



You Are Allowed to Want Something

LETTER FIVE

From the Porch

Dear one,

There are things we learn to say easily.

“I’m fine.”

“It doesn’t matter.”

“Whatever works for everyone else.”

“I don’t need anything.”

We learn how to make ourselves simple.

Flexible.

Easy to accommodate.

We become skilled at adjusting our hopes to fit the room. And after a while, it can become difficult to answer even the smallest

question:

What do you want?

Not what would be practical.

Not what would make everyone else comfortable.

Not what you should want by now.

What do you want?

Perhaps the question feels almost too large.

Or too indulgent.

Perhaps your first instinct is to explain why wanting is not possible.

There is not enough time.

Money.

Support.

Certainty.

Permission.

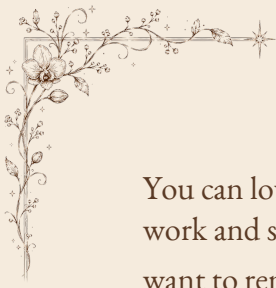
Maybe all of that is true.

But before we decide what can happen, I want to make room for something simpler.

You are allowed to want something.

Wanting does not make you ungrateful. You can love what you have and still long for something different. You can be thankful for your home and still dream of another place.





You can love your family and still want time that belongs only to you. You can appreciate your work and still know it is no longer where you want to remain.

You can honour the life you built and still feel another life quietly calling. Gratitude and desire are not enemies.

One does not cancel the other.

You do not have to reject everything good in order to admit that something is missing.

Perhaps you stopped wanting because wanting became painful.

You hoped for something once.

You asked.

Waited.

Worked toward it.

And it did not happen.

Maybe someone dismissed it.

Maybe circumstances changed.

Maybe you were told it was unrealistic. Maybe you chose responsibility over desire because people depended on you.

Maybe the cost was too high.

Sometimes it feels safer not to want than to risk disappointment again. If we say we do not care, perhaps it will hurt less when the door remains closed.

So we begin reducing our desires before life has the chance to refuse them.

We call them silly.

Impossible.

Selfish.

Too late.

We do the rejecting ourselves.

There is tenderness in wanting.



To want something is to reveal that you can be affected.

That the outcome matters.

That beneath your competence and composure, there is still hope.

Hope can feel vulnerable.

Especially when you have spent years learning how to expect very little. Maybe you became the woman who said, "It's okay," before anyone had

the chance to disappoint her.

The woman who made the best of things. The woman who did not ask for more.

There is strength in adapting.

But adapting forever can become a quiet form of leaving yourself behind.

Some desires arrive loudly.

A new home.

A different career.

A relationship.

A child.

A move.

A beginning.

Others are almost too small to name.

You may want one slow morning.

A room of your own.

More laughter.

Less noise.

A garden.

A friend who asks how you are and waits for the real answer. You may want to wear something beautiful for no occasion.

To take a class.

To sit near water.

To hear your own thoughts.

To stop rushing.

To feel at home in your body.

Small wants are not less meaningful because they would not impress anyone.



Sometimes the smallest desire is the first honest thread leading us back to ourselves.

Maybe you do not know what you want.

That is not a failure.

Wanting can become quiet when it has been ignored for a long time.

It may not return as a clear plan.

It may begin as discomfort.

A feeling that something no longer fits.

An irritation you cannot explain.

Envy when you see someone living differently. Restlessness in a life that looks perfectly acceptable from the outside. We are often ashamed of these feelings. But sometimes envy is not a character flaw.

Sometimes it is information.

It may be showing you a desire you have not allowed yourself to name. Not because you want another person's exact life. Because something in their freedom, courage, ease, or expression reminds you of a part of your own life that is asking to be lived. You do not need to judge the first honest answer. Maybe what you want seems impractical. Maybe it does not match the version of yourself everyone knows. Maybe it challenges a decision you made years ago. Maybe it seems too small to matter. Maybe it feels too large to say out loud.





Let it be what it is before you begin correcting it.

Desire needs room to become clear.

If you interrogate it immediately, it may disappear again. There are things we want because the world has told us they prove something.

The larger house.

The impressive title.

The thinner body.

The fuller calendar.

The visible success.

There is no shame in wanting beautiful or ambitious things.

But it can help to ask:

Do I want this?

Or do I want what I imagine it will say about me?

Do I want the thing?

Or the safety, approval, belonging, or worth I believe it will provide?

Sometimes the desire is real.

Sometimes the deeper longing is different. Perhaps you do not want recognition as much as you want to feel seen. Perhaps you do not want to be endlessly productive.

You want freedom.

Perhaps you do not want to become someone new. You want permission to be who you already are.

