

COLLECTION TEXT
RITUAL UNIONS PRESENTS A POEM

I begin again.
Something was missing.
I am changing.
Rebirth is not a rupture.
It is a quiet permission.
To let go of the old
and accept the new.
I am new everyday.
And I have been here before.
I carry all my former and future selves with me.
they do not disappear when I evolve.
They wait.
They observe.
What once felt contradictory
reveals itself as continuity,
if I step back far enough.
Nothing was wasted.
Nothing was wrong.
Nothing was accidental.
I forgive myself for fluctuating.
For changing my mind.
For loving what I once rejected.
For rejecting what I once loved.
Polarity is not a weakness.
It is an essential part of life.
Darkness gives shape to light.
Softness sharpens strength.
I am composed of contrast,
and I no longer ask it to resolve.
I am not inconsistent.
I am alive.
I live in waves.
I arrive, I retreat, I return.
When I look back,
I recognize the core.
It was always there,
waiting to be understood.
I do not need a god
to know that I am not alone.
I do not need tradition
to know a meaningful ritual.
I need rhythm.
I need gathering.
I need to believe
that presence can be shared.
Love is my religion.
Connection is my confession.

I believe in unions that shift and transform.

Unions of bodies,
of moments,

of versions of the self.

I believe in ritual as salvation.

Not because it saves me from who I am,
but because it allows me to stay.

There is pressure to arrive.

To be finished.

To be acceptable.

To be readable.

I am breaking the chains.

I am not a slave of society.

I am acceptable when I accept myself.

I dress for alignment, not approval.

For truth, not consistency.

For the self I am today.

I choose myself again and again.

I am gentle with my becoming.

Confidence can be quiet.

Caring is strength.

Materials carry tension, weight, restraint.

They hold the body without silencing it.

They reveal structure,

then soften it.

They reflect all parts of my soul.

Some places are magical.

Places where no one tells you who to be.

Where belief is optional,

but freedom is not.

A city made of concrete chapels.

Where people gather without permission.

Where ritual happens in motion.

Where misfits build their own altars.

Here, I learned how to pray
without kneeling.

Here, I learned

that believing together is enough.

I will be born again and again, without fear.

I believe in the power of rituals.

I believe in the power of connection.

I believe in Ritual Unions.