

Rose from the ashes

Like petals that fall across my face, I rise out of my slumber.
From the brink of despair I clutch to hope.
I spread across my mind the ashes of my burnout.
When life flies by like the wind sweeping up the petals that lie still across my eyes,
My gaze expands, opening to new horizons petal by petal, forming a rose, soft,
protected
Sitting in the throne of thorns, unreachable, with a scent that reaches across the
valley that lies before me
As the wind kicks up, the ashes are thrown across the valley, settling in new
places, bringing roses too, for the red fire bird has influence that can reach far
and wide.