

# This Is for You

## Arielle Estoria

This, this is for the dreamers who skip rocks on clouds even when people keep telling them to come down.  
Yes this, is for the hopeless romantics, who are more than open wounds or open books. They are pop-up shops  
of love. leaving letters in glass bottles and kissing them to shore.  
Yes this is for the wild ones. To haunted by rejection to admit that they are wild. You, are stampedes of freedom  
that everyone else is afraid of. You are proof that this world is not in need of anymore normal.  
Yes, this is for the girls, searching for beauty in cracked mirrors there is no wholeness there. For the women  
who are hushed, do not let them silence the novel streaming from your tongue do not let them cage the lioness  
in your gut.  
Yes this, is for the women who get told they are more chaos than human or storm than functioning. It is okay, to  
chose yourself sometimes, it does not mean that you are selfish.  
Yes this, is for the pastor's kids who stopped hearing Jesus' voice a long time ago. I dare you, search for Him in  
all the places you know how and i promise He will meet you there.  
Yes this, is for the pastors who are more condemnation than love, your pulpit if not your stomping ground. It is  
where heaven meets earth and sacred meets human.  
Yes this, is for the lonely. I know the way it hurts when the stars kiss this side of earth, but please, darling get up  
from your floor there is no life for you there. Yes this, is for the wallflowers, baby, it's time to peel your back up  
off that wall and dance. Do not be afraid of the way your feet will take you somewhere new, somewhere new is  
not always terrifying, sometimes it is necessary. Yes this, is for the boys who get told to man up, you are man  
enough. For the men searching for the little boys living inside of e, you will not find hi, on the bottom of your  
briefcase. It is okay to go play in the sand sometimes. Yes this, is for the women who are not yet in awe of they  
way their being carries life. You are wonder and warrior. For the fathers, who are not known as half-dad and  
half-marathon runner. You have held baby in the palm of your hand, you, are the definition of stay.  
Yes this , if for the teachers who are wondering why their heart beat for changed lessened with their paychecks.  
I heard a poet say once, that they will and you workbooks in exchange for your dreams, you tell the instead stop  
giving directions to places you've never been. Teach those kids that there is power at the ink of their pens. Yes  
this, is for the tutu's and the superman capes that we buried. For the words that we have not yet let bloom.  
Yes this is for the people who are only a smile away from beings. Family for the people who have not yet hear  
our dimples when we tell them "I love you". This is for time. The way it ebs and flows around us daring us to  
blink, slipping through our fingers like sand. And this is for the wave always comes back and the storm that  
always calms. But this one, this right here, is for you. Your letter in a glass bottle on a shore. Open it. I hope you  
read in big bold letters you are enough. Yes this, is for you, and you are enough.

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