

# Wildfire

Katt Brown

I tried so hard to hate you.

Poured gasoline over everything that reminded me of you.  
Set fire to my hair and clothes,  
because they are filled with your smoke.  
But now I think maybe I should try to give you all  
the love in my heart.

Through my cremation,  
I learned that fighting fire just feeds the flame.

Maybe love can turn this to smoldering amber,  
and erase the raging forest fire that resides within me.  
Maybe I can turn back the clock.  
Rise again from my own ashes.  
Replant my forests.  
Unsing my foliage.  
Maybe I can grow flowers from my wounds,  
leaves from my pores.  
Invite life back into me.  
Reintroduce myself to growth.

Thank you for setting me alight.  
Teaching me how to reanimate myself,  
from decimated ruins.  
Germinate from torched seeds.  
Thrive from destruction.  
Live again despite your wicked touch.