

# BREATHING SPACE

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It does not matter  
if I please you  
or if you look at me with loving eyes  
None of this matters  
to the queen of my own heart

What matters  
is that I smile inwardly  
at my own failings  
forgiving  
And open each day to my own goodness  
That I soothe and soften my own wandering mind  
and give space to my own thoughts and dreams  
That I breath long and slow into my soft belly  
and I know my own song by heart

JANE O'SHEA

From the book

**Word Remedies**  
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