

My mama once told me  
“Don’t ever make yourself smaller to fit inside somebody else’s fear.”  
She said it softly.  
She said,  
“The world will try to weigh you  
Wife, mother, modest, manageable,  
But you were not born to be measured, you were born to be multiplied.”  
And I didn’t understand then.  
Because success had a silhouette.  
It looked like marriage before mastery,  
Like children before choice,  
Like comfort before calling.  
It looked like applause as long as you weren’t too ambitious.  
Power, as long as you package it politely.  
Leadership, as long as it leaned masculine.  
We inherited expectations like heirlooms, beautiful but heavy.  
But I come from women who carried continents in their chests.  
We are the prayer our grandmothers whispered over sink water and stovetop steam.  
We are the answer to questions they weren’t allowed to ask.  
But somewhere between inheritance and independence, we were taught to bind ourselves.  
Bind brilliance so it wouldn’t intimidate.  
Bind voice so it wouldn’t disrupt.  
Bind desire so it wouldn’t seem selfish.  
Unbound is not rebellion for spectacle,  
It is recognizing that your ambition is not arrogance.  
Unbound is the woman who leaves what no longer fits even when it still flatters.  
It is the woman who builds what doesn’t yet exist because she refuses to wait for permission.  
It is the woman who understands that legacy is not just what you birth but what you build.  
We were told to choose:  
Family or future.  
Softness or strength.  
Humility or hunger.  
But what if we are both?  
What if we are silk and steel?  
Sanctuary and storm?  
Nurturer and navigator?  
Unbound is harmony without hierarchy.  
It is the woman who mothers movements.  
Who architects ecosystems.  
Who authors her own evolution.  
It is the founder.  
The farmer.  
The professor.  
The poet.  
It is the woman who dares to say,  
“I want more.” and doesn’t apologize for the wanting.  
Unbound is standing in a room and knowing that your presence is ancestral.  
Every boundary we break is a blueprint for the next girl.  
Every risk we take rewrites the rulebook.  
Every time we choose ourselves, we loosen the laces of limitation for someone watching.  
I was once told not to shrink for applause, and now I understand because applause fades.  
So when they ask you what success looks like.  
Tell them it looks like ownership.  
It looks like rest.  
It looks like revenue and revelation.  
It looks like partnership by choice, not by pressure.  
It looks like children, if you want them or legacy in other forms, if you don’t.  
It looks like joy without justification.  
It looks like power without permission.  
It looks like you.  
Whole.  
We are unbound not because we broke free from everything but because we released what was  
never ours to carry.  
We are unbound from silence,  
From scarcity,  
From scripts that shrank us.  
We are builders of becoming.  
Carriers of culture.  
And there is no ceiling high enough to contain a woman who knows  
She is not here  
To fit.  
She is here  
To expand.  
Unbound.

# UNBOUND

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