

resilience

I feel thrown off my guard
submerged in depths, where
my path teaches me to go on,
falling and getting up again

falling down even below my deepest well
earth seems to be blinding me already
only when I form a bowl with my hands
will I stand again and be able to bond:

receiving and giving strength
because in my deepest depths
my lips did taste my ash
that created me and allows me to rise.

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