

Generational Healing

Jesus was born
into a world
where a woman's choices
were not hers.

Where marriage,
and rape,
and survival,
and motherhood
were often the same story—
different masks
on the same cage.

He did not flinch.
He came anyway.
To a girl barely past childhood.
To a body unprotected by power.
To a womb that could have been taken
like all the others.

And we pretend
this is ancient.
That this thread has been cut.

But it's still there—
in the blood laws,
in the courtrooms,
in the shame that chokes a girl
who says no
and the silence that swallows a woman
who says yes
but means
please don't hurt me.

This is what we are fighting.
Not just abortion,
not just roles—
but whether the body belongs
to the one who lives in it
or the world that claims to know better.

We could heal this.
We could cut the cord
between obedience and worth,
between pain and permission.

But some still believe

in the old way—
because it worked for them,
or they think it did,
or it kept the chaos
at bay.

And so we circle,
bleeding ancient stories
into modern skin—
still trying to be holy
without being owned.

And yes—
it is still right
to love Joseph.
The man who stayed.
Who bore the weight
of a story he didn't write
and never turned it
into ownership.

He held his place
without taking hers.
And there is strength

in that kind of quiet.

It is okay to love tradition.

And it is okay to leave it.

It is okay to say no.

It is okay that some don't know how to hold that.

And it is okay that it's not okay.

So we breathe.

This is how we figure it out.

You want the binary—
but trans and queer exist.

Proof that the system
was always more complex
than we were taught to see.

Or maybe it isn't complex.

Maybe it just translates
in ways we haven't yet learned to hear.

Closing Note to Generational Healing

This is my first poem after learning to name the black hole that first suffocated me.

I'm trying to build speed so to arc past the hurt and into light.

I wrote this poem from the edge of sink or swim

with fire still on my hands because

I hope

that healing is art plus acceleration.

Either way, we're documenting this arc. Cause we're scientartists. Buckle up.