

## **Gimme Peace, Pasta, Sass & Sauce**

The older I get, the clearer it becomes: all I fucking want is peace. But let's be real, I also want a mountain of Italian food because who in their right mind would say no to that heavenly shit?

Here's the deal: I yearn for bulletproof friendships and rock-solid relationships. I'm over the kind that crumble like cheap-ass cookies at the slightest touch. I need the kind of peeps in my life where shit doesn't hit the fan if someone breathes wrong. A world where you have my back, I have yours, and we actually talk things out over a damn good plate of pasta.

I'm chasing that sweatpants level of comfort, ya know? The kind that's so damn forgiving and cozy, it's like a hug for your soul, complete with room for fuck-ups and learning curves.

Enough with the bullshit drama. No more silent treatment, no toxic grudges, and absolutely fuck the behind-the-back bitchin' and gossipin'. Got beef? Bring it upfront, or shove it.

Raising kids, even the adult ones, is like being in a never-ending mental Ironman. These days it's less about the physical shit and all the more a mindfuck of worry, frustration, and endless praying. Don't even get me started on adulthood. Bills, work deadlines.... enough to drive you to drink (preferably something stronger than tea).

Speaking of which, keep your drama to yourself. I'm stocked up here, thanks. No more chaos, no secret-spilling. And for the love of all things good, I'm drawing a line at tea. That stuff's a straight-up trigger for me. Give me coffee, cream, sugar, or give me death. Or heck, a Dr. Pepper or Cherry Pepsi will do in a pinch.

But back to the main fucking point: peace. It's not about keeping the damn peace. It's about rolling up your sleeves and building that shit from the ground up. Confronting the ugly, asking the hard questions, and really listening to understand—not just waiting for your turn to speak. It's about swallowing those knee-jerk reactions that don't do anyone a lick of good. It's refusing to hide issues under the rug until it becomes a goddamn tripping hazard.

It's about saying sorry, growing the hell up, and setting boundaries. Knowing that even when you're pouring your best out there, not everyone's gonna get it, like it, or want it. And that's alright. Love them, then let them go.

I might be a walking disaster on my best days: insecure, brash, and my ego sometimes can't fit through the door. But guess what? I'm owning it, learning from it, because I'm a work in progress.

I want to radiate peace so intensely, people look at me and think, "Holy shit, look at all the storms she's weathered, and she's still standing, calm as a motherfucking cucumber." Let that peace ooze out of me in a way that when people get a whiff, they know it's legit.

So, yeah, I want peace—sprinkled with some sass, profanity, and humor - cause that's who I am. And obviously, heaps of pasta and meatballs. Cheers to that.

**Authored By** *Michele*

[www.bornwaps.com](http://www.bornwaps.com)

Copyright 2024