

Forged In The Fire

Caylee Hammack

Ten years, twenty-seven dresses
Calico Kaleidoscope
Scraps of her story sewn together
Grandma made that suit of armor and I laid it on my bed
Just a quilt that no one noticed but I did
Just a memory, a piece of me that meant everything
Just things

When does a phoenix learn how to fly
Do I get my wings when I stop asking why
How do I start moving on and moving past
Stop holding on, looking back
When God's hellbent on making me a fighter
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Three days, seven pairs of hands
It took searching for something more for me to understand
That anything and everything, even the kitchen sink
Just things

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Am I glass or am I iron
Will I last or will I tire
Can broken be beautiful again
Am I glass or am I iron
Will I shatter or rise higher
From the ashes I've been buried in

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New house, still smells like smoke
A clean slate and stories just waiting to be told