



Dear Reader,

I wrote this poem in Friday 8th October 2021.

I feel it speaks to what many women go through in life.

As I read it out to my partner I became very emotional and felt a huge release. Seems these words had been waiting to emerge.

Perhaps they resonate with you too.

I will wait until this awards process is complete and will then publish this poem through my networks. Perhaps it can provide support and release for others as well.

Namaste,
Eli



Changing Hats

A poem by Eli Haski

When we are young
Little girls finding our way.
Looking to daddy for safety, to stay.
To our mums we observe the looks, movements and words
To find who we are in this place, in this world.

Little girl with sweet voice, all bright and alive.
Full of energy, love and pure delight
Trying on all the ways we think we might be
And shaping our thought, our context of me.

We try on personality, like changing our clothes
Till we find something that fits and shapes to the mould.
Our actions and words, learned and tested through life
become how we are in the world, untested insights.

We're sent out into life, this version of me
Now a young woman, so eager to please.
The walls are not up, we no not how to be
But we try and we test and so shapes the me.

All the kids in the playground, all the versions of self
Influenced by homelife and what they've been dealt
Our interests are sparked and our hormones run wild
Who is this girl now, as this woman arrives.

Yet again she embarks on a journey of growth
Asleep to the truth of what she can invoke.
The power is there, lying dormant inside
Till one day, with hope, she discovers her pride.

Her essence is there hidden deep below the layers
Can she find her true self through her wants and desires.
She has skills and talents, realised or not
As she grows into her skin, the young girl long forgot.

Now a woman is there and a family perhaps
A career and a job to prove that she's all that.
No doubt still eager to please, and taking it all
She bends herself around to fit into the mould.

So each day she emerges changing this hat for that.
Being it all and then some, at that.
Can she see all her worth, her power, her strength?
Can she touch on her essence and voice what she thinks?
Can she let go of the things she no longer needs
They don't serve her potential, they only deplete.

When she takes off her hats and can just simply be
Perhaps this woman inside is just simply me.
Raw power and grace, tenderness supreme,
Creative, adept and following her dreams.

She can be all for others, but can she still be
That loving and trusting and holding of me.

