

13 September 2025

Self-Compassion

It's like the scent of rain
after a month of drought—
the way it rises up and fills the lungs
quiets the body
and softens the mind—

that's what it's like
when, after grasping
and spinning and reaching
and clenching, at last,
exhausted with my own fear,

I lay my hand on my own heart
and see through my thoughts
and practice loving
what is here beneath my palm:
this frightened woman

and the life that lives through her—
not a single promise I will be safe,
but when I press my open hand
into the beat of my anxious heart
what was dry becomes loamy,

what was cracked becomes rich,
and a faint sweetness
tendrils through me like incense,
soothing as a lullaby
only the self can sing.

— Rosemerry Wahtola Trommer