

## **If you want a man let go of the boys (POEM)**

You are yearning to open,  
yearning to surrender,  
yearning to be loved,  
and yearning to express your love.

You are yearning to,  
but afraid to.

What you are afraid of,  
is what you are yearning for.

The man you yearn for will make you feel safe,  
but he will also scare you just a little bit.

It's not that you're afraid he's gonna hurt you.

Rather, you know he's going to see you,  
to really SEE you,  
to witness all the parts of you that you've been hiding and unsure of.  
And he's gonna love all these parts,  
and love you as you are,  
and that  
freaks  
the shit  
out of you.

So, you settle.

You settle for the boys.

The boys whom you feel totally safe with.  
The nice boys.  
The new age boys.  
The boys whom you can control and manipulate.  
The boys who love your little girl but can't take your wild, intense,  
out-of-control woman.  
The boys who love your laughter but can't hold you in your rage, nor  
in your tears.

The boys who pat you on the back and say “don’t cry”.  
The boys who shush you when you are too loud in bed.  
The boys who ask you to slow down when you ride them hard because they can’t deal with your juicy energy.  
The boys who want it all balanced, fair and harmonious.  
The boys who avoid conflict at all costs because it’s “not spiritual”.  
The boys who ask for your opinion and guidance while you crave to be led and guided.  
The boys who still think you are their mama.  
The boys who touch you too early, too fast, too eagerly, and never in the way you really crave.  
The boys who make love with you softly, and after a few months or weeks or even days, you get frustrated because sometimes you want to be taken,  
you want to be ravished,  
you want to be  
fucked.

But try as hard as they can,  
they might be making the moves but they don’t have presence,  
the depth of being,  
and the connection to their wild, warrior, animal self.

Are you tired of the boys?

Is it time to call in a man?

If you want a man, let go of the boys.

The man you yearn for doesn’t need any moves.  
He wouldn’t need to do much.  
He will look at you and you’ll feel deeply seen,  
like you’ve never been seen in your whole life,  
like you always yearned to be seen.

He will look at you and you will melt,  
and shake,  
and tremble,  
as you feel how he takes you with his eyes,  
how he penetrates you with his presence,

how he fucks you with his love,  
how he ravishes you with his deep  
stillness.

He will simply hold you in his arms,  
and you will feel held like you've never been held  
before.

As if the ground disappeared and the world vanished and he's holding  
you in  
outer space,  
and you are hardly able to keep standing as you're knees give in.

You might feel overwhelmed.  
It might feel like too much.

Let it be too much.  
Surrender to the intensity of what this man brings up in you.

This man doesn't need you.  
He is already deeply fulfilled by himself, his mission, and his spiritual  
practice.

But when you are with him,  
you will feel as if you are the first,  
the last,  
and the only woman in the world for him.

He doesn't need you but he will cherish,  
enjoy,  
and worship everything about you.

This man will love your laughter,  
and adore your tears,  
and be touched by your sadness,  
and inspired by your anger.

He will appreciate and enjoy your ideas and your intellect,  
as well as the smell of your sweat,  
and the taste of your skin.

This man will love you like you always yearned to be loved,  
He will make love with you like you always dreamt to be made love to,  
And he will fuck you like you always fantasized of being fucked.

He will take you harder than you have ever been taken,  
and softer than you've ever been taken,  
and everything in between,  
all at once.

He wouldn't need to ask you for anything,  
as you will feel deeply called to do anything for him,  
to give him everything you have.  
You will offer him your time,  
and your heart,  
and your body,  
and your love,  
and your pussy.

And for him,  
your body will be the offering,  
the sacrifice,  
the altar,  
the temple,  
the city and the universe.

If you want a man, let go of the boys.

Call in the man.