

Dialogue with (K)nots

Self: Where do you come from?

*(K)nots: I come from your experience.
I bind up your wounds.*

*Self: My wounds have been bound—
now you bind my spirit.*

*(K)nots: If I loose you, you may wound yourself again.
I must protect your tender places.*

*Self: Could you not adorn my tenderness?
Be as tendrils holding me up,
as diaphanous netting shimmering with my inner light.
Let me shine through—give beauty to my shining.
Together we might bind the wounds of others
and help them to shine also.*

*(K)nots: I will hold you loosely, beautifully,
and together we will work our healing magic.
Together we will be whole.*

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