

# Poetry growth

How I learned to slow down and  
find peace in my own skin



Dörthe Dolata

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*How I learned to slow down and find peace in  
my own skin*

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**To the sensitives of this world**

*“Never forget me, because if I thought you  
would, I’d never leave.”*

**A. A. Milne**

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# January



*"Becoming a leader is synonymous with becoming yourself. It is precisely that simple, and it is also that difficult."*

**Warren Bennis**

## **Becoming**

Crafting space and time,

In this life uniquely mine.

A purpose to flourish and evolve,

True to self, standing resolved.

Reflections reveal a past,

somewhat confused,

Yet,

in the present,

a sense of being used.

A discovery unfolds,

a feeling profound,

In this moment,

certainty is found.

The future,  
a tale yet untold,

But I,  
the author,  
bold and bold.

Creating her through the tapestry of now,

A symphony of moments,  
an art to endow.

In the dance of words,

I find my voice,  
Meditation whispers,  
a tranquil choice.

Yoga weaves strength,  
a seamless thread,



Gardening the soul,  
where growth is bred.

A woman emerging,  
with each passing day,

Nurturing the self in a mindful way.

This journey unfolds,  
a beautiful plan,

In the canvas of life,

I am the artisan.

## **For A Better Human Cause**

Winter blossoms

Within my heart.

Warm, it blooms

A feeling of safety,

Of home.

Deep and white,

It floats on the wind,

Shining in the Winter's sun.

Transformation is possible,

If there is will,

And grace.

I am wintering,

Cultivating,

Creating a new spring,

Knowing change is always possible.

It isn't fear that drives me,

That encourages, inspires  
Love has enough.  
Perhaps it needs to be more radical.  
Enough with freshly painted walls  
Certain things can't be whitewashed endlessly.  
Some things need to be abolished.  
Reinvented.  
Re-thought.  
Time to take down, abolish,  
And build anew.  
I've failed myself  
Perhaps I was stubborn,  
Not flexible enough.  
Maybe you, too, will try better,  
Be better.  
Now is the only time we have  
There's no waiting for tomorrow

Or a future that may never come.

We may never be ready,

But we can't keep waiting.

It's a sly excuse

Remaining inactive against our own injustices,

Wherever we are.

Everyone is invited to join

The Better Human cause.

The system isn't the problem.

We, the people, are.

The rules, the conditions

The dos and don'ts

They need us to change.

You are the solution.

New structures emerge through the behaviour of

us all

We shape them,

Every action, every choice,

Is part of the design.

It's us,

Who else?

Apart from us, there is no one else.

What will you tell your children?

That to dream of a better world

Is naive, or cynical?

Change begins within.

Hope and empathy,

Especially now,

When more and more lose their grip on both

We must cultivate them,

Bring them back.

Trust shows what happens when fear takes over.

We mustn't let it win.

I will continue,  
In every way I can,  
To do my part.  
To keep cultivating empathy,  
For a better world,  
For humanity.

## **My own Heart**

I've been given tools

Of strength

And resilience.

What I needed in return

To give,

To feel,

Is to be seen,

Heard,

Listened to,

Acknowledged.

Safe.

Respected.

No. Loved.

The tools,

The only tool

I've ever needed,

Is love.

It's been all

I've ever needed,

And still is.

I am not a fool for love.

I have been a tool for it.

Used,

Abused,

Taken advantage of.

Betrayed—too many times to count.

Left in the dark,

In the shadows,

Lost, forgotten.

But I know,



I am right here,  
Light,  
In my own power,  
Found and remembered,  
Through my own search.  
And not in someone else's toolbox,  
But in my own heart,  
Where I belong,  
Where I truly belong.

No longer in the shadows,  
But in the light,  
In the truth of who I am.

# February



*"One of the most courageous things you can do is identify yourself, know who you are, what you believe in and where you want to go."*

**Sheila Murray Bethel**

## **The Garden of Self-Raising**

### *Parentless Child*

In the echoes of absence,  
a parentless child,  
A longing for arms that never embraced,  
Lack of support, both physically and emotionally,  
Leaving a void that time struggled to erase.

