

Fires of Change

All is blackness
the fires of rage burn brightly
but consume life giving oxygen
and leave in their wake the choking fumes
of thick black smoke

How to see through this fog
that anger leaves in its' wake?
Walk slowly, move gently
be kind to yourself
for this too shall pass

Lo and behold the smoke thins
as you pass through in kindness
and a door emerges before you
through the mists of spent anger
Are you ready?

Pause, breathe deeply
acknowledge from whence you came
and slowly open the door
step out of the old and into the new
emerging as a pillar of light
shining out into the world as a beacon
to others lost in the smoky mists of change.....