

FOR THINKERS & FEELERS

SELF LOVE POETRY



MELODY GODFRED

THE SELF LOVE PHILOSOPHER

Self LovePoetry: For Thinkers & Feelers

copyright © 2021 by Melody Godfred.

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be used or reproduced in any manner whatsoever without written permission except in the case of reprints in the context of reviews.

Andrews McMeel Publishing
a division of Andrews McMeel Universal
1130 Walnut Street, Kansas City, Missouri 64106

www.andrewsmcmeel.com

ISBN: 978-1-5248-7481-0

Library of Congress Control Number: 2021941275

Editor: Patty Rice
Art Director: Julie Barnes
Production Editor/Ebook Production: Jasmine Lim
Production Manager: Cliff Koehler

ATTENTION: SCHOOLS AND BUSINESSES

Andrews McMeel books are available at quantity discounts with bulk purchase for educational, business, or sales promotional use. For information, please e-mail the Andrews McMeel Publishing Special Sales Department: specialsales@amuniversal.com.

*“My life has suddenly awoken with such a jolt
that I think I’ll be awake forever.”*

—Melody, age 11

*Dedicated to my childhood self: a thoughtful,
heart-forward girl who wrote poetry to make
sense of her outer and inner worlds.*

Melody, we did it. We did it!

I couldn't have written this book without my self love community on Instagram (@fredandfar). Thank you for showing up for me each day, reading my poetry, sharing it, and embodying everything it stands for. You inspire my words every day.

I'm also deeply grateful to Paige Feldman, Leanne Aranador, Erin Hosier, and Patty Rice. Without them, this book would still simply be my childhood dream.

As you'll see in these poems, my family is a constant source of inspiration. Thank you to my husband Aaron, daughters Stella and Violet, son Teddy, my parents, and all the family and friends who have read my poetry and supported my writing over the past thirty years.

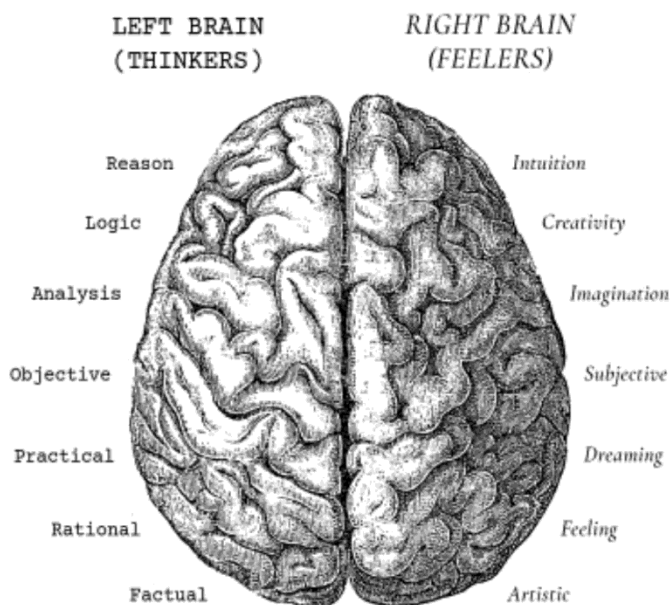
Writing a book of poetry has been one of my biggest dreams. But when the time came to review my poetry for inclusion in a book, I found myself at a standstill: how do I reconcile all 700 pieces so they make sense as a book? You see, my poetry doesn't follow one singular style. It's a reflection of whatever I'm feeling at any given moment. Sometimes, that's a gut-punch of a sentence, and sometimes it's a long, sensory experience filled with lush words and imagery.

It wasn't until I was willing to embrace this duality within myself that the concept for this book came to life: 100 pairs of poems, each with a central theme. The left page for left-brain thinkers, the right page for right-brain feelers. Each pair of poems is in conversation and works in tandem to activate the whole brain experience in all of us. The result is a book of poetry that I am so deeply proud and excited to share with you.

As you read these poems, please let them be a reminder: it's only when you embrace all parts of yourself that your authentic self can work her magic and enable you to make the impact on the world only you were born to make. I believe this book is mine.