### *Cultivating the Unseen*

Where do you turn when need cries out?  
Cultivating what was never given,  
Words of respect, trust, and understanding,  
Take years to decipher,  
a puzzle to unravel, unforgiven.

### *Arrested Development*

An adult in body, but a child within,  
Arrested development,  
a tale untold,  
Navigating life without a guiding hand,  
In a world that sometimes feels painfully cold.

### *From Here to Eternity*

Where to go from this point, this abyss?  
Outgrowing the shadows that once defined,  
The mirror reflects resilience, strength within,  
For self-raising is an art, a journey well-  
designed.

### *Trans-generational Echoes*

A motherless child, a fatherless soul,  
Ripples through time, generational tolls,  
Transcending trauma, a courageous quest,  
To break the chains and lay them to rest.

### *Mirror's Redemption*

With the one in the mirror, a guide and a friend,  
Raising oneself, an eternal blend,  
Substitute family, chosen and true,  
Bringing love and joy, balancing what's due.

### *Gardening Life's Story*

For we are all someone's child, lucky or less,

In the garden of life, we find our address,

Growing, evolving, a never-ending tale,

A story of resilience, where hearts set sail.

## **Power of Persistence**

I persist, even in the face of resistance.

I resist, even in the face of persistence.

I show up. I am persistent.

Steady and slow, like a turtle,

At ease in my own shell.

I do what I need to do.

I work on my own little bit.

I persist, even when resistance rises,

Knowing I must resist

Whatever, or whoever, tries to break my spirit.

And it is my spirit,

My passion, my joy, my love for what I do—

That guides me on,

Like a dove soaring through open skies,

Carrying hope in its wings,

Unafraid of the unknown.

In my persistent, steady process,  
I trust I will get there...when I get there.

The future is uncertain, unknown.  
I have no vision of what it may hold.

All I can do is keep showing up,

Keep creating,

Keep believing.

With hope.

With trust.

That someday,

Maybe today,

Someone, anyone,

Will read this wee manifesto—

A testament to the power of persistence.



## **Only You, Only Me**

Render to life, render to joy,  
render to the moment, render to what is  
music and rhythm.

Movement that allows for flow,  
hands once grasping now let go and become the  
air.

Step by step, the dance unfolds,  
a union of space and breath.

Come closer. Be my guest.

Do not run again.

Render to a life we could have,  
a life that sings not in the future, but here,  
right between us.

Sit and listen. What is it you want?  
Always someone else's needs and wishes and  
dreams

that must be fulfilled,  
but whose are you waiting to fulfil?  
In the quiet, do your own desires rise like a  
forgotten song?

What if there is no other,  
but only You and Me,  
whose needs, wishes, and dreams  
are waiting to be rendered,  
to be released, not as loss, but as becoming.

What if this rendering is not surrender,  
but the moment when we realize  
the music was in us all along?  
What if, in giving, we finally find ourselves?

# March



*"Chances are you already know what you want.*

*The question is, who is really stopping you?"*

**Hiral Nagda**

## **New Beginnings**

Things are changing,

there is no denial.

Once a girl,

now a woman.

Still,

I remember her,

and that every day.

It's always tough, to be fair,

To bid farewell to what was there.

Why do we fear the Unknown?

When you know yourself,

there is no need to be.

All for you is *love* to see.

Knowing life is love.

This is the only life we have,  
and we must make the best of it.

Appreciating and accepting  
these new beginnings.

## **My Sensitivity and Me**

Sitting here,  
Together, finally,  
A team—  
A cherished present,  
A gift long overdue.  
Not only do we have each other,  
But we are in partnership,  
All One.  
Here I come.

## **Self-Portrait**

More of me,  
More alive,  
More creative,  
More active—  
Yet at ease.

Slowly does it.  
How about some inner peace?

Once stirred by anxiety,  
Sensitivity,  
Intuition,  
Emotions buried deep—  
Once lost  
Into oblivion.

Now rising, pushing,  
Like birthing through the dark,  
Towards love, warmth, tenderness.

Embracing the Sound of Silence,  
Rooted in sovereignty.

Listening to the blackbird's morning call-  
Cheerful, aware,  
Inviting me forward.



