

Worthiness

I read somewhere that worthiness isn't something we have to work towards
because it is innate.

It is as matter of fact as the rising sun

It is as normal as shades of autumn coming after winter

I wish that I didn't forget how much it was a part it, how much it was a part of me

Hopefully, in those forgetful times – I can find my way back to remembering
that I am worthy

Not because some affirmation said so but because in every fiber of my skin,
it is written that I am worthy of abundance

even in my darkest hours

my being

my existence is the etching of my creators love for me

and my worthiness isn't something that I have to contend, explore or find

Because she, like I, is as real as the earth, moon, stars and the sky

Who am I to question if I'm worthy?

When it's one of the few things that's already been decided for me

