

Impressum

Thalia de Jesus: Texts

Length: 704 words = 3,839 characters

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EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION

This file contains two texts by Thalia de Jesús:

Tigress

Listen good

**Thalia de Jesús:
Texts****THALIA DE JESÚS:
TIGRESS**

Going where I will, doing as I please
Head up high - prowling with a purpose
Watch out - I'm lovable but mean
Sometimes sweet as a kitten, sometimes ferocious as a tiger
All at the same time

Patient, everwaiting and ready to pounce
Tigrish grin growing ever wider
It's the hunt that matters, not the kill
It's all or nothing for me
This is what it means to live

These tiger eyes see much
much more than people realize
Unassuming strength under striped fur
Independent, adventurous and playful too
Delightfully unpredictable in my own orderly way

I need to roam, I need the space and freedom
You won't hold me back - kill that and you kill me
Leave me alone - but please be there for me
Give me my space - but please be close
I need you almost as much as I don't need you

Bothersome I know, but - treat me well,
and you have my love and loyalty in this life and beyond

THALIA DE JESUS
LISTEN GOOD

Who has made the greatest impact on my life? I suppose I could say my mother. Or my father. They made me after all and their actions and their words shaped me into what I find myself today. That's a given. But who I want to talk about right now is a guy by the name of Bryan.

There are millions of Bryan's out there, but this particular one is quite special to me for many reasons. When was the last time you yourself met someone who really listened to you? And I mean really. Someone who wasn't just nodding at what you're saying, or interrupting you with their own stories. Someone who hears not only the words you speak but the feelings beyond them. I'm talking about a remarkable individual who empathizes, not sympathizes; their attention is focused only on you. They makes you feel Heard with a captial H.

Have you had the unspoken understanding of a fellow human being who eases the loneliness you feel? This person who listens so intently as tearfully, you spill it all in long, rambling, barely coherent sentences but they understand anyway? Or phoning them up in the middle of the night because of the wonderful news that leaves you incapable of sitting still for even a minute? Either way they listen indulgently. This is not a fair weather friend.

Being really heard.. this is a precious gift that I treasure and I silently thank whoever is up there every time I speak to him.

When my life was crumbling apart around me and I was backed into a corner, numb and unable to cry out for help, Bryan came into my life. It was a causal thing; he came strolling by, as if completely by chance, and he stopped and he listened to that girl backed into the corner. Perhaps he found it strange that the girl started telling him all these things about herself and her life and the girl found it even stranger that she was telling it to him, but that man did not walk away - he listened to her. And then she could open up again.

Gradually she found she could stand up straight once more. And as she talked about the crumbling world, she realized that it wasn't so bad, that only a small part was broken, and even that could be mostly repaired.

I think perhaps that many tragedies from all walks of life could be averted if that scared little boy or that scared little girl inside of us had someone who willing to listen.

The understanding.. it's like water for the parched soul, like food for the starving body slowly withering away. It's beautiful

sunlight warming the ground that has been shrouded in darkness
for far too long.

Listen to the people in your life. Really listen. It might save
their life.

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