# April



*“Let us forgive each other – only then will we live  
in peace.”*

**Leo Nikolaevich Tolstoy**

## **Nature's Morning Call**

Blackbird calls in the dawn's soft light,  
Spring mornings, a melody takes flight,  
A song of newness, a joyful sight,  
In its tune, the world feels right.

Pure and clear, innocent and free,  
In the tree, it sings for you and me.  
A concert of nature, for all to see,  
In its song, we find our glee.

*The blackbird stands for transformation/renewal,  
adaptability, resourcefulness, connection to the  
Divine Feminine, Symbol of protection, guidance,  
nurturing...*

## **This is your life!**

A new morning, a new beginning

brings birds' joyful singing.

The sun slowly rises,

arriving with a cool windy breeze.

The colours of the sky

simply mesmerize my eyes.

My heart and Soul are in love

with life, with what is.

Knowing that every day could be

This everlasting bliss!

## **My dear, dear peace dove**

You've been my steadfast companion,  
a friend so true.

From my earliest memories,  
you've graced my view,  
A symbol of hope,  
guiding me through.

Tales of old whispered,  
"Never war on German land."

As a native of these soils,  
I've toiled and tilled,  
Cultivating a spirit in Ireland  
that could not be stilled,  
Facing history's weight,  
with courage instilled.  
Proudly East German,

yet forging ahead,  
Embracing change,  
leaving the past behind,  
For you, dear Hope,  
my heart is aligned,  
In pursuit of peace,  
the soul's noble bind.  
Through trials and tribulations,  
your wings unfurled,  
A beacon of light in a tumultuous world,  
With strength and resilience,  
my flag unfurled,  
Inward transformation,  
where true change is twirled.

# May



*"Nothing in life is to be feared, it is only to be understood. Now is the time to understand more, so that we may fear less."*

**Marie Curie**

## **Maison Papillon**

On Lille's Rue Nationale, a boulangerie unfolds,

Thoughts of Big Granny, my heart holds,

Imagining her delight in a taste so refined,

In Maison Papillon, where dreams intertwine.

A sign, perhaps, that she's still near,

If only for a moment, if only here,

To share in this French life's sweet grace,

In Maison Papillon's cozy embrace.

Just one day to sit by her side,

To ponder life's mysteries, to confide,

In the woman I am, a reflection of she,

In Maison Papillon, where spirits roam free.

Sipping creme au lait, lost in reverie,

Indulging in cakes, a sweet symphony,  
Of memories shared, of love unfurled,  
In Maison Papillon, the heart of our world.  
Here, in this haven, we're never apart,  
Big Granny's presence, a balm to the heart,  
Maison Papillon, where memories take flight,  
In its warm embrace, everything feels right.



## **Life As It Is**

Can you

Hear

See

Feel

Touch,

If not

Taste Life –

Just as it is?

To Remember

Who We are.

All One.

Going through

One Reality

One Life

Overcoming

What doesn't serve

One's life

Keep pushing through.

In unity, we rise,

Through storms, we stride,

Empathy our guide,

And that

Side by side.

## **Being with Loneliness**

Oh, how I know

Loneliness

All too well.

When I sit

Next to it,

Remembering clearly

The two people

Who brought me

Into this world.

To know themselves

And so,

Right from wrong.

One could claim

They had me,

But the truth is,

I never had them.  
To truly be with,  
To listen and understand,  
There was always  
A layer of mistrust  
And attempts to assert dominance.  
My needs and wants  
Were constantly ignored,  
Trampled on,  
Disrespected,  
As if I didn't exist.  
Remembering being told  
To listen and understand  
The needs and wants of another.  
But I,  
I had to Give,

Forgive Myself

Up,

To the desires and needs

Of another.

Being selflessly honorable

By allowing myself

To be deeply buried,

To eventually rise up

Like a phoenix

From the darkness to the light,

Awakening from a slumber.

My existence in this world,

For a long time,

Denied.

They showed

No balance,

No stability,

No trust,

No respect.

What can anyone expect?

From anyone that lacks

Exactly that?

Accountability.

To ever feel an inner security,

To feel at home and safe.

Unless one dares

To walk

And learn to listen

To their own inner voice,

That loneliness can be

A gift

To cultivate

Their very own— Bliss.

