and depression keep taking turns in overcoming my waking moments, surrounded by people who'll never understand how difficult it is to labour breath after failed attempts to resign from it, so I find myself writing letters to myself like

"Don't sink in, don't give up, don't stop breathing please don't drown, don't let it engulf you. Don't fake it, you won't make it. Live in this every moment, feel every ounce of pain, go through every emotion. Yes, the night is dark and it's full of terror and your eyes are mocking you with zero vision of dawn. Sunrise is coming! I promise you a new day, just breathe and keep breathing, you're in the right place and at the right time. Don't quit yourself!"

Don't quit yourself? See the problem with soul self-medication is that I didn't create myself so how can I possibly know how to fix myself, I guess it's about time I had a conversation with my maker.

Fath.... Dear Go... Did you ever intend for me to live, despising the work of your hands, marveling at the council of the wicked?

Behold, I am your king and I have set your feet on the right path, trust that I will pull you through, you will not fail/fall my love and grace are your stronghold and they are enough. My name is Yahweh, I am Lord over all. Is there anything too hard for me? Look around you, I commanded this world to existence but you, you carefully coined, crafted and created with so much detail I know the exact number of hairs in that beautiful head of yours, even when a hair falls from your head without you noticing, I do.. Is there anything too hard for me.

Subject yourself to my grace and I will rain over all the dry areas of your life. My name is Yahweh. I am lord your father, yes, your father, I put you together in your mother's womb, before I formed you in the womb. I knew you before you were born, I set you apart for special purpose. Baby I know the plans that I have for you. Plans to prosper you and not to harm you, to give you a hope and a future. Be still.

#D T A T O