SELF LOVE POETRY

For Thinkers & Feelers



LEFT BRAIN - THINKERS

Once you can accept that
the thing you want most
might not happen, you can
also accept that it just
might happen, too.

And either way,
you will be okay.

RIGHT BRAIN — FEELERS

*I thought I knew,
and then I KNEW.
I thought I loved,
and then I LOVED.
I thought I surrendered,
and then I SURRENDERED.
I thought it was over,
and then it BEGAN.*

LEFT BRAIN - THINKERS

I thought this would be
the year I get
everything I want.

Now I know this is
the year I appreciate
everything I have.

RIGHT BRAIN — FEELERS

Expectation closed my eyes.

Gratitude opened them.

Fear closed my eyes.

Trust opened them.

Complaining closed my eyes.

Appreciation opened them.

Perfection closed my eyes.

Authenticity opened them.

Guilt closed my eyes.

Self love opened them.

LEFT BRAIN - THINKERS

If putting everyone
else's needs first
hasn't worked,
there is another option . . .

*Choosing yourself
might be the hardest decision
you ever make because
guilt, shame, and fear
are powerful gatekeepers.*

*Do it anyway.
You are more powerful
than they are.
Much more.*

LEFT BRAIN - THINKERS

Everything can change, and
I will still be joyful.

Nothing can change, and
I will still be joyful.

RIGHT BRAIN — FEELERS

*Under the
dust of disappointment
weight of responsibility
ache of pain
tremor of doubt
numb of fear, and
burn of resentment . . .
Your true self remains.
She is light, fluid, free,
soft, and steady.
Her joy untethered from
what has been or what will be.*

LEFT BRAIN - THINKERS

If your hard work
feels unseen,
stop making it
look so effortless.

*We wake up early.
We exercise. We eat well.
We work on healing our trauma. We smile.
We drink water. We water our plants.
We make time to volunteer.
We excel at work. We excel as parents.
As aunts. As friends. As caretakers.
We work on our desire.
We live by gratitude and die by kindness.
We make eye contact. We limit our screen time.
We look damn good. We moisturize. We exfoliate.
We manicure our nails and tame our hair.
We smell good. We read books. We make time for
people in need. We host dinner parties. We remember
birthdays—and birthday gifts. We start the company.
We take care of the pets. We research the ingredients.
We plan the vacations. We never complain.
We wake up. We do it again.
We clock in. We never clock out.
We make it look easy. We make it look easy.
We make it look easy.
(It wasn't. It isn't. It never will be.)*

LEFT BRAIN - THINKERS

Choosing yourself doesn't
make self care easier.
It takes WORK to show up
for yourself every day.

But it does make
sacrificing, neglecting,
doubting, and compromising
yourself harder.

You simply won't
settle for that anymore.

RIGHT BRAIN — FEELERS

*A powerful woman lives
not at the surface
but in her depths.
She makes her bed among
the roots of her being.*

*She is at home in her light
and at peace with her darkness.
She listens when her intuition speaks
and doesn't react when her ego screams.*

*She reflects in her moments of stillness;
she rises in her moments of clarity.*

*She appears as she is:
whole, worthy, abundant,
purposed, divine, chosen.*

LEFT BRAIN - THINKERS

Hey you. Yes, you.
All of you. Yes, all of you.
Every piece of you.
Every second of your story.
Every inch of your body.
Every branch of your history.
Every corner of your mind.
Is worthy of deep, unwavering,
soul-shaking, home-feeling love.

Got it?

RIGHT BRAIN — FEELERS

Your highs. Your lows.
Your power. Your vulnerability.
Your voice. Your silence.
Your shape. Your light.
Your patience. Your momentum.
Your joy. Your despair.
Your playfulness. Your gravity.
Your hands. Your brain.
Your grace. Your neuroses.
Your forgiveness. Your fire.
Your flaws. Your perfection.
Your desires. Your acceptance.
Your might. Your softness.
Your courage. Your anxiety.
Your mess. Your magnitude.
Your jokes. Your anger.
Your hugs. Your tears.
Your integrity. Your ingenuity.
Your talent. Your conviction.
Your vision. Your resilience.
All of you. That's what I love.