Wanting something does not mean you must pursue it immediately.

It does not create an obligation.

You can want something without turning it into a goal.

You can hold a desire without building a plan tonight. You can admit, “I want this,” and let the sentence rest. There is wisdom in allowing a desire to remain quiet while you learn its shape.

Some wants are passing.

Some deepen with time.

Some are invitations.

Some are escapes.

Some ask us to change our circumstances. Others ask us to become more honest within the life we already have. You do not need to know which kind this is today. Perhaps the life you want would disappoint someone. That may be the most difficult part. Wanting is rarely private when our choices affect the people we love.

You may want more space.

Less responsibility.

A different rhythm.

A boundary.

A move.

A change that would require other people to adjust. It is possible to care about their feelings without making those feelings the only measure of what you are allowed to choose. Someone’s disappointment does not automatically mean your desire is wrong.

It may simply mean your life and their expectations are no longer moving in the same direction.

That is painful.

But pain is not always proof of harm.



Sometimes it is part of becoming honest. You are not required to sacrifice every desire in order to be loving. Love that asks you to abandon yourself completely will eventually become difficult to offer freely.

Resentment grows where desire is repeatedly denied without acknowledgement.

Not every want can be fulfilled.

Compromise is part of every shared life. But there is a difference between compromise and disappearance. You are allowed to remain present in the decisions that shape your days.

Your preferences matter.

Your limits matter.

Your hopes belong at the table too. Maybe you have been waiting for someone to ask.

To notice.

To offer permission.

To say, "What would make you happy?"

And perhaps no one has.

People may love us deeply and still not know what we have never revealed.

They may assume the life we tolerate is the life we chose. They may not understand what we have quietly given up. You are allowed to speak before someone guesses correctly. You can begin without a perfect explanation.

"I have been thinking about something."

"I am not sure what this means yet."



“I realize I want more of this.”

“I think I need less of that.”

“I want to explore what might be possible.”

An honest sentence does not have to contain the entire future.

There may be practical limits.

Wanting does not erase responsibility.

Some doors cannot open now.

Some choices require time.

Planning.

Money.

Support.

Patience.

But a desire can still be honoured before it is fulfilled.

You can research.

Save.

Learn.

Make one small adjustment.

Protect an hour.

Have a conversation.

Stop mocking the thing you care about. Place the dream somewhere visible instead of hiding it from yourself. The first act of honouring a desire is often simply refusing to call it foolish.

I wonder what you would want if no one needed an explanation.

What would you choose if you did not have to make it sound sensible?

What would bring more aliveness into your ordinary days?

What have you been postponing until you become more deserving, certain, successful, healed, or brave?

What keeps returning, even after you tell yourself to forget it?

You do not need to answer all of this.

Perhaps one question is enough:



What do I want more of in my life?

Not forever.

Not in some ideal future.

Now.

More quiet?

More creativity?

More touch?

More space?

More time outdoors?

More honesty?

More ease?

More work that matters to you?

More people around whom you can exhale?

Let the answer be simple.

Then ask:



What do I want less of?

Less rushing.

Less explaining.

Less access.

Less pretending.

Less responsibility for things that do not belong to you. Less time spent recovering from people who repeatedly disregard your peace.

Less noise inside your own home.

Less pressure to turn your life into proof. Sometimes desire is not asking us to add something. Sometimes it is asking us to clear a little room.

You may feel guilty for wanting.

That guilt may come from old messages.

Be satisfied.

Do not ask for too much.

Think of everyone else.

Who do you think you are?



There are people who have less.
All of these thoughts may arrive.
You do not have to fight them.
Notice them.
Then remember:
Someone else's suffering does not require your inner life to become empty.
Your contentment will not repair the world if it is built on denying every honest longing.
You can care deeply about others and still allow your own life to contain beauty, possibility, and desire.
For today, do not make a plan.
Do not decide whether the thing is realistic.
Do not explain it away.
Find one private place and write:



I want...

Then finish the sentence.

Write another.

And another.

Let some answers be ordinary.

Let some surprise you.

Let some contradict each other.

Desire does not always arrive neatly. You are listening, not making promises. Perhaps one answer will feel warm in your body.

Perhaps another will make you cry.

Perhaps you will feel nothing at first.

That is all right.

The point is not to produce a revelation. The point is to let yourself exist as someone who is allowed to prefer.

To hope.

To imagine.

To move toward what feels alive.

You are not asking for too much simply because you want a life that includes you.

There is room on this porch for your wanting. You do not have to hide it behind gratitude. You do not have to make it smaller before you bring it here.

Set it between us.

Let it breathe.

It does not need to become anything today.

But it deserves to be known.

And so do you.

With warmth,

From the Porch

