Three Short Poems

by Kait Mauro

I welcome myself back into the fires that forged me.
I welcome myself back into the fires that forged me - hoping to emerge, yet again, stronger and full of less bullshit, more wisdom - with the parts of my little life I love most still intact.

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Sometimes a person need to get "out of their head" and back into their body. Stretching is one way to do this standing then sitting then standing again. Drink all of the water you can hold.

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Sometimes anger can be relief.

A decision is made - no more not knowing this path or that one, no more trying to keep the peace, no more trying

to keep every person happy. Just this: no more.