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## ashes

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## ashes

Katie Cisar

I still feel the fire  
when I hold the ashes  
and I remember the hearth  
kindled by devotion  
and the home  
forged in the void  
where love belonged.

The home  
our makeshift shelter  
from the desolate winter.  
The hearth  
was the heart  
of our makeshift family.

I still recall the worship  
when the hearth was my altar and the fire  
you were my god.

I let your flames singe my skin brand my soul  
until not an inch of my being was untouched.

Take everything, I said.  
everything you need  
to keep yourself aflame.

And you promised  
eternal light  
so long as I could fuel your fire.

The inferno  
engulfed my body  
and took my mind  
when there was nothing left to give.

I remember the fear  
when the heat began to fade,  
and my spirit was nothing more  
than a scorched wasteland.

I looked up

towards no god in particular  
and I prayed  
    please let me be enough this time.

I remember the ache  
as I coveted dying embers.  
I mourned  
when the heart of the hearth  
still beat with life  
and I swore

I'll go out.

I'll go out with the fire.

But the fire went out  
and I didn't go anywhere.  
I sit at this cold hearth  
and watch the snow fall outside.

While I wait for spring  
to warm my soul  
I bask in winter's beauty.  
I cherish solitude  
and let my thoughts  
fill the silence.

I think that it's time  
to let ashes be ashes.