# June



*"Looking at various means of developing compassion, I think empathy is an important factor: the ability to appreciate others' suffering."*

**Dalai Lama**



## **Undeniably Powerful**

How often do you encounter someone  
With whom you instantly connect,  
As if their essence resonates with yours?  
You hear their voice,  
Feel their authenticity coursing through you,  
And goosebumps rise in response.  
It can be unsettling, this intensity,  
Yet undeniably powerful,  
For they see you for who you are,  
Beyond what you do,  
And accept you completely,  
Just as you are,  
In their presence alone.

In that fleeting moment,  
Worlds collide,  
Boundaries blur,  
And you glimpse the depth of human connection—  
A reminder of the beauty and mystery  
That lies within each soul.

## **To the Departed**

Early Sunday morning dawn.

I heard the door

as you closed it quietly

behind you.

Thinking

your departure would go unnoticed.

Knowing

our last night's conversation

ended with you.

Disagreeing.

Refusing to see

who I am.

Leaving me feeling unworthy

and misunderstood.

Loneliness.

Hurt on both sides.

Ever since you departed,  
nothing has ever been  
the same.

You run while you can  
from responsibility.

In denial.

Afraid to face your child.

Refusing to acknowledge  
your departure was your decision.

While I had tried to bridge so very often.

Until I had enough,

knowing I am

overstretching

for someone

who doesn't appreciate

a constructive conversation.

Who are you to ask

who do you think you are  
when you don't even know,  
see your own self,  
in me?

## **Summertime and Strawberries**

I love the summertime,

With its red and juicy

Strawberries,

All mine.

I dance through

The strawberry fields,

Forever.

Both hands stained

Bloody red,

This fruit's juice

Running down my shoes.

It's almost like

A murder on the dance floor,

But it's only  
Strawberry fields forever,  
And ever, and ever.  
So sweet,  
So fine.  
Big and small,  
They hang,  
Only waiting,  
Wanting to be Swallowed up.  
Down my mouth,  
Slowly... With relish.  
Now that is  
A summertime joy  
I cherish.

# July



*"Resilience is knowing that you are the only one  
that has the power and the responsibility to pick  
yourself up."*

**Mary Holloway**



**My Dear Heart,**

I know this is hard,

Strength is needed.

Breathe.

Breathe deeply.

Remember, you are not alone.

Life doesn't always unfold as planned,

Whatever that may mean.

I see you. I feel you. I honor you,

Like a white rose,

Pure and full of respect.

For Being You!

My heart.

Years of struggle,

Up and down,  
Like a merry-go-round,  
Leaving you sick and weary.  
But now, it's time to pause.  
Time to reflect, to decide,  
Even though it feels like time is pressing hard.

I hear them calling,  
The voices of women before me,  
Cultivate self-respect and perseverance!  
With the intention to keep cultivating  
For those who come after.  
They lived with strength, with sacrifice.  
But now, they urge me to live differently.  
To be true to myself,

To honor them by respecting who I am,

By living the life they couldn't.

The child within me cries out,

"Love me!"

While the adult in me demands,

"Respect me!"

Love alone isn't enough

For true change and growth,

Self-respect is what will forge the path.

I know you've been told:

"Don't be this, be that!"

But you knew better.

All you did, my heart, was Be You!

In moments of desperation,

In moments of clarity,  
In moments of awakening,  
Only you know what's best.

The clock is ticking,  
The pressure is real.

You feel the conflict,  
Between the ego's need for love  
And the maturity's demand for respect.  
But no one knows you better than you do.

So take a breath,  
Hold steady,  
And live your life as you see fit,  
Honouring them, by honouring You,  
With the grace of a white rose,

Paving the way

For those who will come after.

## **Sensitivity**

Can someone as sensitive as I am

Be relationship-friendly?

Be my true self in friendships?

They must rock.

They do rock

Until anything that doesn't serve

Drops away,

Dead and gone.

My sensitivity is my anchor,

My guide,

My Self.

A knowing that navigates

A life free of unnecessary fear and confusion.

Sit with what feels uncomfortable.

It's not just patience you need.

You need courage – heart!

To feel, to see, to truly hear

What the other is experiencing.

A heart of empathy

And compassion.

A heart that knows its place,

Its boundaries.

I know I can dive deep.

