

# I Answer The Call

## By Liliana Baylon

Ever since I could remember,  
I was always told who I would be.

In that path, what I mastered was the ability to  
disappear,  
to please,  
to smile,  
to give you what you wanted,  
so, I could survive,  
so, I could be safe,  
So, I could coexist with you.

What I learned was to be silent,  
to ignore my needs,  
to repress my feelings,  
To be blind,  
To be in pain,  
To be voiceless,  
To guard my thoughts,  
To be alone in sadness,  
To not question you,  
To not question the path  
To accept your path

You told me, there was only one way to be me,  
"Your WAY"

# I Answer The Call

I didn't know that other paths existed  
"is there something wrong with me?"

What I'm learning in my journey,  
Is...  
To sort out thoughts and scripts I learned  
What I'm trying to figure out is,  
How can I be me, in multiple worlds, including  
The one you "show me", "give me"  
How can I honor it?  
Appreciate it?  
See its lessons, its gifts?  
I can choose!

The world that tells me, "I do not belong"  
I should watch what I do, what I say,  
I should know my place!

The world that tells me,  
What to do, what to think  
Reminds me, of my ROLES, my Place  
The world that questions my experience, my insights

The world that tells me...  
I can be anything I want to be!  
BUT judges my choices, my voice, my thoughts  
The world that tells me not to be loud,  
To keep my opinions to myself  
To not be selfish

# I Answer The Call

There it is again...  
The constant internal struggle of my curiosity,  
My needs,  
And what is expected of me...  
The script of "be this way"  
to be accepted,  
to be welcomed,  
    So much grief...

No place to be me, to be loved as is.

Yet, I keep choosing different,  
I keep exploring,  
I keep questioning  
I keep hearing the call to be the agent of change,  
And I KEEP LISTENING.  
I KEEP ANSWERING THE CALL.

How do I take responsibility for the path I want, without losing you?

How do I belong without seeing the world different from you?

How do I know if I'm going too fast? Slow? If I'm doing it right?

How do I know if I have no temple to follow?

Why do you judge my path if you have not been in it?

Why was I able to hear the call to be different, but you didn't

How did I know I can keep going, keep trying?

# I Answer The Call

Now, I can see that your path, were steps that help me climb the wall to see the possibilities

But there is sadness in doing it alone.

On having to explain repeatedly my choices, the why of my choices

Why I needed a different path

I see the multiple paths,

The multiple worlds, I have visited

I can see the gifts I have taken with me

And the grief I carry with me

As I stop and look back

I can appreciate how far you took me,

Walk with me...

I can feel the sadness of wanting more experiences with you

From you

I can feel the sadness of not been accepted

Not having a place of belonging

Not having a path that I can easily see and follow

I can also see the anger for having to do it alone

For not belonging

For being questioned

For being rejected

For having to prove myself

Over, and over again

# I Answer The Call

There is a part of me that is tired  
A part that is sad  
A part that is angry  
And a part of me that is grateful for the steps  
For the call

My gut is telling me,  
YOU were waiting for me, to show you how it could be done.

I still don't know

Who I am  
Where my path is leading me  
Or how do I fit in  
BUT what I do know,  
Is that...  
I'm different  
My Identity has a flow  
My Path keeps fluctuating  
I continue to explore, to question  
I continue to grow!

I answer the Fucking call!