

“September Something: 2017”

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The Philippines feels like there is so much healing and love for me. And although I must live and be somewhere else from home right now, I am so enormously grateful to the universe for bringing me to a location where it feels like home—but very different from where and what I originally call home. A place I know I can always return to, to find myself again. And I have this forever for me. But beneath the craziness, the frantic buzzing, the list of things not done and to be done, is me. In between the activities there lies me. No matter what does or does not happen I am always waiting to get still and return home, where I always am.



I still struggle with my selfish thoughts of
wishing you could have stayed
But I will live out my journey as you have
lived yours.

You showed every emotion.

Happiness.

Sadness.

Fear.

Love.

Anger.

Helplessness.

Excitement.

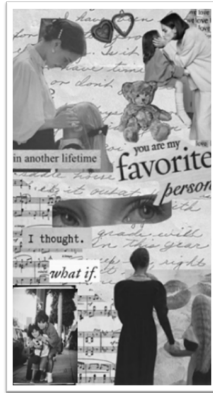
Joy.

Sorrow.

And all the while hoping and praying,
I would only know the good feelings in life.

I love you.

You'll be on my mind forever.



For four months,

I could not write a thing.

My poetry turned into shit, and I hardly had
peace of mind.

But I have realized

During that time and since my mother
passed

I have taken a whole new level of
responsibility.

Some subconsciously,

Some very real.

Even my dynamics and relationships with
people have changed in ways I never saw
coming.

My current priorities revolve around
self-care

Sustaining my energy

And being there for my sisters and father.

Though often I feel distant.

I believe it has to do with working on
self-forgiveness.

I struggle with wishing I had spent every
waking moment with my mom

Instead of fleeing the house on days where I
couldn't stand to see the results

Of cancer's cruel doings or because I was
fearful of what could happen at any given
moment.

I could not stand to see her in grueling pain
Where meds and simply being there for her
wouldn't cut it anymore.

But through all the searing pain,

Strength radiated from underneath her skin.

She always kept it together for my father,
sisters and me.

I realize now

That when I would flee
It was because I was clinging on to what
 hope and happiness was left.
When I think about my mom
I do not long for her to return and fix the
 family messes.
I do not want her to resume responsibilities
 that I now take on.
I just miss her.
I miss her and it's as simple as that.
I can't say I'm comfortable with letting go.
I can't say it's easy.
The pain of letting go and the risk of what
 you're clutching to is immeasurable.
But worth the surrender.