Rabbit holes are a feast,

Learning and discovering more about my Self.

In the presence of another,

I get to know my other Self.

What was missing  
Is being discovered,  
Uncovered,  
Like a precious gift  
In a sudden rain shower.  
Sensitivity is not,  
And I say NOT for the faint of heart.  
It takes courage and bravery  
To embrace fear and confusion  
When all you want is to run  
For the hills.  
Fear can stop you in your tracks,  
Prevent you from being your true Self.  
That's why you need to know



Your own heart.

What makes You come alive,

And here is where love resides.

## **Wandering Roots**

Spread far and wide,  
From a place unknown  
Coming home.

Finding me  
In the midst of it all.

My boots have taken me far,  
Across Germany's forests,  
Through England's rain,  
Over Ireland's green hills,  
France's bustling streets,  
And Belgium's quiet towns.

To the deep end.  
But here I am,  
Connected to Wroclaw,  
In my element,

Rooted in the soil  
Of my ancestors' city,  
Enjoying life.

Meeting strangers,  
Learning cultures,  
Building memories,  
Chasing dreams.

This is hardly the end.  
With every step,  
New roots,  
New beginnings,  
A heart forever wandering,  
Yet finding home.

# August



*"Be like a tree. Stay grounded. Connect with your roots. Turn over a new leaf. Bend before you break. Enjoy your unique natural beauty. Keep growing."*

**Joane Raptis**

## **In the Middle of It All**

On my left, there's you.

On my right, how can that be true?

And here am I,

In the middle of it all.

Between chaos and order,

Swinging left to right,

And right to left.

I know it's me—

The one who sees,

The one who faces Uncertainty.

For as long as I remember,

I've loved the swing.

Back and forth,

Up and down,

Left to right,

Knowing:

Here I am–  
Sitting,  
Standing,  
Holding firm,  
Yet feeling  
Deeply moved,  
Side to side.  
Doing my best,  
With what I know,  
To make sense  
Of what it means  
To be in the middle of a storm.  
Realizing I am–  
In the Middle of it all.

## **A Life Unseen**

In the tapestry of time,  
a lineage unfolds,  
A child,  
a story,  
in the universe it molds.  
From father's strength,  
and mother's grace,  
Yet not confined to their dreams' embrace.  
Not a puppet,  
nor a keeper's claim,  
I am the consequence,  
not bound by name.  
Born of recklessness,  
ignorance,  
and strife,

A journey unfolding,

a tale of life.

Not a parent,

not a dream's designer,

I stand alone,

a self-refiner.

In the echoes of the past,

I find my truth,

Outgrown the binds,

the vigour of youth.

A child of my own,

a guide so wise,

Responsibility,

care,

caution arise.

Setting boundaries



in the present's glow,

Educating self,

the seeds I sow.

In the canvas of existence,

a lineage told,

A tale of growth,

of being bold.

This journey,

unique,

in time's endless stream,

The title engraved: "A Life Unseen."

## **Planting Roots**

I know I will never return  
To the place of my birth.

I have outgrown,  
Moved away  
So long ago.

Trying to plant roots  
Wherever I have been.

Always living with uncertainty,  
Facing the unknown.

Yet holding a deep belief in a new tomorrow.

# September



*"When we're growing up there are all sorts of people telling us what to do when really what we need is space to work out who to be."*

**Elliot Page**

## **Allow What Is Needed**

I breathe deeply

Into my belly.

I breathe in–

I breathe out.

Becoming conscious,

Breathing reminds me:

I exist.

I am here.

Do not dismiss

What anchors, what grounds.

Tuned in,

Connected to body and mind,

A sense of aliveness rises.

Pay attention,

I tell myself–the world–

To your breath!

Your breath helps you become aware

Of what is,

Of what goes on within,

Leading to a deeper sense of calm,

Vitality,

Presence.

What a gift!

What joy!

To cultivate a simple tool,

To connect

With your own life force.

Not to be underestimated.

Being aware, fully present,

Allows what is needed

To flow into your life,

To be embraced,

To be accepted.

## Impossible to Dismiss

I used to think and ponder-hard.

But now I know for certain:

Living life the way it works for me,

Blooming from uncertainty.

Only with my own heart,

I see and know what's best for me.