LEFT BRAIN - THINKERS

When I started approving
my own choices,
guilt and shame became
powerless over me.

*She owned her choices
and her moods
both high and low.
Her happiness
was hers to cultivate.
She was the cause,
the catalyst.
She was her own.*

LEFT BRAIN - THINKERS

I let go of my expectations and
stopped feeling disappointed.

I stopped feeling disappointed and
started feeling alive.

RIGHT BRAIN — FEELERS

*I didn't realize how
much I was carrying
until I put it all down.*

LEFT BRAIN - THINKERS

New dreams take time.
If the door has closed
 on the future
you thought you'd live,
give yourself time to
 dream up a new one.

RIGHT BRAIN — FEELERS

*Learn to speak your dreams.
Let them spill onto pages.
Fill up quiet rooms.
Taste your dreams
as they roll around in your mouth,
awakening dormant taste buds
like the first berries of summer.
Know them, inside out and outside in,
dreams so vivid you can hear them.
A steady hum of hope in your ears.*

LEFT BRAIN - THINKERS

Negative thought:
I believed it so deeply
it became real.

Positive thought:
I believed it so deeply
it became real.

Your choice.

When good things happen,
I catch myself holding my breath.
Anxiously waiting for it to go wrong, for them to vanish.
Like a mirage that was never really real to begin with.
Even my kids. I look at them and think,
“I can’t believe you’re real. I can’t believe you’re mine.”

I don’t feel this way about my worries. They are real.
They are so real, in fact, that at night they
enter the room and lie beside me,
as real as the pillow under my head.

My fears, anxiety, pain, doubt, guilt.
These are the things I never question.
I never say, “I can’t believe you’re real.
I can’t believe you’re mine.”
I own them and wear them like a uniform.

But no more. Starting today, I will believe
my blessings instead of my fears.
I will look at my blessings and say,
“You are real. You are mine.”
And when my worries try to visit me tonight,
I will say,
“I don’t believe you are real.
I don’t believe you are mine.”
And my blessings and I will rest.

LEFT BRAIN - THINKERS

The feeling you get
when you start listening
to your inner voice
instead of shushing it.

*Remember how it felt to
start something new,
to feel yourself growing,
learning, becoming
stronger, sharper,
more powerful.*

*Remember thinking,
“How did I even live before?”
The newness so deeply
embedded in the very
essence of who you are.*

*Consider that while you
may now feel life is
monotonous, dull, a hum
of repeated tasks and emotions,
that potential for experiencing the
exhilaration of newness
is still within you . . .
all you have to do is
claim it.*

LEFT BRAIN - THINKERS

Where your intuition
leads, the entire
universe follows.
Trust her.

RIGHT BRAIN — FEELERS

*My ME creates space
for the unknown.
She can remember the past
without being defined by it.
She can manifest the future
without being tied to it.
She is present.
She is peaceful.
She is powerful.*

LEFT BRAIN - THINKERS

Sometimes just when you think
you have it all figured out,
it all falls apart.

This isn't a test;
you weren't naïve.
Life isn't linear.
Blessings aren't linear.
Progress isn't linear.

SPACE

All is not lost;
you're still on your way.

Keep going.

*I finally
found my rhythm
when I realized
that even
the steps backward
were part
of the dance.*

*image
not
available*

*Opportunity abounded.
The air ripe with hope.
My throat coated with the
buzz of possibility.*

*But I couldn't see them.
The round peaches just
within my reach on
branches heavy with
emerald leaves.*

*My eyes glazed over with
guilt, my fists tense
with regret, my lips
pursed in defense, and my
cheeks flushed with shame.*

*The fruit turning to rot.
The sweet smell of summer
now making me sick.
So much presence lost
because my body was here,
but my mind was not.*

*image
not
available*

LEFT BRAIN - THINKERS

When there is a choice,
claim it and take action.

When there is no choice,
claim that too,
through surrender
instead of resistance.