

My body carried
life and will
never be the
same, and I
honor what it
has given.

Transformation
is not always
beautiful, and
that doesn't
make it less
sacred.

I am allowed to
grieve the
person I was
before I became
a mother.

My body is both
powerful and
wounded, and
both truths can
exist at once.

I will not rush
my becoming.
This body, this
mind, and this
heart move at
their own pace.

My story is
messy, honest,
and mine.
I'm done
apologizing
for it.



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MOTHERBODY



AFFIRMATIONS