Too often, external voices appear-

Daring to interfere!

Thinking they know what's right for me,

Or who they thought I should be.

They wanted me to follow their lead,

Walk in their small shoes,

Too tight.

Long outgrown,

Impossible to dismiss.

The pain of self-growth!

Through youth, age, joy, and eternal bliss-

Now *that* is something I wouldn't want to miss.

To see myself bloom and blossom wisely,  
Into what it is I need to see and know-  
That has changed, evolved.

And I've realized:  
My true self has always been my guide.

## **Be the Storm**

It rings in my ears

From far, far away.

No idea why,

But I love it, dear!

The master is calling-

I heard her voice,

Loud and clear.

She wants me to know:

Be strong, be kind,

Be everything you wish to be.

Mastering your life

Is key!

Only you know, deep inside,

What you need to conquer

To claim the last laughter.



Enjoy your life, my dear!

For you only have but this one.

The storms of life you already know—

You can ride them.

Be the storm, be the sky,

Be true, be you.

That's how you become

The Master.

# October



*"What we once enjoyed and deeply loved we can  
never lose, for all that we love deeply becomes  
part of us."*

**Helen Keller**

## **In Quiet Company**

A walk in crisp, moist autumn air,  
Sensing the rain  
Waiting, ready to fall.  
An old tree,  
Branching out through the years,  
Stood tall in its shade,  
Roots buried beneath mud and leaves.

I stood on its bare roots  
For just a moment,  
Felt a twinge of pain.  
I stepped aside,  
Respecting its space,  
Letting it breathe,  
As the rain poured down  
And wind rattled its branches.

The air smelled fresh, clean–  
Oh, how I love autumn's air,  
A taste of its soul,  
Of the soil itself.

I walked along the tree-lined path,  
Moving toward the light.  
At the path's end,  
Leaves had already turned yellow,  
Waiting to be washed away.

The closer I came,  
The canopy opened,  
Exposing me to the wind,  
Pushing me further into the open.

But solitude–  
That is what I need.  
To be connected with nature.

In quiet company.

To reflect on what is about to come next.

## **Autumn Light**

Oh, how it burns

So bright

Through my window.

It blinds-

Actually hurts.

I squeeze my eyes,

Protecting myself from lies

I've been seeing, hearing,

Listening to.

This light-

Such a delight!

Frosty on this fine autumn morning,

Icy and bitter against my skin.

Yet I know

It's a refreshing new beginning.

Autumn light-ness,

Let me in

To see what you see,

What I truly need.

Lightness and a simple life,

Connected

To Mother Earth,

In nature, in love,

In a garden of empathy.

Love and joy-

I hear a tender cheer!

Autumn light-

I embrace you

With all my heart and soul,

Waiting for you

To come home

To where you truly belong.

October shines brightly-

So very lightly.

I smile within,

Knowing to keep listening,

To keep my path clear,

So I remember

The journey leading me



# November



*"The World is my country, all mankind are my  
brethren, and to do good is my religion."*

**Thomas Paine**

## Stillness

The soothing Sufi melody in the background  
Cuts gently into my morning stillness.

Rumi says:

*"Raise your words, not voice.*

*It is rain that grows flowers, not thunder."*

Speak to me.

Working its way into my consciousness,  
Into the stillness–  
Healing. Releasing. Forgiving.

My humanity!

It cannot, impossibly,

Know everything.

All I know is that I know nothing  
But the beating of my own heart.

And even that  
Has led me astray  
In times of hurt.

Blinded by sorrow,  
By grief that chokes like thick fog,  
I sat with myself.

In stillness.

In silence.

To forgive myself–

My Past.

My Presence.

My Future.

For what I didn't know,  
Or couldn't know,  
Or might never know.

Ignorance can be bliss!

But even so,  
I forgive myself.

In stillness,  
Wrapped in Sufi guidance,  
I bless myself.

I breathe.

I am here.

I am alive.

My words will rise  
Like tender shoots of green,  
And my flowers will grow—  
Each petal  
Watered by my tears.

Thanks to the rain of my sorrow,  
My garden thrives.

In stillness,

I bloom.

## **Wisdom**

It takes wisdom

to know,

Not to think,

But to know.

