

This Fire Is Not For You, Not Anymore

By Aleta Daniels

Tapestry

Once, you inspired a fire in my heartspace,
one that smelled of cedar trees and sandalwood
and felt like a thunderstorm.

This fire is not for you, not anymore.

I can no longer bear the weight of your memory and my own
becoming,
so I must ask one to leave,
and I'm sure you understand which one must stay
so that I may rise up to become my own lover.

Yes, it's true that once I sought refuge in your presence,
and then in your memory
and I held the weight of both our futures
in my soft palm, held open for you
in trusting acceptance of our then-aligned paths.
I let gravity pull me down,
down into your arms,
where I was cradled by the scent of certainty
and lulled into a solace born of devotion.

Devotion to an idea, a desire, an unmet longing.

I composed sonnets to you in my
love-soaked heart.
But now, my best poems
are given to my own Holy being.
I gently breathe life
into this newly-forged passion of Self,

sparked into being by a lover that I once knew
but now only exists as a memory.
Rest assured though,
for you are woven into the tapestry
of my very soul,
a tapestry which is complex and beautiful
because of your contribution to its creation.

True, I am made of the fabric of the stars,
But you touch lives
in the seams of me and the fire of me.
But rather than letting this fire consume me
with leftover passion,
it steadily burns away what was,
leaving space for what is and what will be.

This fire is my truth.

And your memory I softly blow away
into the velvet darkness
of the Wild that lives inside of me.

For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [Tropic of Cancer](#)^x.



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