

my body is wise

for a long time, i lived mostly in my head-
decisions, responsibilities,
deadlines, discussions...
my mind was doing everything,
and my body seemed quiet

but she wasn't quiet at all.
for years, she had been trying to speak:
through tightness in my chest,
stomach pains, headaches,
waves of nausea and digestive discomfort-
sometimes constant, sometimes sudden.

i kept working anyway.
i kept going because
“there was too much to do”
and
“no time to listen to my body”

but recently i realized something important:
she remembers things
i don't want to face.

she remembers

how long she hasn't rested,
how many meals she skipped,
how many nights she spent awake
frightened, sweating
how many long flights,
were labeled as “work opportunities,”
how many moments she ignored herself
when everything felt overwhelming:

i stayed silent, my body voice become heard
my body was never trying to stop me-
she was trying to guide me

the first time i tried
not to fight her
not to immediately “fix” or “eliminate”
what I was feeling
and instead simply breathe...

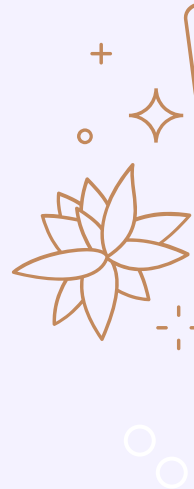


place my hand on the part that hurt,
feel, listen, stay present,
be open to support...
not just remember her only during that moment,
but support and care her ongoing-
things began to shift

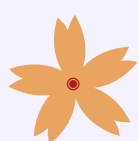
stop thinking that was “not normal,”
it was **normal**, my redefinition of normal,
through what my body was signaling
my listening became my healing.

when we instead of correcting,
start listening
everything changes.

i know we cannot always listen
i have lived that through



i share our collective lived experience with you



recently i'm trying-
trying to find ways, support,
time and space
to finally hear
what my body is telling

some days it works, some days it doesn't

sometimes “unhealthy” is loudest enough,
that become healthy.

it is healthy,

that my body gets tired...
that my body ask for slow down,
make space for me
she is not the destruction,
she is the way to finally
feel free to feel not ok



our body is wise in her own way



after all this, my message isn't that
we should stay in pain,
or ignore signs that need attention.

the message

i'm tired of fighting my body,
body, that in her quiet and beautiful ways
is resisting overwhelming systems
endless deadlines,
and this capitalistic world and system,
where we are always running



i don't want to ask anymore,
“what is wrong with me?”,

i want to ask
“what is my body telling me?”

instead of ignoring or battling with her,
i want to understand her...



my body is not “unhealthy,”
the way people often say.

she is wise,
this is how, from now on,
i will approach to her