I use my heart

to tune myself in.

If something feels off,

I just know.

There's a fine line

between thinking

I know

and actually knowing.

Something isn't right,

or something feels good–

My tummy tells me so.

This anxious feeling  
that overcomes me at night,  
while I'm supposed to sleep,  
keeps me awake,  
this knowing:  
Something isn't right.

It couldn't be more subtle.

I think–

Therefore I am.

I exist.

But I know,  
that's what I do.

I know.

## **Fallen**

Fallen leaves,  
Brown, and crunchy,  
Scattered on the ground.

Covering the earth-  
Wrapped up, tucked in,  
For Winter to begin.

Fallen down,  
They spread,  
Far and wide.  
One moment here,  
Then gone forever,  
Carried away in the wind,  
Never forgotten.

At the heart of the core,  
They linger-  
Missed,



But remembered,  
In the silence of their absence.

# December



*"Your vision will become clear only when you can  
look into your own heart. Who looks outside,  
dreams; who looks inside, awakes."*

**Carl Jung**

## **Certain of Her Purpose**

Growth and change  
require intention-  
a willingness  
to open up,  
to face what may feel upsetting  
and sad.

A plant doesn't just grow with sunshine.  
It needs watering too,  
a balance to cultivate  
before it can truly blossom,  
before it blooms.

To be self-aware takes effort,  
and not everyone wants to try.

Life doesn't often change us completely.  
What it does, though,

is bring to light  
aspects of our character  
that were always there.

But I know transformation is possible.

I have seen it.

I have lived it.

I met my future  
years ago in Berlin:  
a beautiful young woman,  
a writer  
with a green typewriter.

She was someone else's child,  
yet when I saw her,  
I saw my younger self—  
twenty years ago,  
certain of her purpose.

Autonomous.

Knowing exactly what she wanted.

Leading with kindness,

with empathy.

She was the future I wanted to see:

not complacent,

not complicit,

but alive,

awake.

She was a vision of what we could all become—

if we choose to be.

## **Sow Empathy, Reap Joy**

In the garden of empathy,

a seed is sown,

A path of balance and joy,

beautifully known.

Cultivating a spirit,

genuine and true,

Embracing the real,

the authentic in you.

Be yourself,

unapologetically so,

Shedding the shadows that try to impose.

Distance from those who hinder your flight,

For your essence is here,

a beacon of light.

In the pursuit of purpose,

let your heart lead,  
Follow the whispers that fulfil your need.  
Look within,  
find the joy that resides,  
A radiant presence where authenticity abides.  
Fear not your light,  
let it shine bright,  
Illuminate the darkness,  
dispel the night.  
Those who shy away are not meant to stay,  
Your journey is upward,  
guiding the way.  
Uplift and inspire,  
in your divine quest,  
A symphony of happiness,  
your soul's request.

Trust the resonance of your inner song,

In the dance of life,

where you belong.

So,

dance to the rhythm of your heart's decree,

In the garden of empathy,

set yourself free.

Planting seeds of joy,

let your essence bloom,

For happiness grows in your authentic room.



## **It All Had To Be**

As my wings electrify,

Taking flight to soar

I begin to hum to myself.

No, I sing out loud

A song of freedom –

Joy.

As the rain comes pouring down,

I feel alive.

I feel it all had to be

In order to be

Me.

“now that you are free  
and the only obligation you are under  
is your own dreams  
what will you do  
with your time”

**rupi kaur**

**Thank you!** 🌱🌻



**Dörthe Dolata (aka DD – The Compassionate Gardener)** is a writer, grower, and life purpose coach who nurtures empathy and joy in all that she does. Born in the former German Democratic Republic, DD's rich European identity has been shaped by time spent in England, Ireland, France, and now Belgium. As a storyteller and poet, she brings depth and insight into her multifaceted life. A passionate Kundalini Yoga practitioner, DD blends her love for yoga, meditation, cycling, history, and gardening, creating a unique, vibrant European tapestry.

You can explore her musings and insights on her website, *The Compassionate Gardener* ([thecompassionategardener.com](http://thecompassionategardener.com)), or on Substack ([DD's Musings](#)), where she shares intuitively inspired thoughts on life. She is currently working on a memoir.

